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Caravan going from Hama to the south, possibly to Egypt.

## AN OLD BATTLEFIELD OF THE NATIONS

By Lewis Gaston Leary

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WE do not want to go again; for the railway from Beirut is finished at last, and the old cities of Emesa and Hamath, now known as Homs and Hama, will soon lose much of their *naïveté* and Eastern color and become filled with dragomans who speak a dozen languages and shopkeepers who have a dozen prices for the unwary tourist. Two years ago, however, the district was as yet little touched by Western civilization, and we saw there a picture of Oriental life and customs, especially of Oriental politeness, not to be found in the more accessible cities of Jerusalem, Beirut, or even Damascus.

It was a surprise to find that we could go from Tripoli to Homs in a big yellow diligence, drawn by two horses and three mules and driven by two fierce-looking Bedouins, who, in the absence of a sufficiently long whip, urged on their steeds by throwing big stones taken from a well-filled bushel basket which was kept under the seat. The average Oriental throws like a girl, and with as good an aim; but while the coach was rolling and rattling like a ship in a storm, these men could strike the farthest mule on the left ear, without any danger either to the skull of the lazy one or to the other animals.

The ugly, noisy conveyance took us sixty miles in eleven hours; but it seemed quite out of place as a part of the Syrian landscape, and we were relieved to find that it surprised the rest of the country just as much as it did us. The camels were the most astonished. Along the road in front would be seen a distant caravan, with a white-bearded old man riding the donkey in front; the long file of great animals behind walking and chewing in a slow rhythm, and looking out upon the world with a solemn gaze which made us flippant sons of a young republic want to crawl

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away somewhere and hide for a few thousand years, until we had gotten a little mellowness.

But our mules stood for progress, and if it happened to be a down grade, it meant progress at the rate of ten miles an hour. Now a camel always looks like a great overgrown chicken, and when he becomes a little scared he acts just like one. So we had the interesting experience of frightening half to death thirty tremendous chickens, sending them scampering and scattering over the road in every direction except

The central bridge and one of the smaller wheels.

the right one, climbing over each other and knocking off carefully balanced loads, tying up the connecting ropes into nice knots which would test the genius of an Alexander, while a dozen or so stalwart Arabs cursed us with a choice of language not to be found even in our own West—cursed with a long, deep, comprehensive curse which included us and our fathers, the diligence's father and mother and distant relatives, and laid special emphasis upon the awful destruction that was sure to come upon the religion of the off mule.

About an hour out from Tripoli is a pool of sacred fish. Moslems hold the spot in great reverence; but the worship goes back of Mohammedanism, for I am told that references to the sacred fish are found in works of travel written as early as the sixth century. The present tradition is that it is the souls of soldiers who have died fighting for the faith, that have taken on this form. If anyone, especially if a Christian, were to harm one of these fish, the sacrilege would doubtless be punished by death. While hundreds of men and women in the neighboring villages may be suffering from hunger, pious Moslems will buy great piles of bread for the fish and will provide in their wills for a certain number of loaves to be given each week. As a consequence of all this feeding and care, these creatures, which are about a foot long, are fat and bloated, ugly in color and form beyond any fish I have seen. We estimated that there were between four and five thousand of them in the little pool; and it was a sight not soon to be forgotten, as they crowded after the crumbs we threw them, pushing and fighting, and often forced quite out of their element on the backs of those below, so that for many square yards they formed a solid mass, completely hiding the water beneath.

After some eight hours' drive along the valley that leads eastward from Tripoli into the interior, a sudden turn of the road brought full into view the northern plain of

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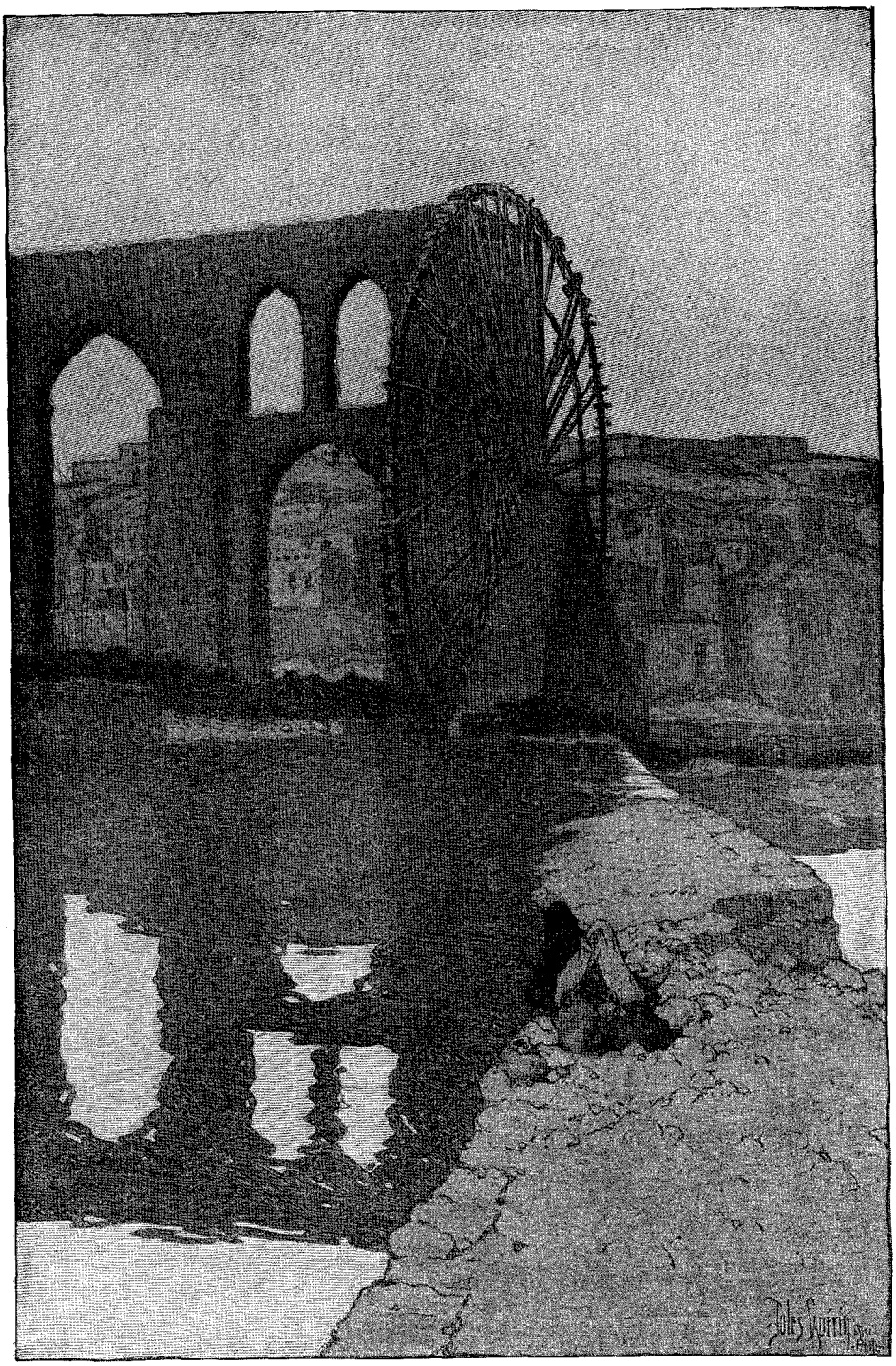

*Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

The largest of the water-wheels—ninety feet in diameter.

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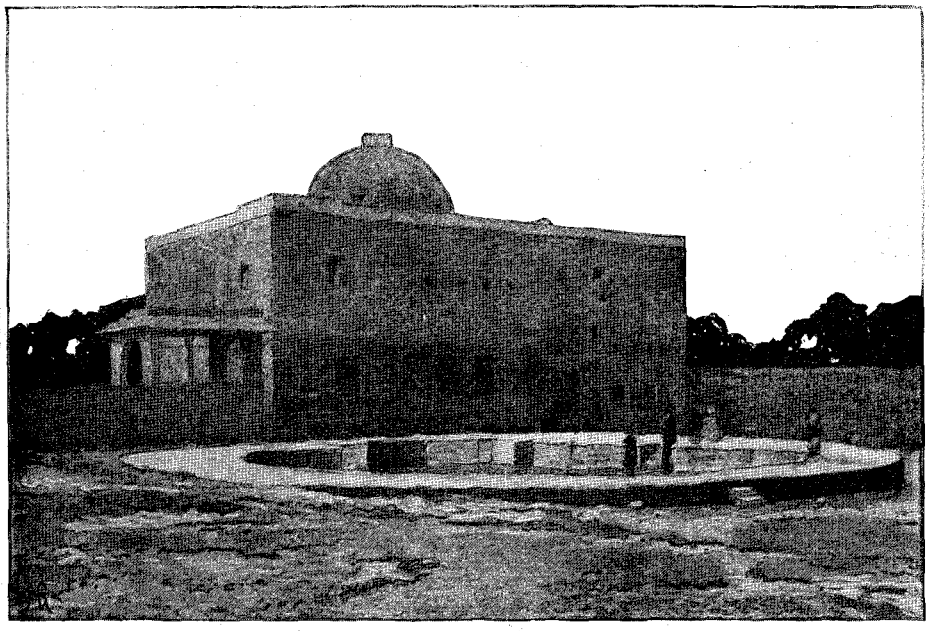

Mosque and pool of the sacred fish.

Syria. We were entering through its western wall, by the pass that divides Lebanon from the range of the Nusairiyeh, with its cruel, half-pagan tribes. The southern boundary of the plain is formed by Anti-Lebanon, between which and the Cedar Mountain lies the narrow valley that seems to be the old "Entering in of Hamath." To the north, low hills rise slowly up to the horizon, and to the east the plain rolls straight out to the unseen desert beyond and to the ruined palaces of Tadmor.

It is the great world's battlefield that

Rolling the road between Homs and Hama.

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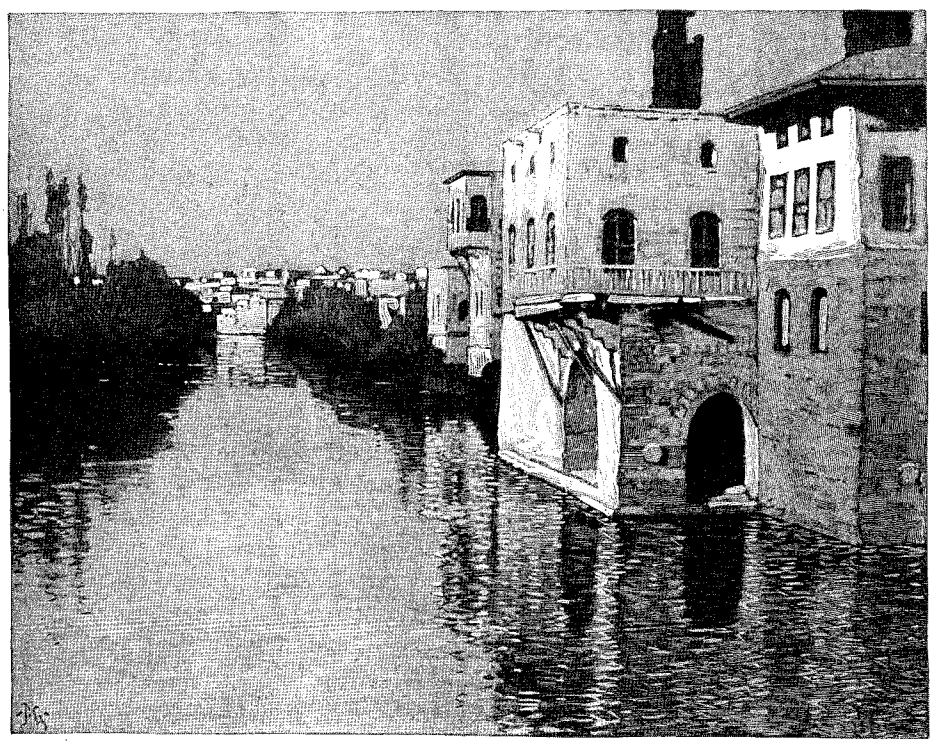
lies below; so vast that Gettysburg and Waterloo might be fought in different corners and hardly see the smoke of each other's cannonading. But no modern conflict has gathered such hosts as were drawn up here in line of battle. They came from the desert city of the East; came up from Syria and Palestine and Egypt through the Entering in of Hamath; came as we have come, through the narrow pass leading in from the sea. Back at the beginning of tre rises the dazzling white acropolis of Homs; and five miles to the south is the deep blue of the Lake of Homs, once *Qadesh*, the Holy Lake, dammed up in its little valley by a forgotten race and worshipped before history began.

We saw the bright reflection from the smooth sides of the mound long before we could distinguish the town lying below; and for a while we were puzzled as to what it was—this huge, symmetrical object ris-



Harems along the Orontes.

wars, the trained armies of Egypt fought the Hittite and the Assyrian here. After Babylonian and Persian, Jew and Syrian and Greek had won their last victories, it was here that Zenobia, the beautiful, talented, ambitious Queen of Palmyra, received her final crushing defeat at the hands of Aurelian. Here, centuries later, Crusader and Saracen battled for the land they both called Holy: here chivalrous Tancred led his armies and noble Saladin won his brilliant victories.

Two things stand out from the general brownness of the plain. In the very cening so abruptly from the great flat plain, and seeming doubly immense because of the clear air and the absence of any other elevation by which to estimate its height. In reality, the acropolis is no insignificant structure. The people of Homs believe it to be entirely artificial, and the general appearance is in favor of such an hypothesis. Its outline is almost exactly circular, the platform being over one hundred feet above the plain. The sides rise so steeply that it would be impossible to scale them without a ladder; but to make the castle completely inaccessible, all the outer slope of the

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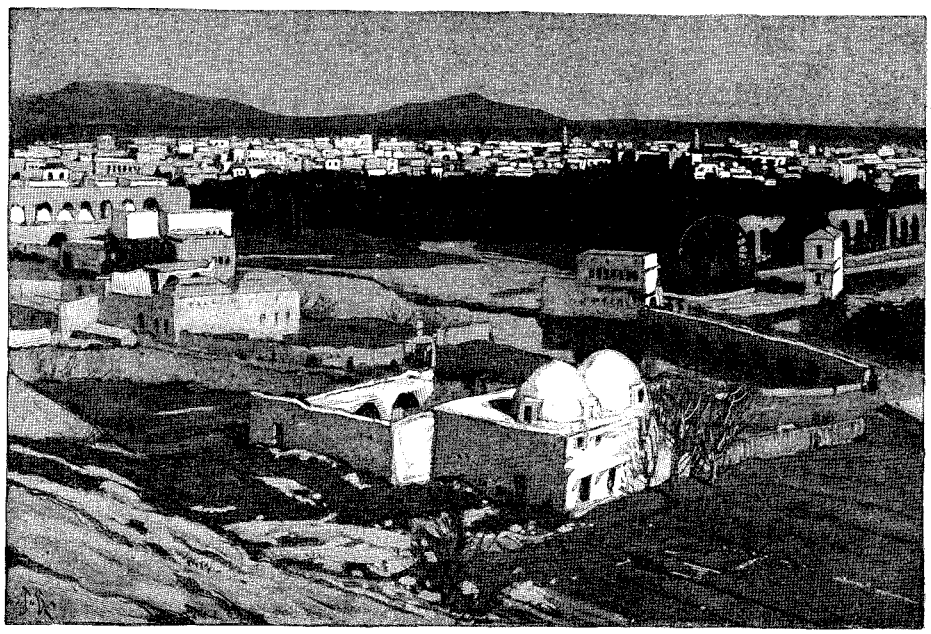
mound was once coated with small stone or brick, making a very slippery surface. At present the ascent is made by a long, winding path; but even now it is so steep as almost to be dangerous. Like every other citadel in Syria, this one was held in rapid alternation by Crusaders and Saracens; but nothing of the old castle now remains save a few yards of tumbling wall and a ruined gateway.

As we came down onto the plain and had a nearer view of the acropolis, we seemed to distinguish a multitude of houses beterest and impressiveness in every Eastern city: first the ruins of former power and grandeur, then the graves of those who trusted in that power and gloried in that grandeur, last the modern town with its poverty and ignorance and dirt.

A Roman emperor was once born at Homs, and in Greek times "Emesa" was a city of no little size and importance. The modern town contains some sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom the majority are Moslems. The Christians are nearly all Orthodox Greeks, but there is also a tiny



A bend of the Orontes, showing one of the smaller water-wheels.

neath; but the clear air and the difficulty of getting a true perspective had again deceived us. The city lay beyond and lower; what we saw were not houses, but graves. It was a great metropolis of the dead; not hundreds of graves, but thousands and tens of thousands, crowded closely together beneath the fortress that had once been their protection. Some few were fairly large structures, raised in the form of a stone canopy; but the multitude were simple Moslem graves, ranged in long ranks looking toward Mecca, one stone at the head and another at the foot, for the two angels to rest upon as they weigh the good and evil deeds of the dead. This is the order of in-

Protestant community. We were guests of the native pastor, and later it lent vividness to our memories of Homs when we learned that our host was stabbed the very week after our departure, though fortunately the wound was not a mortal one. The city is, of course, the market-place of *Ard Homs*, "The Land of Homs," and its bazaars are crowded with *fellahin* from all the country around. The chief industry is the making of silks. They claim that there are five thousand looms in the city, and it is easy to believe this statement; for as we walked down the streets, well paved with stone and cleaner than those of many Oriental towns, for whole blocks every

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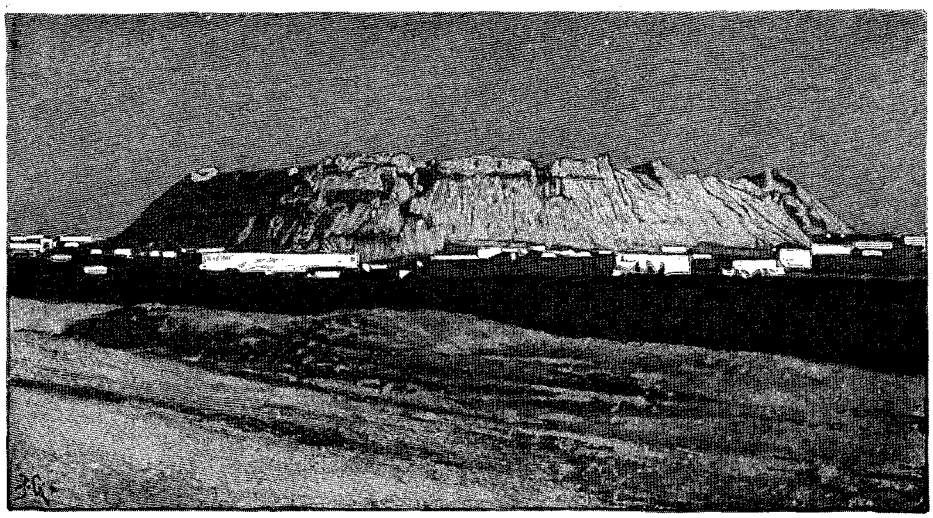
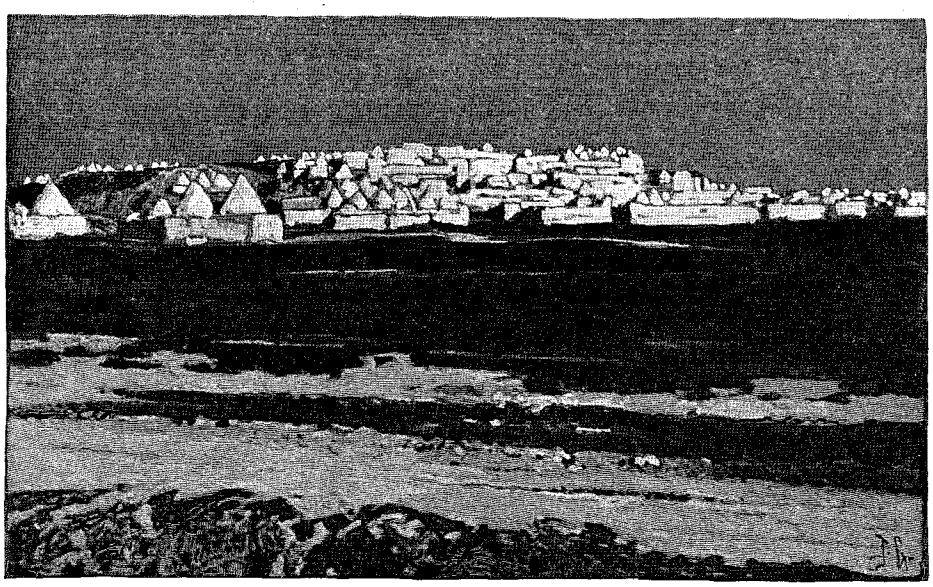


A near view of the acropolis of Homs.

house on each side would be resounding to the whirring of wheels and the clicking of shuttles.

The home of our host opened on a court, separated from the street by a ten-foot wall. We rose at three in the morning to catch the diligence for Hama, said good-by all round in the lengthy Eastern fashion —and then discovered that the key to the gate was lost and we were trapped. Then there was a great bustle and hubbub, the women rushing around to look for the missing key, while the man of the house brought a great ladder for us to scale the wall with. It was only just as we were preparing to carry our heavy luggage up the ladder that the lost key was found, and a hard run brought us to the diligence office with half a minute to spare.

The second coach was a smaller affair, with only two mules and one horse. Its driver was a wild-looking brigand, consid-



Tell el-Biseh, between Homs and Hama, with conical roofs of white stone.

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erably more than half drunk. He had neglected to fasten the harness properly, and while we were going down a steep hill, the whole arrangement dropped off one beast and clattered under his heels. Then, as soon as the harness was fixed, the driver dropped his reins under the flying hoofs. He took it all very philosophically, much more so than we did; and doubtless he pitied us Western infidels for our nervousness. Suppose that the coach should really upset, it would be the will of God, and who were we to object!

We had but one fellow traveller, a fat old Moslem wearing the green turban of a *haj*, who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He was a very companionable fellow, who insisted upon explaining all the points of interest; and the fact that his explanations were usually wrong did not in the least take from our enjoyment. Every time that the diligence stopped—and this was pretty often—our *haj* would laboriously descend, spread out his handkerchief upon some clean, level spot, and turn toward Mecca to recite his prayers. He must have been a very holy man. I was sorely tempted to photograph him as he painfully bent down his fat old body in its gorgeous robes; but it would have lowered my own self-respect to do so. He was such a polite, genial *haj*, and just as sincere in his worship as are any of us.

Diligence from Tripoli to Homs changing horses.

The road from Homs to Hama runs almost due north, a straight white line cutting across the green fields. It is one of the oldest routes in the world. Caravans have been passing along it for at least five thousand years, just as we saw them—long strings of slow-moving camels with their bright-colored bags of wheat. One could almost imagine that Pharaoh was again calling down the corn of Hamath to fill his granaries against the seven years of famine. But even here the old things are passing. Just beyond the long line of camels was a longer line of *fellah* women, their dirty blue robes kilted above their knees, carrying upon their shoulders baskets of earth and stone for the roadbed of the new French railway. The carriage road is French, too; and a very good road it is. Some men were repairing it with a most ingenious roller. It was a great round stone, drawn by two oxen, and having its axle prolonged by a twenty-foot pole, at the end of which a bare-legged Arab was fastened to balance the whole affair. If the stone had toppled over, the picture of the Arab dangling at the top of the slender flag-staff would have been worth watching.

All along the ride we were reminded of the past. It is a fertile soil; but the very wheat-fields are different from ours. Only a few yards in width, they are often of tremendous length. I hesitate to commit my-

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self to figures; but it is certain that the thin, green fields would stretch away in the distance until lost over some little elevation. At one place the road was cut through a hill honeycombed with rock tombs, which the *haj* said were Jewish. Every now and then we passed a *tell*, or great hemispherical mound, built up of the rubbish of a dozen ruined towns; for even so late as Roman times this was a well-cultivated and populous country. There is now no lumber available for building purposes, and in a number of villages the houses are all built with conical roofs of stone. Where the rock happens to be of a reddish tinge, the houses remind one of nothing so much as a collection of Indian wigwams; where the stone is white, as at Tell el-Biseh, it glitters and sparkles like a fairy city cut out of loaf sugar.

The prophet Amos called it "Hamath the Great," and Hama is still the most important city between Damascus and Aleppo. It is bigger than Homs and seems more prosperous, but the difference between the two is not great enough to prevent considerable jealousy. As in Vienna and Buda Pesth, so in Homs and Hama, the traveller is always being asked to compare the two as to beauty and healthfulness; and it is very convenient if one can conscientiously give the palm to the city last visited. Of course Hama is a very busy place, especially in the morning, when the market-squares are crowded with kneeling camels, and the bazaars are bright with newly opened rolls of rich silks, which can be bought at a ridiculously low price—if the purchaser knows how to bargain.

You can see the same types in other Syrian cities—rough camel-drivers, veiled ladies, ragged *fellahin*, underfed soldiers, Moslem wise men, and reverend sheikhs. Even in Damascus, however, the picture lacks somewhat of perfection because of the Hotel d'Orient or Hotel Victoria in the background, while just as you have warmed up to enthusiasm for the bright scenes of Eastern life, a pert young fellow in French clothes is apt to ask you into his shop or to offer to guide you through the city at ten francs a day. But in Hama, so far as I know, there was no other *Frank*, only one pair of European trousers, and two men who spoke a little English. There is not even an American missionary; and on rare occasions when American ladies visit the city, they adopt native costume, veil and all, in order to avoid annoying curiosity.

The citizens of Hama enjoyed us fully as much as we did them. Everywhere we went we were followed by a train of a dozen or two; and when we stopped to look at anything, the crowd threatened to interfere with traffic—not that this would have seemed a serious offence to the Oriental mind. They were so interested in us that I could scarcely get room to use my camera, until my friend would walk a little way off with an intense expression and draw the cortège after him. We know now the feelings of the elephant in the circus parade. Yet the people were not noisy or rude, and—I almost hesitate to make such a startling statement about an Oriental city—I do not remember being once asked for *backsheesh*.

The inhabitants of Hama are commonly supposed to be proud and fanatical. They may be; but we did not find them so. We stayed with a young doctor, a recent graduate of the American college at Beirut; and in the evening a dozen of his friends dropped in to see us. As our own supply of Arabic was not equal to the demands of a long conversation, we essayed a couple of gymnastic tricks, only to be immediately outdone by our Syrian friends. Then the ice was broken and we settled down to a long evening of rough games, which always ended in somebody having his hand slapped with a knotted handkerchief. The fierce-looking men, with their brown, wrinkled faces, entered into it all with such childlike enjoyment that we were soon laughing and shouting as we had not done since the Christmas days of boyhood; and the little brazier, with its bright bed of charcoal that sent fearsome shadows of turbaned heads and long mustachios dancing on the white wall overhead, seemed a natural substitute for the Yule log that was burning in the home over the seas.

The Christians in Hama form a quite insignificant minority, and therefore receive a degree of consideration from their Moslem rulers such as is not granted in cities like Beirut, where the two sects are more nearly balanced, and where jealousy and hatred lead to frequent reprisals. Dr. Taufik told us that some of his warmest



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friends were young Moslems. He has a considerable practice among the harems of the city, and has recently performed heroic operations upon women there. One afternoon he piloted us through a narrow, winding lane, filled with evil-smelling garbage, to a tiny door, not over five feet high. This was the entrance to the finest house in Hama, the residence of one of the doctor's Moslem patients. Indeed, our guide, with perhaps more civic pride than scientific accuracy, told us that it was the most magnificent house in all Syria. Well, possibly it was. It was certainly more elegant than we Westerners build; with a great central hall decorated in mosaics of colored marble and overlaid with gold-leaf with an infinite carefulness and richness that would honor the palaces of Mad Ludwig. Yet, as is so often the case in the Orient, the only approach to this beautiful dwelling was through filth and odors that cannot be described.

Later we visited the home of a second rich Moslem, also a patient of the doctor. This time the master of the house was seated in the middle of the state parlor, surrounded by a wealth of beautiful, inappropriate French furniture—being shaved. He is the only man I ever saw who looked dignified while in the hands of a barber; but even with lather all over his face, he sat with the bearing of a prince of the blood giving audience to his favorites. Not that he was cool in his treatment of us; quite the contrary, He allowed us to indulge in the filthy American habit of wearing shoes into the house; and, although it was *Ramadan* and he himself could eat nothing until sunset, delicious sweetmeats were served in delicate cut-glass dishes on a heavy silver tray. After we had watched our host put on his furs and drive off behind his two beautiful Arabs, we asked Dr. Taufik how much wealth was necessary for one to live in such luxury, and what was the business of our Moslem friend. "Oh, he does not work at all. He doesn't need to, for he has private property which brings him an income of forty thousand piasters a year." Which, being interpreted, equals something over fourteen hundred dollars!

The acropolis of Hama is larger than that of Homs, but less symmetrical in shape and not so well preserved. From its summit one sees the same great, inspiring plain; but the attention is soon drawn to the city below. If one has lived in the East, it is not the twenty-four slender minarets of Hama that hold the gaze, not even the Great Mosque, which is one of many that claim to guard the bones of John the Baptist; but beautiful and interesting above all is the Orontes, winding its slender cord of blue through the great city, bringing to Hama fertility and prosperity and health. One sees few rivers in this land. Although they make Damascus so fertile, Abana and Pharpar are hardly more than noisy creeks. It is true that parts of Lebanon fairly sweat with springs, but few of these reach the coast as more than stony *wadis* that dry up in summer. The Jordan in the south, the Leontes, which empties between Tyre and Sidon, and the Orontes in the north—these complete the tale of Syrian rivers; and Hama is the only great Eastern city that I have seen in which the river fills a large part of the panorama. Rising from the snow springs of Lebanon, then flowing northward through the Entering in of Hamath, dammed up near Homs by the old Hittites, growing slowly as it passes through the "Land of Hama" until at Antioch it is almost deep enough for navigation, the Orontes has made three of the great cities of the world.

It winds and twists through Hama so that you meet it at every turn of the street. We crossed no less than four bridges, each with a different scene, yet always the scenery of Hama. Along one bank a line of closely latticed windows mark the harems of the wealthier citizens; farther on, a little company of women are washing clothes under the shade of the cypress trees; yonder a weary train of mules are standing knee-deep in the cool water, while a crowd of naked boys are sporting in the shallow stream with as much energy and zest as any truant brothers of the West.

There is a noise so heavy and constant that you have almost ceased to hear it; a dull, grave diapason, louder and deeper than the lowest organ-stop. Now, slowly and painfully, it forces up a few notes of the scale, then drops heavily to its key-note. "Do mi sol, DO DO DO; Do sol la, DO DO DO"—on through the day and the night and the century. It is the *na'ura*, the Water-Wheels of the Orontes. You see them now and then in southern villages;

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but what other cataracts are to Niagara, so are all other water-wheels to the water-wheels of Hama. Great wooden frames revolving painfully upon wooden axles as the river helps lift itself up to the terraces above, these wheels approach very near to perpetual motion. We stand amazed before one that is forty feet high, until the eye travels down the river to another wheel of sixty feet, and our guide takes us out to the edge of the city to where a monster ninety feet in diameter is playing its slow, solemn tune.

It is impossible to shut out the sound of the creaking of the *na'ura*. Some nervous people are driven to distraction by the noise, and cannot sleep in Hama; but we found the music of the wheels very soothing, like the distant roar of the ocean or a slow fugue played on some Cyclopean organ. Now they are in unison, now repeating the theme one after another, now for a brief moment in a sublime harmony never to be forgotten, then once more together in tremendous chorus. As we drift to sleep, the music calls us back, back, back to the Beginning of Things.

"Do mi fa, DO DO DO." What care the wheels whether Saracen or Crusader conquer in the fight below! "Do fa sol, DO DO DO." The chariots of Zenobia are rattling across the plain—or is it the cohorts of the fleeing Assyrian host? "Do sol la, DO SOL LA." The dark regiments of Pharaoh are coming up from the south, and the Hittite city rushes to arms. "Do mi sol, DO DO *do* do." And Father Orontes is slowly pushing around the great wheels of the dream city, while the "Iliad" is unsung, and Cheops is unquarried, and the fathers of Abram still dwell in Ur of the Chaldees.

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## SONG

### By Rosina Hübley Emmet

YOU weep for kisses that have flown,
For loves that only dure a day;
Nay—rather weep for blossoms flown
Across the meadows and away.
Away, away, for many a day!
Until the waiting earth is sown
With seeds of all that you have given
In close-kissed loves—that made your Heaven.

You weep because you once shed tears
For him who let the long nights pass
And never came. You weep for fears
That ran like sand through Time's still glass.
Alas, alas for nights that pass!
For days that flee, for finished years—
Nay—rather cast those eyes ahead
And search for future bliss instead.

Of all the pain the world can show
This is the greatest—tears forlorn
For dead delights. They drown in woe
The struggling germs of hope new-born.
—To greet the dawn with tears forlorn!—
Nay—rather let past anguish go—
And end your days in laughter's rays,
The smile that comes—the joy that stays.

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# THE SUMMER LANDLORD

By Sydney Preston

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

## I

"THERE is a certain charm in the idea of a lapse of identity," said Professor Avery, stirring his tea reflectively; "it always appeals to me strongly at this time of year, when the vacation has begun, and if I ever get to the point of doing anything a college professor might naturally be expected not to do, it will be through my longing to break through conventions and get into closer touch with humanity." He glanced through the open window at the greensward stretching from the Dean's residence to the group of college buildings, noted the palpitating heat-waves that rose between, then drew a breath of complete enjoyment. "But this," he added, regarding with admiring approval the graceful figure that bent over the afternoon tea-table—"this, if it could last all summer, would be more restful and satisfying than anything I could undertake."

Miss Brinley's smile suggested inward appreciation of something beyond the mere words of the speaker. "You'll never do anything original," she commented; "inertia will keep you in your groove. You came back from Germany without having been even a second in a duel, and now that you've been a staid professor for five years, you begin to talk of doing something out of the common!"

"But it isn't altogether inertia," he protested; "there are so few things one may do without loss of prestige. Of course, I might become an amateur tramp or day laborer, provided it was known I was absorbing local color and not engaged in a vulgar jamboree; but I don't care to expose myself to dirt and privation."

"Yes," she nodded. "You hold yourself aloof; you'll always be an onlooker."

"Not from choice," he returned. "I delight in the study of human nature, yet most of my friends are mere acquaintances, perhaps because there is something lacking in me, as Milray suggested. He said—but really, it's too absurd to repeat!"

"No, no—do tell me."

"I didn't ask his opinion—in fact, we were discussing philosophy at the time—when he suddenly began to pace the floor and ejaculate—you know how his words explode through his beard! Then he clapped me on the shoulder and adjured me to go off and—and fall in love."

"How funny!—and what did you say?"

Avery hesitated, visibly perturbed. "It was—a difficult remark to answer, because Milray was evidently serious; and though everyone knows they are hard put to it to make both ends meet, with all those children, I—I couldn't exactly imply that my lot was preferable."

"But aren't they happy?" she demanded, with sudden warmth. "Isn't that the main thing?"

"Perhaps they are—though I don't see how it's possible for an intellectual man to be content with such an excess of domesticity; but I tactfully evaded that phase. I assured him I hadn't the faintest idea how to carry out his instructions; then he glared. Besides, I said, I had no inclination toward marriage; then he burst forth afresh into vivid phrases, assuring me that he didn't suggest marriage, because the chance of any woman reciprocating was so unlikely."

"And I'm sure his eyes were twinkling under those shaggy brows—he's a dear!"

"Yes, and he deserves a better fate. He'll have to spend the summer in taking his family on picnicking trips in that shabby old phaeton; he told me with gusto how



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"This, if it could last all summer, would be more restful and satisfying than anything I could undertake."
—Page 268.

he proposed to graze the horse on the roadsides."

"While you are theorizing over the dullness of existence, with the means to go anywhere or do anything to gain new experiences!"

Avery made a gesture of weariness. "I've exhausted every approved fashion of putting in the time," he protested. "I've tried Europe, yachting, the seaside, summer boarding—but it's no use! I can't enjoy inanimate objects or the lower animals, and the people one meets are stereotyped and uninteresting. I think, sometimes, it might be interesting to—to feel such an emotion as Milray suggested, but I—I fancy I haven't got the—right kind of temperament!" He looked up questioningly, his face somewhat flushed and a tentative appeal in his eyes.

Miss Brinley met his gaze with thoughtful gravity. "I don't believe you really want to get closer to the realities," she said, "but merely to change your point of view, to analyze and dissect at shorter range. You'll be an onlooker to the end, unless——"

Avery sat up straight and gazed at her with eager intentness as she paused. "Yes?" he urged, with a quick breath.

"——unless the unexpected happens," she finished lightly.

"And the unexpected—in this case?"

"Oh, anything," she parried—"anything one of your temperament might be supposed not to do."

Avery leaned back with a sigh. "Do you know," he said, "I have an odd feeling that you know me better than I know myself; and just then—" he paused abstractedly—"just then I had a most extraordinary sensation."

"Dear me!" she ejaculated.

"Yes; I don't think I ever had such a peculiar impression. It is hard to describe—but—but I imagine it must have been something like an intuition."

"How strange!—but I thought you didn't believe in intuitions?"

"No—that is, I've never experienced



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"And we know absolutely nothing about him, except that his name is Avery."

any; but when you were speaking and my eyes met yours, I felt a sudden—yes, a thrill, it must have been, of—expectation, as if I were on the verge of a discovery. Yes, the feeling is growing stronger that, if you will, you can help me, to get into closer touch with my fellow beings. You can tell me what is the unexpected thing that might happen."

"Oh, I couldn't begin to think," she declared; "but if you break through your environment you'll be able to find out for yourself."

"Yes," said Avery, with kindling animation, as he rose, "I must leave the beaten track, avoid the commonplace and conventional. I must find the antithesis of summer boarding, for example, and do something quite original." He paused with sudden gravity. "If you were going to be here, I'd stay," he added.

"And help me to be dull!" she laughed. "But I'm not; I'm going to the same quiet place by the sea, and by the time I come back perhaps you'll have some thrilling adventures to tell me."

## II

THE Cherry Hill boarders were assembled in the rustic pavilion overlooking the lake, their voices rising and falling in varying tones of voluble speculation as they discussed the one absorbing topic.

"I cross-questioned Sally this morning when she was doing up my room," said Mrs. Plummer, a portly middle-aged widow, "but all I could get out of her was that he arrived a week ago, and had a long talk with Mrs. Jenner, who immediately packed her trunk and started off to visit her married daughter in Colorado, leaving him to act as landlord for the summer."

"And we know absolutely nothing about him, except that his name is Avery," cried Mrs. Cortolan, in high-pitched indignation.

"And that the board is simply perfect," added Miss Abingdon, who had been listening in amused silence, and now received the instant attention of the person who talks but little. "Hadn't we better complain about getting too much for our money?" she asked, a faintly ironical inflection in the quiet ripple of her voice.

Mr. Cortolan, who was histrionic in his movements, had been walking to and fro in front of the pavilion, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bowed in obviously deep meditation. He stopped and regarded the speaker with an appreciative twinkle in his dark eyes. "What afflicts me," said he, in mock solemnity,



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"is that it's too good to last—it *can't* last! We were of the general opinion that Mrs. Jenner gave us fair value for our money, but great Cæsar!—did we have a fresh damask table-cloth every day, a clean napkin every meal, our bedroom towels changed whenever we turned around? Why, it's—incredible!" He spread both hands outward in supplication. "Tell me," he entreated, "*do* I sleep; *do* I dream?"

"It's all perfectly true," laughed Miss Abingdon, amid a chorus of assent—"even the finger-bowls."

"These," began the Reverend Mr. Bridgeman ponderously, "are superfluities, so to speak; but I was agreeably surprised to find that we had the choice of roast beef and roast lamb for dinner yesterday. Now Mrs. Jenner occasionally had——"

"*Her* lamb was always mutton," interjected Mrs. Cortolan shrilly.

"And the beef was always that triangular wing-rib roast without undercut," hastily added Mrs. Plummer.

"I was about to say," continued the clergyman, with an increased volume of tone, "that Mrs. Jenner usually had beef of an inferior quality for dinner; lamb, so-called, occasionally; but never both meats—um—in conjunction. Now this person knows that in a mixed company some may have a preference for lamb, others for beef; and, very properly, both were placed before us. I must say that the lamb was extremely toothsome, while I found the beef tender, juicy, and cooked to a turn."

"Tell me," he entreated, "*do* I sleep; *do* I dream?"

"I wonder if there'll be lamb to-day," meditated Mrs. Plummer ruefully. "If I had known it was real spring lamb I would——"

"The peas *were* garden peas," cried Miss Cortolan. "I saw the hired man throw a great basket of pods into the pig-yard."

"There, Mrs. Plummer, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Cortolan triumphantly. "I knew those were *not* canned peas."

"Well, Mrs. Jenner had canned everything," returned Mrs. Plummer, "except potatoes and turnips."

"It is incomprehensible to me," rumbled Mr. Bridgeman, "why she should have used canned vegetables instead of fresh ones. We come to the country expecting to enjoy the fruits of the earth, as it were, and find instead the vegetables of the grocery-shelf. Now if this person proposes to substitute fresh garden produce for the tasteless, and, I suspect, unwholesome products of the canning factory, I shall appreciate the change to the best of my ability."

"It's a case of a new broom," asserted Mr. Cortolan, wielding an imaginary one with vigor; "he can't keep it up. Mrs. Jenner told me herself that if she supplied the table with fresh vegetables, she would have to engage another hired girl. It's the preparation that costs. Dump a few cans of peas into a pot, and there you are. Go into the garden, pick half a bushel, shell them, and most of your morning is gone." He illustrated each process with swift and graphic movements that suggested infinite practice in culinary duties; then he sat down with the air of one who has solved a problem too deep for his fellows.

Mr. Mullins, a half-fledged young newspaper reporter, nodded knowingly. "I heard a thing or two in that connection this morning," said he. "There's a small boy hired as scullion; he's to prepare vegetables and fowl, and all that sort of thing."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Cortolan, "that the new landlord gave you these details?"

"N-no," admitted Mullins, in evident embarrassment. "The fact is," he explained, in response to the searching glances focussed upon him, "I happened to pass through the dining-room when Nancy was setting the table, and—and she mentioned them."

Mr. Bridgeman looked sternly at the

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speaker; Cortolan smiled and hummed a tune; the ladies exchanged glances. Mullins, though decidedly red, made a brazen effort to distract attention.

"I shouldn't wonder," he suggested, "if there's more in this thing than appears on the surface. If we get ten-dollar board for five, there's a reason for it."

Mr. Diver, a shrewd-faced father of a family, stroked his grizzled beard and scanned Mullins approvingly. "That's what I say!" he exclaimed. "Why, the other day I handed him a dollar bill for driving us from the station, and by George! —he refused it; said there was no charge. There's something wrong!"

Mrs. Plummer turned to the clergyman. "Didn't you notice how he stared," she asked in agitation, "when you asked if his wife was experienced in cooking?—and don't you think you'd better ask him to—to convince us that he's—quite respectable?"

"We have really nothing to complain of," replied the clergyman soothingly, "provided he maintains the present standard of catering; and as he appears to possess exceptional qualifications, it is our plain duty to suspect no evil." Mr. Bridgeman clasped his hands across his ample figure and beamed reassuringly upon Mrs. Plummer.

Cortolan and Mullins, who had withdrawn a short distance together, sauntered back, the latter with a broad smile on his fresh young face, the former composed and inscrutable.

"We have a theory," announced Cortolan, his eyes twinkling, "a clew to the mystery."

"Go on," cried the ladies, as he paused dramatically.

"Starting from the information that Mrs. Jenner departed suddenly for Colorado, we deduce the conclusion that our landlord came *from* Colorado. I do not take credit for the discovery; it is due entirely to Mr. Mullins's remarkable gift of intuition."

"Dump a few cans of peas into a pot and there you are." —Page 271.

"No, no," protested Mullins, "I——"

"Later, I admit," went on Cortolan gravely, "I suggested he was likely to be a relative of Mrs. Jenner's; then I seemed to recall her alluding in rather ambiguous terms to a nephew in the West."

"I think she did—I'm sure she did," cried Mrs. Plummer—"a nephew or an uncle, or something of the kind."

"Exactly," said Cortolan. "Then we interviewed John Dunn in the barnyard at Mr. Mullins's suggestion, with the result" —he paused to stroke his moustache and hide an ironical smile—"that our suspicions were confirmed."

"You don't say so—Mr. *Cortolan!*"

"I do—*John would neither say it was true nor deny it.*"

"How perfectly absurd!" laughed Miss Abingdon.

"Not at all," declared Mrs. Plummer. "I'm sure it's wonderful how they found it all out so quickly. I'd feel more comfortable if I knew what he had been doing in Colorado."

"We can tell you, approximately," said Cortolan. "Is it confidential, Mullins?"

"No, not at all," replied Mullins, grinning.

"Then I may say that certain indications point to his having been a restaurant keeper!"

Mrs. Plummer shuddered, turning to Mr. Bridgeman. "Do you hear?" she gasped; "a restaurant—keeper!"

"Mere supposition, Mrs. Plummer."

"But—in *Colorado*, Mr. Bridgeman. I've heard they have—dreadful dance halls in the restaurants."

Mr. Bridgeman glowered at Cortolan. "I assure you, Mrs. Plummer," he answered testily, "nothing could be more preposterous. Possibly there *are* dance halls in Colorado, but—but I assure you I would tolerate nothing of the kind here. In the meantime, let us be thankful for the mercies that are provided."

"I tell you the man's

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Mr. Bridgeman clasped his hands across his ample figure and beamed reassuringly upon Mrs. Plummer.—Page 272.

either a knave or a fool," Mr. Diver broke forth, after prolonged meditation; "and I'm going to find out which when I pay my bill, if not before."

## III

MR. DIVER prided himself on his knowledge of character, but in this case his usual unhesitating verdict was held in suspension, for a week's keen observation and guarded inquiries left him mystified, without even a plausible theory to account for the landlord's actions; then he changed his tactics and played his trump card.

"I'd like to know," he inquired brusquely, after paying his bill, "if there's any money in keeping boarders in this style. It seems to me you pay out about twice as much as you get in."

There was a gleam of expectant triumph in his eyes. Here was a question that couldn't be dodged, and whatever the reply, he was bound to learn something.

Avery stared in mild surprise. "Really," he answered, "I'm sorry I can't give the information. I haven't yet made up my accounts."

Diver chuckled; the problem was solved. "When you do, I guess you'll find the balance on the wrong side," he remarked.

Avery regarded him with a look of concern. "I understood that the place paid a profit," he said.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Diver. "Do you think you're running things like Mrs. Jenner?"

"Perhaps not," replied Avery dubiously. "Was it the general expectation," he asked, "that I would adhere to Mrs. Jenner's standard of catering?"

Diver replied at length, with unconcealed contempt for the landlord's incapacity, after which the latter thanked him and promised to look into the matter.

Avery was smiling over a train of thought suggested by Diver's remarks, when Miss Abingdon entered.

"Really, Mr. Avery," she said, as she laid a five dollar bill on the desk, fixing an embarrassed gaze on the open purse in her hand, "I haven't the conscience to go on taking so much for so little."

Avery finished writing the receipt, then as Miss Abingdon's eyes met his, her purse closed with a sudden snap.

"It is ample," he replied, with a smile. "Is the dissatisfaction general?"

"I m afraid not," she laughed. "But don't you see that you can't go on adding to our luxuries indefinitely without deplorable results, both moral and physical?"



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"Then I'd better return to the simple fare that Mrs. Jenner provided?"

"I'm afraid it's too late—as far as your reputation is concerned. One of the boarders, for example, is convinced that you formerly kept a restaurant."

Avery laughed. "Anything worse?"

"Another suspects you of being a gentleman."

"How absurd!—and is that the worst?"

"At present," she nodded; "but I shudder to think of what may come next!"

The following morning, Sunday, there were fringed doilys of red cotton, and a cloth of the same material on the table; there was skimmed milk for the porridge, and a limited supply of thin cream for the coffee; there was also canned salmon, and a blessing that breathed passionate indignation from Mr. Bridgeman. Most of the boarders were pale and distraught, displaying a delicate appetite, and hastened to the seclusion of the pavilion after breakfast to discuss the matter. It was unanimously resolved that Diver, who had boasted of his interview with the landlord, was the cause of the disastrous change, and the harassing doubt expressed on his face changed into black gloom under the recrimination of his fellow boarders. Dinner was awaited with mingled hope and fear.

The latter was justified. The table appointments were similar to those of breakfast; there was a triangular roast of beef, rather overdone; there were canned peas and uncanned potatoes, and rice pudding, at the entrance of which Mr. Bridgeman groaned, while a shudder ran around the table as far as Miss Abingdon, where it merged into something like suppressed laughter. Afterward, there was another mass meeting in the pavilion, and Diver became an alien even to his own family. Supper was succeeded by a season of stony despair; then Mr. Bridgeman disappeared for a time, and his eloquent voice reverberated from the landlord's sitting room, and when he emerged his face shone with joy.

"A mere misapprehension," he announced. "Mr. Avery thought we might possibly prefer Mrs. Jenner's style of catering, but when I convinced him of our true sentiments, he assured me that there would be no such lamentable lapse in the future."

Amid the murmurs of applause, Mullins, who had been absorbed in a newspaper, looked up, his face glowing with excitement, nudged Cortolan, and walked rapidly away. Cortolan followed, his eyes twinkling expectantly.

"Well, what's up?" he asked, as they reached the seclusion of the hedge.

"This," responded Mullins, flourishing the newspaper. "Read that," he commanded, pointing to a column startlingly headlined.

"Very interesting, indeed, Mullins," commented Cortolan; "clever rascal that! But why all this mystery?—not a relative of yours, I hope."

"Of mine!" snorted Mullins. "Look at that picture; take off the beard and tell me who it is."

Cortolan eyed the portrait critically. "Really, Mullins," he replied, "you've got me! I believe I could make a rough job of taking the beard off a *man*, but I'm not artist enough to do it with a newspaper cut. Hold on, though—here's another rascal without a beard; lend me that pencil, and I'll put one on for you."

Mullins snatched the paper. "Listen to this!" he ejaculated, gripping Cortolan's arm. "Five feet ten, brown hair and beard, or *may be close-shaven*. Doesn't that remind you of anyone?"

"Bridgeman?"

"Come, now, be serious," implored Mullins, with rising choler. "Doesn't the fact that this defaulter was manager of the Associated Restaurants Company, together with the resemblance to a certain party, make you think of anything?"

"Ye-es," said Cortolan, with an enigmatic smile; "the reward, for instance. But here comes Diver; try it on him."

Diver was taking a solitary stroll, absorbed in gloomy meditation. He read the dispatch with kindling interest, then looked Mullins steadily in the eye; the latter nodded in the direction of the house.

Diver blinked. "There's one thing certain," he said, "the fellow isn't the sort of fool I thought; and if he's the other kind, we know why we're well fed."

"Just what struck me!" cried Mullins. "He'd try to allay suspicion."

"It's as plain as a pike-staff when you look at it that way," chuckled Cortolan. "Well, I'll leave you to forge the damning chain of evidence."

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"Hold on, Cortolan," urged Diver; "let's talk this over."

"Never!" cried Cortolan, moving away. "I see inflexible resolve upon your faces. Don't mind me, I beg of you—I knew this couldn't last!" He flung up his arms in mock despair, then added in a tone of solemn adjuration, "Don't let the reward deter you," and vanished around the hedge.

"Comical fish, that," remarked Diver thoughtfully.

Mullins was very red. "You can't always make out what's he's driving at," he replied, with some heat.

There was a brief silence. Diver pulled at his pipe, his eyes half closed; Mullins was engaged in kicking up clods.

"Well?" said Diver, scanning him closely.

"It's a scoop all right," broke in Mullins, his brow contracted with perplexity; "but there's that deuced thousand-dollar reward."

"Ye-es," returned Diver, in keen inquiry. "I don't want any of it," he added.

Mullins's flush became an ensanguined purple, fire flashed in his eyes, the words sputtered forth, vehement and guttural. "And I don't!" he shrieked, clenching his hands. "I *don't*, I tell you—not a damned cent," he added threateningly.

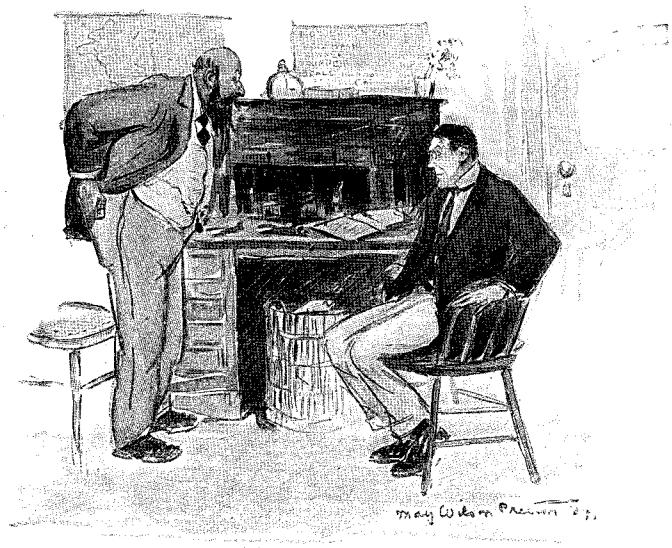
Diver's eyes widened with amazement; he removed his pipe and surveyed the speaker as if he were a remarkable object in an aquarium.

"Who said you did?" he asked calmly.

"You said *you* didn't," retorted Mullins, with a fierce glare, "and I won't take that from any man."

A look of shrewd comprehension settled on Diver's face; he smoked serenely without speaking.

Mullins took out his handkerchief and mopped himself. "A thousand dollars!" he muttered, with a vacant stare. "Do you know what that would mean to me?" he demanded.



"It seems to me you pay out about twice as much as you get in."—Page 273.

"Then you do want it?" queried Diver, his eyes twinkling.

Mullins shuddered as if he were awaking from a bad dream; something like a sob of anguish burst from him. "No," he protested, "not if there—wasn't another dollar—in the whole world!"

"Look here, Mullins," said Diver, "I never saw a man act like you unless he was drunk, or——"

"I'm not drunk!" interjected Mullins hopelessly.

"——or in love," finished Diver.

Mullins's flushed, miserable face turned pale; there was mute appeal in his eyes. "For heaven's sake don't—tell Cortolan," he pleaded; "he'd—he'd——"

A benignant fatherly expression softened

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Hastened to the seclusion of the

the grim lines of the older man's face; he patted the youth on the back encouragingly.

"Chirk up," he said; "I know how you feel—you're all right! Louise Cortolan's a nice girl; she's been my Adeline's chum ever since they wore short dresses, and I know. You're all right, I say, and if it was my own daughter——"

Mullins grabbed the speaker's hand in both of his, wringing it in gratitude.

The almost tender serenity of Diver's expression became intensified; for the moment he paused, overcome by his own sympathy and the instant response; then he began with added warmth: "If it was my own daughter——"

Mullins uttered a moan of happiness. "It is," he gasped; "it's—your Adeline!"

The fervent pressure of Diver's hand suddenly relaxed; he recoiled, speechless, his fascinated gaze fixed on the radiant countenance of the happy lover.

Mullins straightened himself, glanced up with a joyous smile, then his jaw fell open; he stared with incredulous amazement. "Oh, I say!" he cried, in a sudden frenzy of doubt. "What makes you look like that?"

Diver's features became wooden; grim resolve settled about his mouth. "It's the feelings of a father," he answered curtly.

## IV

THE summer landlord sat at his desk ostensibly making up accounts, but the account book was closed, and his pen idly traced dotted figures on the blotter, his eyes following the random patterns with dreamy intentness, his thoughts far afield from Cherry Hill and the distant chatter of the boarders on the front veranda; indeed, the familiar evening sounds that fell on his heedless ears only served to accentuate the fact that his former keen interest in the study of human nature was now submerged by a certain mysterious yearning that had grown stronger day by day, until the thought of his early departure made his heart leap with expectation. The sudden impulse that caused him to telegraph for Mrs. Jenner two days previously had been no part of a definite plan, but now everything was clear, and he knew, with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon, where he was going and why. Mrs. Jenner would arrive at noon the next day, so he could take the night train; but even twenty-four hours of inaction seemed intolerable in the feverish haste that possessed him.

Presently he arose, brought out a small trunk, and began packing his books and papers, becoming so engrossed that the sound of heavy, muffled footsteps in the hall failed to attract his attention; then a faint knock at the door caused him to look up, and he was amazed to see Mr. Bridgeman enter the room carrying his boots in his hand. The clergyman closed the door noiselessly, glanced at the open trunk, heaved a deep sigh and sat down, placing his boots on the floor.



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pavilion after breakfast —Page 274.

Avery stared in silent wonder at his visitor's troubled countenance. "May I ask——" he began.

Mr. Bridgeman started; his hand shot out warningly. "Not so loud," he implored, in a hoarse undertone. "I have come here to warn you, and no one must know; you must go—escape—to-night."

A thrill of horror shook Avery's nerves. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated.

"To-morrow may be too late. If a sheriff's officer intercepted you at the station, a deplorable scandal would result."

Avery listened in dumb bewilderment, in doubt of his visitor's precise mental condition.

"You may not know that you have been under surveillance for the past few days?" continued Mr. Bridgeman.

Avery smiled soothingly and shook his head.

Mr. Bridgeman was breathing more freely. "I refer particularly to the tall man with the scar on his chin," he explained. "He came here the day before yesterday, canvassing for 'Methusaleh's Weekly,' but his occupation is what Mr. Mullins refers to technically as a blind."

"Surely you are mistaken," protested Avery.

"Not at all. He got his dinner from Mrs. Dunn, interviewed all the boarders and domestics, asking questions about you, and has been lurking in the vicinity ever since; and last evening when Mr. Diver was coming up from the lake, he saw Sally leave the house with a small flat package concealed under her apron; she looked furtively around when she reached the lane, then handed the package through the fence to a man who was screened by the haw tree. He mounted a wheel and rode swiftly away, but not before Mr. Diver recognized him as the so-called agent of 'Methusaleh's Weekly.'"

"But I don't understand—I don't see—"

"Nor I," said Mr. Bridgeman, gazing thoughtfully into space, a gentle smile playing about his heavy mouth; "but I noticed that Diver and Mullins used the terms 'confederate' and 'incriminating documents' in connection with the incident."

"My dear sir," cried Avery, in sudden exasperation, "will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean?"

"There is no need of going into painful details," he sighed. "As Mr. Cortolan says, if you are guilty you will understand; if not, the less you understand the better. I may say, however, without indelicacy, that I refer to the cause of your approaching—ahem—departure. Let me assure you also that we have made every arrangement to insure your leaving unobtrusively. Mr. Cortolan will see that John has the wagon ready at ten-thirty, and you will be relieved to hear that Diver and Mullins have found a harmless means of detaining that objectionable individual I mentioned until after the train leaves at midnight."

"And do you think I would submit——" began Avery indignantly.

Mr. Bridgeman laid a persuasive hand on his shoulder. "A moment's thought will convince you," he said impressively, "that we part from you with regret. You have provided excellent fare, and I look forward to Mrs. Jenner's return with misgiving." His voice trembled with poignant emotion. "But as I have frequently assured a—a most estimable person whose opinion I value, that you are quite—respectable, it would be a personal calamity to me if any scandal resulted. It is better for you, for all of us, that your departure should be not only unobstructed, but—unexpected; that may be accomplished by your leaving to-night."

A sudden delighted appreciation welled up within Avery. Why not escape what at the very least would be an awkward predicament, and at the same time humor Mr.

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Bridgeman in the absurd belief that he was a fugitive from justice? He would avoid the possible necessity of embarrassing explanations, enjoy a most interesting experience, wind up his career as a summer landlord in an unforeseen and original manner, and, best of all, hasten his arrival at a certain quiet place by the sea by some twenty precious hours.

"I'll go," he said, with sudden decision. "You have all been most thoughtful," he added, with emphasis, "and I must conclude that you have been actuated by kindly motives."

"The extraordinary part of it is that we have all been actuated by different motives," he explained, rubbing his hands together in genial self-gratulation. "I don't mind telling you that Mr. Mullins has a special reason for proving that he is above rewards; Mr. Cortolan takes great delight in supervising the arrangements, for which he seems to have a special aptitude. I gained Mr. Diver's co-operation by promising that I would ask you to state, in return for our services, your real name, previous occupation, and object in becoming our landlord."

"A mere misapprehension," he announced.—Page 274.

Avery's mouth set in an odd smile; he took a slip of paper from a pigeon-hole, wrote a few lines, then handed it to his visitor. Mr. Bridgeman looked at the words, his mouth puckered into a whistling position, then widened suddenly into a smile of exceeding breadth.

"Is that quite satisfactory?" asked Avery.

Mr. Bridgeman surveyed him with humorous relish, his small eyes glistening with jocular incredulity; then he shook his head in mild reproof. "'Object,'" he quoted from the paper, "'the study of human nature.'"

"Well?" challenged Avery, a trifle of asperity in his tone.

Mr. Bridgeman's perfunctory gravity was overthrown by a hoarse chuckle. "Excellent—oh, excellent!" he murmured, thrusting the paper into his waistcoat pocket—"and so—so original!"

. . . . . .

The distant whistle of the receding midnight express reached the ears of the three men who awaited the signal in the shadow of the barn; without a word, Cortolan picked up the lantern and the others followed him to the smoke-house door, which they unhasped and flung open, the lantern flooding with light the haggard face of a man who stood at bay in the far corner.

"Come on one at a time," he snarled, with a vicious roll of his eyes, "and I'll make you see stars. Where's that devil that asked me to come in for a drink and locked the door?" He backed against the wall, his fists clenched.

"My dear fellow," said Cortolan, as they entered, "we have no desire to see terrestrial stars, but merely to know why you've been prowling about for the last three evenings."

"Come now," added Diver gruffly, "you may as well own up."

The captive's sallow cheeks reddened. "I ain't got nothin' to own up," he retorted. "You let me out of this. He-e-lp!" he shouted suddenly. "Sa-a-ally Ann!"

Mullins slammed the door and put his back against it. "Surrender the papers that Sally gave you at the lane fence last night," he demanded, grinning, "and we'll let you go."

A piercing shriek rent the air and Mullins leaped to one side; the door creaked slowly open, and as a dishevelled feminine head appeared out of the darkness, a sheepish grin stole over the prisoner's face; then Sally pushed her way to his side.

"Oh, Jim!" she wailed, clinging to his arm, "what are they doin' to you—what's happened?"

"Dashed if I know, Sally," he returned, with a bewildered stare; then he chuckled. "As far as I can make out, they want me to give back what you handed me at the lane fence last night."

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"I have come here to warn you; you must go—escape—to-night."—Page 277.

Sally turned. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated, with flashing eyes; her lips tightened to a thin, straight line, and she surveyed the boarders with a slow, contemptuous stare. "Well, I *never!*" she repeated, her tone vibrant with withering scorn, "making all that fuss about—a apple turnover!"

"An—apple—turnover?" repeated Diver faintly.

"Yes," cried Sally, with an indignant sob; "that old cat, Mrs. Dunn, said I wasn't—to have Jim in—the kitchen—and he had to wait outside—and I brought——" her voice became choked and guttural.

Mullins turned a sickly white, but his mouth retained a petrified grin, which in his surprise he neglected to remove. Diver picked up the lantern and led the way out; the others followed silently.

"Sally," said Cortolan, with a genial smile, "you may rely upon our discretion. I can assure you that the incident of the apple turnover is closed. In the meantime, run away back to the house; and remember we shall expect to hear the date of the wedding in good time. Good-night, Sally. One moment, James," to the agent who was vanishing into the darkness. "I hope this will be a warning to you to avoid the appearance of evil. Bring your order book along in the morning, and you will obtain some new subscribers to the excellent periodical you represent."

"Great Cæsar!" muttered Mullins, "what gall!"

"Look here, Cortolan," burst forth Diver; "I'd like to know why you went into this thing; it seems to me you've been making game of us."

Cortolan broke into shrill laughter. "To be quite frank," he replied, "I allowed myself to be dragged into it by you and Mullins and Bridgeman; but I've really enjoyed the diversion of helping things along—and a pretty kettle of fish you'd have made of it without me!"

## V

"Well, I must say," remarked Miss Brinley, "that you've done something original at last—why, it's an experience of a lifetime!" She sat in the shadow of a huge rock and regarded Avery with frank approval, her eyes sparkling with interest.

Avery sighed contentedly. "Yes," he said, "it was interesting, amusing, even instructive, for I've proved that luxury is



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not elevating to the average summer boarder; but this"—he made a vague gesture that might have meant the miles of coast line and ocean, or the sheltered seclusion of the nook where they sat—"this is—perfect! I can scarcely believe it isn't an hour since I came along the beach to look for you and found you behind these rocks. The other begins to seem like a dream—this, the reality."

Miss Brinley raised her eyebrows. "The last time we talked—and, let me see, that wasn't more than four weeks ago—you said you loathed the thought of the seaside, and that the so-called beauties of nature were a bore."

"I was quite serious in the assertion," said Avery; "but my point of view has changed, I suppose. I've had enough of average human nature for the present. I don't want to be an onlooker any longer—I want to *live*."

There was an unwonted intensity in his utterance that checked the laughing comment on Miss Brinley's lips; she regarded him with puzzled gravity. "But you're a trifle inconsequent," she argued; "you say this is perfect, but this sort of thing is only existing. It seems to me you were living when you became a summer landlord and had all these delightful experiences; here, we're in a kind of mental torpor."

"I've come to the conclusion that mind hasn't much to do with it," said he, a dull flush spreading over his face as she looked up and met his earnest gaze. "This would be existing, perhaps—without you."

Miss Brinley became suddenly intent upon sifting sand through her fingers. "How nice of you to imply that I add to the landscape," she returned innocently. "But do tell me some more of your experiences. Couldn't you get that clergyman to tell you what crime you had committed?"

"No; he was very vague and avoided a specific charge. Then I began to see the humor of the situation, and consented to escape. It seemed an excellent chance to realize the sensations of a fugitive, and I actually felt slightly excited until I boarded the train, for Bridgeman assured me that the others had locked up a man in the smoke-house who was on my trail; besides, as my trunks were packed and I was going the next day anyway, it didn't inconvenience me."

Miss Brinley's eyes opened wider. "You were going anyway?" she cried.

A curious, embarrassed smile hovered about Avery's mouth. "Yes," he answered, after a pause; "I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Couldn't stand such a delightful situation! Why not?"

"For several reasons, but mostly because they—they all seemed to be falling in love with each other."

"Good—gracious!"

"I mean the unfettered ones," he explained. "First, Mullins fell in love with Miss Diver; and they were always making awkward situations by getting in my way. Then Nancy had a lover, a young farmer, who came every evening; and latterly, an admirer turned up for Sally Ann; but, last and worst, Mr. Bridgeman and Mrs. Plummer began to shrink from the outdoor air in the evenings, and twice when I went into the parlor to light the lamps it was quite apparent that I was an unexpected intruder. Finally, my nerves became such a wreck that I gave up lamp-lighting."

"You poor man!"

"But the odd part of it was," he went on, his breathing hurried and his eyes aglow with unusual animation, "they were all so perfectly happy."

"How strange!" she commented smilingly. "And the others were married people, I suppose?"

"Yes, except—Miss Abingdon."

"She was the nice one you spoke of," Miss Brinley said, a perceptible shade of constraint in her tone; "and was she—not happy?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered hurriedly; "she was different from the others, you know—quite different. I liked her because she—she reminded me of you."

"Indeed?" The utterance was precise, courteous, yet distinctly chilling.

Avery drew a long breath; the color ebbed from his cheeks, the kindling hope changed to anxious distrust. "I—I have something more—to tell you," he faltered.

Miss Brinley looked at her watch. "How late it is!" she exclaimed. "I must go back, or father will be coming to look for me." She picked up her work-bag and rose.

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Miss Brinley became suddenly intent upon sifting sand through her fingers.—Page 280.

Avery stood up, pale and breathless. "Wait," he implored, "till I—tell you."

Her eyes were scanning the beach in the direction of the distant hotel; there was a sudden, impatient flash in them as she turned. "Well?" she demanded.

Avery's face became lined and drawn. "I've *got* to tell you," he burst forth miserably; "but—but I don't know how! I can't think——" He broke off. "Good Lord!" he groaned, "I didn't know it was like this!"

Miss Brinley's resolute mouth relaxed to a half smile; her hand was shading her eyes as she gazed fixedly along the beach, but she glanced swiftly at him. "There's father coming down the steps," she said. "We'll walk on, and you can tell——"

"No," he gasped, stretching out his hand appealingly. "I'll—I'll tell you—now . . . *I'm*—in love!"

"Then—you're happy," she rejoined. "Allow me to congratulate you. Of course you couldn't tell Miss Abingdon while you were a summer landlord, but now——"

"Tell—*Miss Abingdon!*" he ejaculated, his color returning, "that I'm in love—with *you!*"

For an instant her startled eyes met his, then a crimson flood dyed her cheeks; she sat down on the sand and leaned against a rock, averting her face.

"Won't you say—something?" pleaded Avery desperately.

"Last month," she murmured, "you—pitied Professor Milray, and now you—act like other men."

Doubt, fearful doubt, and fierce hope warred together in Avery's bosom, as he bent over her. "I—I can't help it," he pleaded; "but couldn't you—love me?"

"You said you didn't see how—an intellectual man—could stand such—" her shoulders quivered with a slight shudder—"such an excess of domesticity."

Avery groaned. "I do—*now!*" he gasped.

"You said you—didn't know how—to fall in love!"

"I didn't—I don't."

"You said you—hadn't any inclination—toward marriage."

"And now," cried Avery hoarsely, "I couldn't live if—if——" He sat down beside her, his gaze fixed upon a slender hand that lay on the folds of her dress, hesitated, ventured to touch it; there was no movement of withdrawal, but she turned her head, the dimples deepened, and at that moment he caught a flickering light in her eyes that answered him.



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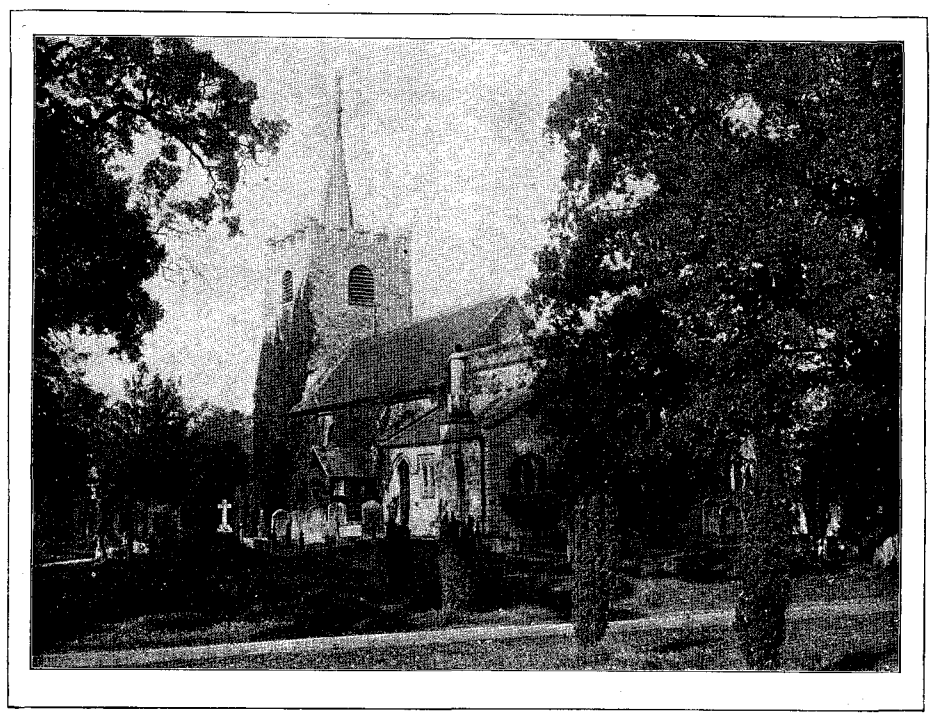

Pirbright Church and churchyard in which Sir Henry Stanley is buried.

# HENRY MORTON STANLEY

## By Winifred Coombe Tennant

THEY would not lay you 'neath the Abbey's stones
To lie beside the friend whose life you saved,
Whom you brought back to England's grateful heart
And near whose tomb your own had hoped to find.
They laid you down amid the smiling fields
Near to the home your brain had thought and planned.
Above you all day long the swaying trees;
The sounds of lowing cattle homeward led
Break on your sleep—the thrush in ecstasy
Thrills out at dawn its lovely note of joy,
And English children passing by your side
Make daisy chains and balls of buttercups.
You are too great to need the Abbey's shade.
You never stooped to please the smaller men,



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You marched straight on, eyes open to the light
Which streams upon brave hearts in every time.
Ecclesiastics bade you take your rest
Not near the mighty dead—but in this spot.
So be it—little do they think that thus
This Surrey village shall leap up to fame,
And that they give to England yet one more
Of those sweet shrines that tempt the pilgrim's feet.
For to your tomb shall come in future days
Children of those to whom you brought much light,
From river, mountain, mighty lake and plain.
When England welcomes them from their far home
She must make answer to their questioning,
"Where lies the dust of Stanley—who to us
Was as a Father—Bula Matari,
Who brought us out of darkness into light.
Why lies not he near Livingstone, his friend,
In goodly company of famous dead?
In this great city's heart we thought to find
His name writ large upon some sculptured stone."
Then must she say, "A mighty prophet he,
But in his land not all perceived his fame—
He lies not here. Seek near a quiet church
For the last home of him who crossed your land,
Pierced trackless forests, traced a river's course,
And oped the gates of Africa to all."
So to this tomb shall lead a well-worn path
Here shall strange faces come—and unknown tongues
Shall startle thrush and blackbird in the trees.
And Afric's sons; they shall not be alone,
For from across th' Atlantic's surging swell
A people's homage near his rest is laid.
Sleep well, great Chief—the spot that holds your dust
Is holy ground to half the race of men.

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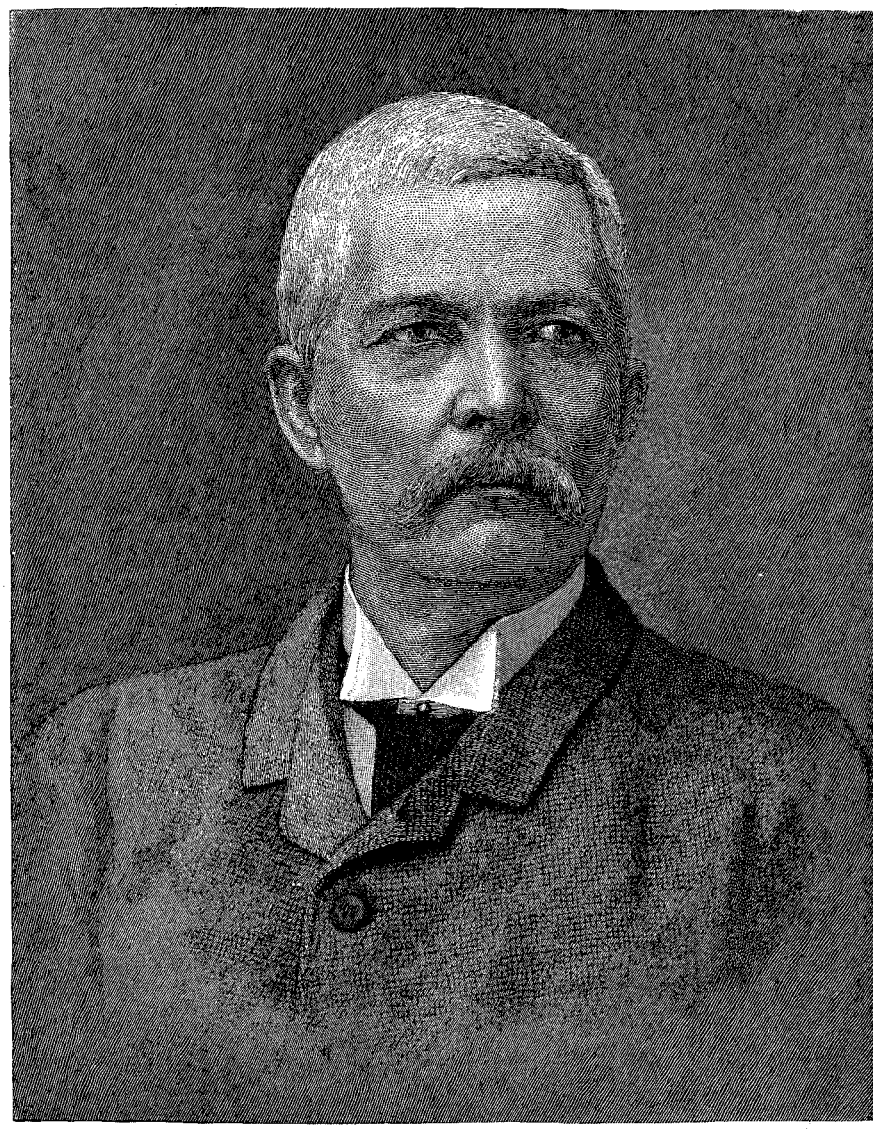

(From a photograph taken at Cairo in March, 1890. Originally reproduced with Stanley's article on "The Emin Pasha Relief Expedition" in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1890.)

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# REMINISCENCES OF SIR HENRY STANLEY

By A. J. Mounteney-Jephson
The last surviving officer of those who crossed Africa with him

I am asked to write "a reminiscent article on Stanley." I will try to do so, but I find the task a very painful one while the deep grief I feel at my old chief's recent death is so fresh upon me. It is a difficult task, too, for though the greatness of his work is so universally recognized that I need not write here about it, I should like to show those who did not know him intimately, with all his faults, what a simple, lovable nature he had.

The first time that I saw Stanley was in 1886, at a meeting at the Mansion House called by the Lord Mayor of London on behalf of the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. My people had always been deeply interested in this great question, and I attended the meeting at the request of my kinswoman, the Comtesse de Noailles, through whom I subsequently joined the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha.

Stanley came in accompanied by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Cardinal Manning, both of whom were close friends of his and ardent admirers of his work. His speech, delivered with a clear, impressive voice, and in strong, rugged English, was a most eloquent and convincing one. He passed in review his various expeditions in Africa, and described many sad and terrible scenes of havoc and misery caused by the Arab slave raiders which he had witnessed in his wanderings through that continent. He told us about the long, earnest talks he had had with Livingstone on the subject at Ujiji, or at night over the camp fires when they circumnavigated Lake Tanganyika together, and he quoted Livingstone's last appeal, which is inscribed on his grave in Westminster Abbey, "All I can add in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." He described General Gordon's recent and tragic death at Khartoum, and spoke touchingly and admiringly of his noble work for the cause of justice and freedom in the Soudan. And he ended by an earnest and stirring appeal for help in the great and vital work of suppressing the slave trade and giving justice to the black races of Africa.

Cardinal Manning spoke after him, and I remember among other things his saying, "England and America were not made by their governments, India and our colonies were not gained by our rulers, but these two great countries which stand foremost in civilization were made by our adventurers. Mr. Stanley himself is an adventurer, and one of a very noble type." Cardinal Manning's description was a true one, for Stanley was indeed an adventurer, and truly one of a very noble type.

I left the hall deeply impressed by what Stanley had said, feeling how earnestly he had at heart the cause of civilization, justice, and humanity. I little thought then how closely he would influence my life, and that within the year I should be in Africa serving under him on the last, and perhaps the greatest, of his expeditions. As the years have gone by since I have served under him and seen him at his work—I have been closely and intimately connected with him in his public and private life for the last seventeen years—the impression he made upon me when I first heard him speak at the Mansion House has steadily deepened and grown stronger, for the better I knew him the more clearly I have seen how earnestly he always worked for good.

The second time I saw him was only a few days before he started for Africa, for I had volunteered very late in the day to go on the Emin Pasha Expedition. I called at his flat in Bond Street, and was shown into a large room, half library, half smoking-room, and wholly comfortable, where I was told to wait. I was in a considerable state of trepidation as to what Stanley would think of me, and whether he would consider me worth taking on the expedition. In the meantime, as I waited, I



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looked round the room to see what manner of man he was, for one can often form an opinion of a man from his room, his pictures, and his books. The walls were covered with pictures of various kinds; there were three or four of Napoleon, and in the middle of the wall there was a large picture of the Emperor, standing on the deck of a British man-of-war, gazing across the sea on his way to St. Helena. Napoleon was evidently one of his heroes. The rest of his pictures were disappointing. They were of a very mixed kind and told me nothing, except that he did not understand much about art. I turned to look at his books, and here I was not disappointed. A big table in the middle of the room was covered with the latest periodicals and books. There was a large copy of Shakespeare, a beautiful little edition of "Plutarch's Lives," a Tennyson, and several volumes of Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors." This latter book I eventually got to know almost by heart, for Stanley took it with him to Africa and I read it through many times in camp. There were books everywhere in the room, on shelves ranged round the walls, on the tables and chairs, and there was a large case half unpacked, from which the books were overflowing on to the floor. I was just dipping into Pope's translation of Homer when the door opened and Stanley came into the room. At the first glance I saw that he had in his hand a copy of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," and one finger was in the book marking the place where he had been reading. His face was so striking that it seemed to cancel the rest of his body; one saw nothing but his strong, lean face and piercing gray eyes. He looked me up and down and said that I did not appear much as if I was accustomed to roughing it, and asked me why I wished to go to Africa. He made me sit down, and we talked, not much about Africa, for he seemed to wish to make me speak about myself. And as I talked in a foolishly boyish and enthusiastic way he watched me closely, and once or twice he smiled—it seemed to me to be the brightest and kindliest smile I had ever seen. After talking with him for a quarter of an hour I left the room, pledged to start with him in three days for Africa. I do not think he ever regretted taking me, and I know that never in the darkest days of our starvation and hardships did I ever for one moment regret going to Africa under his leadership.

I do not intend to eulogize my old chief, for eulogies are seldom convincing. He had many faults, and some of them even were grave ones, but they were, I think, chiefly the faults of his qualities, and without those faults he would not probably have been possessed of some of the great qualities which made him so successful in almost everything that he undertook. His faults were never of a mean or petty kind, and were easily forgiven when one saw the true greatness and nobility of his nature beyond. That untiring energy and indomitable resolve to overcome all difficulties; that apparently ruthless determination to sweep away all opposition; his seeming hardness and callousness in working to achieve what he had undertaken, if he felt that the end was a good one; the curiously hard and unsympathetic attitude he had toward failure of any kind, no matter how blameless the failure might be; all these and many others are not qualities that are usually found in gentle and amiable natures, and they do not as a rule attract sympathy and affection. But they saved the whole expedition from annihilation many a time, they dragged us out of difficulties which would have overcome an ordinary man, they drew us through places where there seemed to be only death before us, and they gained for him the absolute trust and confidence of all those who followed him.

In the early part of the expedition, we, Stanley's four officers, Captain Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke, and myself, did not entirely understand his character, and at first the things that he did seemed to us sometimes to be hard and unnecessary. But as the months went by, our estimate of his character changed, for we saw how absolutely right and necessary all that he had done had been, and we realized that sometimes it was very necessary to do hard things for the safety and preservation of an expedition like ours.

Stanley has often been accused of cruelty, but I can only say that during the three years we four officers were with him in Africa we never once saw him do a cruel or wanton thing, or anything of which our consciences disapproved. Cruelty and

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wantonness were entirely foreign to his nature. This accusation of cruelty has only been made by those who have not been to Africa, or who really know little of his work, for those who have followed in his footsteps in Africa speak always of his justice to the natives, and bear testimony to his good treatment of them. Sir Harry Johnston, who has been Governor of Central Africa, of Uganda, and who has, for half his lifetime, worked in Africa, only a few days ago wrote the following tribute to him: "What can one write that is worth the reading in the face of such a loss? He had done his work, it is true—given Livingstone another year of life, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, revealed the whole Congo region to the world. But I did hope for an old age of mental, if not bodily, vigor, in which he might have rested in the enjoyment of his wonderful deeds and of their consequences—for the most part happy. The character he has left behind in Africa is a grand one. All native traditions of 'Stamli Istandili,' 'Bula Matari,' are gratifying to the pride of our race. No disparaging word has ever, in my hearing, fallen from the lips of an African. He was generous, kindly, sympathetic, and just. Only severe to wrongdoers; absolutely uncursed with that odious British pride and snobbishness which seals up the black man's sympathies and confidences. Stanley was, believe me, universally respected wherever he travelled in Africa. His memory is loved and cherished in Uganda. A month, two months, three months hence, men will meet in knots in the towns and villages of Central Africa and say to one another with unfeigned regret, 'Stanley is dead.' He has often had unworthy successors, and many have traded on his name and good-will to do things he would have hated and scorned; but he himself will always loom large in African history."

Dr. Sven Hedin, the great Swedish explorer, has written: "You know my deep and sincere admiration for Sir Henry Stanley, and for the great work he has done, and you will be able to realize that no one can take a deeper part in your great sorrow, and in the awful loss you have experienced. A consolation for you and all of us will be that his great name will never die. He has brought an eternal glory over his country, and made greater services to geography than anybody else. '*Vivet et a nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo.*'"

A missionary from the Congo writes the following splendid tribute to his helpfulness to, and sympathy for, Christian missions:

"It was with profound grief that I read of the death of Sir Henry Stanley last evening. As I read the sad news, the incidents of his great career passed through my mind and memories of what I had seen of his doings in Africa, which were always earnest and honorable.

"I met him for the first time about two hundred miles up the Congo River, when he paid a visit to my mission station and breakfasted with me in a grass hut. He then convinced me of his earnestness in his life work and of his deep interest in Africa and the Africans. Since that time he has been a true friend to me and the work I have to do. For the last thirteen years he has been a patron of the Institute, and it was through his influence that we obtained the patronage of his Majesty, the King of the Belgians.

"I shall not forget his faithfulness in keeping a promise to lecture on behalf of the Institute which he made to me before he went to rescue Emin Pasha, and fulfilled three years later, on his return from that famous expedition. I have lectured scores of times on Sir Henry Stanley and his life work, and, as an eye-witness of his doings, I claim to know as much about them as any man living, and can give my testimony that everything he did was done with the highest purpose.

"No one is more convinced than I am that a noble life was ended yesterday morning, and that he has gone to his heavenly rest to receive his reward for his arduous labors to humanity. He loved Doctor Livingstone, drank deeply of his spirit, and his work loses nothing in comparison with that of that great explorer.

"Stanley has been privileged, as falls to the lot of but few men, to accomplish a great work, which has resulted in bringing liberty, peace, and security to thousands of poor African homes, so that he still lives in the hearts of many, and his name must exist for all time on the roll of civilization and progress."

I have only quoted extracts from these three letters, but they are representative of three well-known but very different men,

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who have been, and are, working for the cause of civilization, and I do not think that any man could have a much finer tribute to his memory than these. It is remarkable since Stanley's death what a number of men, of all sorts and conditions who have lived and worked in Africa, have written, bearing testimony to the justice of his treatment of the natives.

His was a most impatient nature, yet, when it was necessary, I have never known anyone capable of showing such extraordinary patience as he. I have often seen him sitting for hours in the burning tropical sun, talking patiently with a group of natives, listening to their absurd demands for presents, calming their fears as to our intentions toward them, or investigating some complaint which a score of natives might perhaps be making against one of our Zanzibaris, who had stolen one of their chickens or goats. If the complaint was found to be true, Stanley always punished the offender severely, and made the fullest reparation to the natives. It is often difficult to be patient when a number of natives are shouting and gesticulating together, each wanting to tell his own story, but never have I seen Stanley lose his temper with them or show the least impatience.

He was, I think, sometimes unjust in his criticisms, yet I have seldom known anyone who was so just as he, or who could so thoroughly look at a question from every point of view. He has been accused of errors of taste and of being embittered. That may, perhaps, have been true sometimes, but his early bringing up, and the hard fight he had with the world, must be considered. Also, it should be remembered how he was distrusted and reviled as an impostor on his return from finding Livingstone, and I do not think that he ever quite lost the bitter feeling caused by the terrible injustice of these attacks.

I remember one evening in Africa when we were talking together over the camp fire, his telling me, laughingly, about a certain prominent personage who was well known for his pomposity and self-importance. He said: "When I returned from finding Livingstone Mr. X. distrusted me, and only offered me one finger of his hand to shake. After my return from my second expedition when I sailed down the Congo, he gave me two fingers. When I had founded the Congo Free State for the King of the Belgians, and returned to England, I got three fingers, but it took me years before I got his whole hand." This seems to me typically British, and I merely quote this little story to indicate the grudging recognition which has been given to most of the great explorers by those "arm-chair geographers" who stay at home. Livingstone suffered from this same attitude of incredulity, and returned to the interior of Africa, where he met his death because he could not bear to face the unbelievers in London until he had solved the mystery of the great Lualaba River.

One did not always agree with Stanley's opinions, but one could always respect them, for no one took a higher and more unvulgar view of life than he. He was absolutely without pretension of any sort. He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember, in 1890, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio River. He stopped at the bottom of a street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked."

We walked along the riverside and he told me in a simple, unexaggerated way, much about his boyhood. It must have been a hard struggle, for his early life, as he told it me, seemed to have been full of humiliation and disappointment. After that talk I understood better many things about him which had puzzled me before.

I do not think he was well fitted for a parliamentary career. He entered it too late in life, and he had been a free lance for so many years that the rules and traditions of the House of Commons were irksome to him. As he said to me one day in a fit of impatience: "If I want to speak about anything in the House of Commons I have got to catch the Speaker's eye for permission to get up and speak, and probably before I get that permission two or three other men

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have got in before me, and have perhaps talked a great deal of nonsense, so that by the time my turn comes the thread of my thought is broken, I have forgotten what I wanted to say, and don't want to speak at all. Just imagine, too, sitting sometimes for three hours into the night, debating as to whether we shall have the new buffet in the members' dining-room made of mahogany, which costs so much, or of stained deal, which costs so much less." All these little things, which were, after all, mere petty annoyances, which every member of the House has to put up with, seemed to annoy him unduly and made him restless and impatient of the life.

Stanley was a deeply religious man, but that is a subject which I cannot deal with in the short limits of a magazine article, though I shall probably have something to write about it hereafter. He was distinctly two men. One side of him, which was the side generally known to the public, was that of a hard, unsympathetic, self-contained, and apparently self-seeking man; the other side, that side which his intimate friends saw and loved, was absolutely simple, affectionate, and childlike. He was so easily pleased and amused, ready to do the simplest things and enjoying them like a boy. His life at his country house was passed in simple pleasures, attending to his farm, and beautifying his gardens. I am glad to think that the last years of his life were so peaceful and happy. Fifteen months ago he was struck down with paralysis, and was really since that time only kept alive by the careful and devoted nursing he received. Through all his long and helpless illness he was always patient and grateful to those who attended him, happy with his books, and sitting in the beautiful gardens that he had created. He was hopeful, too, of recovery, for when I asked him the last time I saw him how he was, he answered: "Ah, Jephson, I am still waiting for the message—the message to rise up and walk." Alas, for those who loved him, that message never came. But maybe it is better so, for he was tired and weary with the long struggle, and the life of hard work he had spent for the regeneration of a continent and for the good of humanity. His body was worn out with fever and sickness, and he was weary from his lifelong toil. So, perhaps, after all, the message that he received was a happier one, the message to rise up and enter into his well-earned rest.

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## PORTRAIT AND REALITY

### By Henry van Dyke

If on the closèd curtain of my sight
  My fancy paints thy portrait far away,
  I see thee still the same, by night or day:
Crossing the crowded street, or moving bright
'Mid festal throngs, or reading by the light
  Of shaded lamp some friendly poet's lay,
  Or shepherding the children at their play,
The same sweet self, and my unchanged delight.

But seeing thee in truth, I recognize
  In every dear familiar way some strange
Perfection, and behold in April guise
  The magic of thy beauty, that doth range
Through many moods with infinite surprise,
  Never the same, and sweeter with each change.

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# THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

ANTONIA was the despair of her critics—a term that included most of her acquaintance. She was so low of voice, and so loud in dress, yet by some strange contradiction her words were always listened to, while her clothes were called vulgar only by those who, limited in imagination, could not admit that cloth of gold could ever be appropriate. Yet even those who laughed at her confessed to finding pleasure in her society and gratification at her notice. She had, in fact, to perfection the art of holding, wherever she found herself, the centre of the stage.

To use the word art, however, is to suggest something deliberate, and with Antonia this faculty was as natural as to her hair to curl. It was inherent, a quality with which she was born. As some people are orators or poets from their cradles, so she was naturally conspicuous, born a public character, subject to the exaggerations and misrepresentations of royalty. To this effect her circumstances did not particularly contribute, for she was not beautiful, nor clever, nor even rich; although she was always spoken of as a beauty, was quoted as a wit, and was associated in everybody's mind with all the romance of wealth. Nor, to be just, did she herself contribute to it, except by being able to be at all times and seasons very frankly and completely herself.

Of course, with Antonia this was the most potent of charms, for she herself was a delightful, cordial person, capable apparently of sustaining an indefinite number of friendships with men or women, so that someone had rather disagreeably called her "a collector of relationships."

The collection showed a lamentable lack of variety in its masculine make-up. To say that many men had been in love with her but faintly describes the truth. Those who began by admiring her, and those who began by making fun of her, ended the same way. The shore was actually strewn with wrecks. Even those who merely observed her as a phenomenon were on the rocks before they had time to avert their eyes. Yet at thirty she was unmarried.

Some people attributed this to the height of her ambition, which had never been able to find anything sufficiently brilliant to satisfy it; yet it would be hard to imagine anything more brilliant than marriages Antonia had declined.

Others, more subtle, suggested that she experienced a greater glorification in refusing rather than accepting what others so obviously sought. Yet against this it must be remembered that glory never results from refusing certain men, inasmuch as an announced engagement is the only accredited proof that they have ever proposed.

On the whole, it seems more likely that she had entirely ceased to regard a proposal as a momentous or compelling event, and that seeing no more reason for accepting a man who had asked her to marry him than one who had not, choice became almost impossible to her.

She herself was in the habit of saying that only one man had ever loved her—an assertion that had all the combined charms of fantasy and humility. Indeed, it seemed especially whimsical to those who knew that the man thus distinguished had almost immediately after his final break with Antonia married another woman.

Yet Lewis Ricalton had certainly loved her, and in a way to leave but little for him to give to another woman. There are some extravagances that a reserved man cannot commit twice in a lifetime. Just out of college, intelligent, ignorant of life, sophisticated in mind, limited in experience, at twenty-two he was years younger than Antonia at the same age. At this time, when his beliefs had just grown clear to him, just before they were subjected to the test of the world, he met and loved Antonia—a love which seemed to him the solution of



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all problems, the only possible link between his philosophy and life, the only practical form of idealism that he could ever hope to find. His love entirely absorbed him, but always in its immediate aspect. Every day held material enough for a crowded lifetime. Marriage was not in his mind: it was like a death, a subject on which he had thought but generally. He had no idea that he was now set on the path by which men arrive at it. Perhaps if she had loved him—for women are more practical in these matters—the mist would have been lifted from his eyes, and he would have seen the goal. But Antonia did not love him.

He had, nevertheless, an important place—perhaps, indeed, the most important place—among the men about her. To be loved was no new experience to her, but to be at once the study and the idol of a brilliant, subtle mind, was an advantage not lightly to be dispensed with. She had never known an excitement to compare with it—an excitement that was an enlightenment as well. She knew herself so much better through his knowledge of her, her conscious processes were extended over wide areas. He did for her mentally what an inspired portrait painter might have done for her physically. Through him she saw herself, clear and commendable. She told him everything—the best and the worst of her. Things that it would have been the most fatuous vanity, things that it would have been the most offensive humility to hint at to another, were received by Ricalton in just the proper scientific spirit—science tempered by the fact that he adored her.

But Antonia, not being of the vampire type, soon realized that their relation was not just to him. The sort of tempered loyalty (the fact that she never repudiated him behind his back, or allowed men with more vivid, if more ephemeral, claims on her attention to interfere with Lewis) was not for him a substitute for happiness. Realizing this, she sent him away, and after a tortured month he went.

This was for a long time all she knew of him. He went to live in another city, and she heard nothing of him except that he had gone into business and was working hard—an expression she did not find suggestive. She heard it indeed with regret, although she was aware that Ricalton's means were small, and work a necessity. Business seemed to her the strange, dull habit of commonplace men, justified only by success, and she did not expect Lewis to succeed. She could not bear to think of his fine idealism ground in such a mill.

What she could not be expected to understand was the interest with which his task had taken hold of Lewis. Wounded by her, young and active-minded, he found business inspiriting, stimulating as a puzzle, enlivening as a combat. He started with the idea of applying himself to business only during business hours, but soon discovering that the first-rate academic attitude with which he attacked his work was almost unserviceable, he was concerned with the unceasing obligation to evolve a new one.

Antonia, knowing nothing of all this, was surprised to hear, about a year later, of his attentions to another woman. She simply did not believe the report. Then came authentic rumors of his engagement. These she received with something of a pang. She spent much of her solitude in debating the terms in which he would announce his marriage to her. "Loving you better than anything in the world, I have great pleasure in informing you——" or, "Having long ceased to care for you, I write to tell you that——" She found it difficult to formulate a letter to him, yet was quite unprepared for his solution. He did not write.

This was what hurt her. She did not, of course, believe that he had contracted a marriage with another woman merely for the opportunity afforded for a last letter to her, but there was something terribly final in his not taking advantage of the opportunity thus offered. She felt strangely outcast, ignored; everybody seemed to forget that she had any interest in this marriage.

As a matter of fact, it was an important event to her. Women of her type, situated as she was, without responsibilities, or occupation, or ties, develop largely—one dares not say wholly—through their relations to men, and are not a little dependent in their estimate of themselves on the quantity and the quality of the feeling they evoke. Of all the men Antonia had known, Ricalton had understood her the best, and that such a man, thoroughly understanding her, should still love her was a fact of very great consequence in Antonia's self-consciousness. His physical absence or presence

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was a comparatively trivial matter, but his idea of her was, if not the foundation of her idea of herself, at least of the gravest structural importance. With the deepest distress she now saw it threatened.

How seriously threatened she at once set about finding out, for the thing she valued was endangered, not so much by his marriage as by the state of mind his marriage indicated; she set out, not deliberately, but with unerring instinct. A more intelligent woman would have been less wise, would have tried to reason, where Antonia was content with the strong impression that she received that Lewis never had been, never could be in love with any other woman. She saw neither him nor his wife; no one's confidence was violated, no facts were betrayed, nevertheless she absorbed the whole story, knew that a clever, serious, pretty woman had fallen in love with Lewis and he had married her. There was nothing more to know. No cataclysm had occurred. The past was intact.

She would have felt even greater confidence if she had known that his marriage could as little be a rival to his sentiment for her as his business could. It was all part of his new enthusiasm for the practical. He had married a woman with a genius for execution, a woman who made every-day life a luxury, who smoothed his daily path so clear of obstacles that he was left wholly unhampered, free to do his own work. She was the very best partner he could have had.

But, still an idealist, he was distrustful of real life, afraid of the very success for which he worked. It rejoiced him, therefore, to know that there was still something apart, which he cherished, a love which, quixotic, unfulfilled, bringing nothing but suffering, was still the most valued of his possessions, a remembrance to which he turned, less often, perhaps, but no less fervently than before. Most men of affairs have some deliberate cult for something aside, even opposed to their business: religion, or charities, orchids, books, something to prove to themselves and the world that they had wider possibilities. The love of Antonia was this and more to Lewis.

In the meantime, Antonia went on leading the same life, thinking not infrequently that Ricalton had been the most satisfactory element in it, although she never now saw him. She was not insolent enough to wish to follow the doings of him and his wife. It was no affair of hers. She knew the great fact she was concerned to know.

It was with a distinct shock that she read one day in the newspaper of the death of Eleanor, wife of Lewis Ricalton.

She found herself very much moved. She sat down to write to him, since, unlike him, she was not afraid of acknowledging the claims of such a friendship as theirs had been; but after all, she could not send any of her letters. They all, in spite of her care, betrayed her knowledge that his grief was not the bitterest through which a man could pass. She struck a note bound to be jarring; her sentences framed themselves to suggest that her sympathy was itself a very important thing to *him*—almost more important than his grief.

She could not, however, free herself from the idea that she was churlish not to write, as if she repudiated a responsibility, not, as a matter of fact, disagreeable to her. Nevertheless, she did not send a letter.

This was her position when one evening she found herself going in to dinner with an old friend of Ricalton's, a man whom she had seen constantly in the days when all Lewis's friends were to her significant people. She saw him with pleasure, and before she had taken his arm had formulated half a dozen sentences with which to meet his first mention of Lewis. That this would come immediately she did not doubt, for he had been so plainly the only cause of their having ever met, the only shadow of a link between them; but dinner went on while they talked of everything else.

Antonia was reluctant herself to introduce Ricalton's name, for she knew this man had heard and seen a great deal more than had ever been discussed between them, and a certain embarrassment hung about the subject. Nevertheless, as their time together grew shorter, she grew less sensitive, and said finally, without circumlocution:

"Do you ever see anything of Lewis Ricalton now? I was so sorry to hear he had lost his wife."

"Yes," said the other, "I see him all the time, or did before he went abroad."

"I had wanted," said Antonia, with the candid manner of one who desires the truth to convey a very untruthful impression, "to

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write to him when his wife died, but I never did. You see, I had never seen her at all, and him, not for years. I am very constant to my old friends, but I often find that other people forget. I did not know whether it would please him to hear from me."

"Didn't you?" said her companion, looking at her oddly. They all rose from the table, and Antonia was afraid that she would have to go away with this meagre reply, but he added presently, "Well, you may take my word that it would please him —more than anything that could happen."

On this she was not sorry to part.

At thirty, after a life that had somewhat sapped her emotional abilities, Antonia was not seriously discomposed by these words, but she was very glad, very much soothed and flattered, very peacefully restored to a certain belief in herself.

Whatever her state of mind, within a few days she wrote to him:

MY DEAR LEWIS: This is like launching a letter into space, I know so little what or where you now are; but I want you to know how sorry I am for your trouble. In my old age I cling to the friends of the time that really mattered, and to you especially I want to make a late acknowledgment, for I find that you did more for me in some ways than anyone I have ever known before or since.

Will you come to see me the next time you are in New York? If not, at least write frankly and tell me that you have no time for foolish, sentimental old maids.

Your friend,

ANTONIA.

She looked in the mirror over her table, hoping that he would come to see how magnificently she contradicted her own description.

"He may think I mean more than I say," she thought, as she directed the envelope. It was not for a day or two that she realized how right he would be if he did; that she would now be very glad to make use of such a regard as his; that she could imagine no fuller or more rewarding future than to marry him.

As soon as possible, but not before she had had time to await it, an answer arrived:

DEAR ANTONIA: So I am to see you again, and at your own suggestion. I can scarcely take it in. I sail next week. I have had no other plans since I received your letter. Don't think I am attaching too much importance to anything you have said. I could not. I am moved only by your willingness to see me—a motive more momentous than anything that has moved me for years. For, dear Antonia, I need to see you. My remembrance of you through too constant use has grown blurred, my old photograph of you through too much looking at has grown meaningless. The living recollection of you eludes me when I most desire it. Let me see you, and I feel it will never elude me again.

YRS.,

L. R.

Many times did Antonia read this letter. A woman could hardly ask a more flattering communication after the lapse of years: her photograph, her looks were still present to him; yet something intangible she felt was lacking, something which even in the old days had been lacking, only then she had not had the interest to observe. She wondered if it were the spoken word to which women cling. She wished the last sentence had read, "Let me see you and I feel *you* will never again elude me." She did not wish to think it was only her recollection he loved.

When at length the drawing-room door opened to admit him, older, obviously wiser, his face lined and sharpened and brought as it were into focus—when she saw him, her first idea was that this man had had admirably the power to advance and alter in every way but one—he still loved her.

He stood silent an instant. Then—

"Sit down, Antonia," he said, "and let me look at you." And having followed this course for a few minutes, he passed his hands quickly over his eyes, exclaiming: "That is what I have been needing. A man ought to see his great tragedy every now and then to keep him from becoming utterly base and practical."

A little stirred by his obvious emotion, she answered:

"You don't look as if tragedy had been so very familiar a companion to you, Lewis."

"Perhaps it was not a very good word. I should have said boldly his ideal."

"I, Lewis, a worn, worldly creature like me?"

"You have been," he said gravely, "the only purely ideal influence that I have ever had. I was never religious, and aside from ambition and the practical things of each day, there has been only and always you."

"Ambition has been very carefully looked to, I hear. You are wonderfully successful, aren't you?"

His manner very slightly changed: "Oh, yes," he said; "I am successful. The ma-

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jority is behind, but the minority ahead is confoundedly hard to pass."

"It seems to me you have done so much in your ten years," she answered with a sigh, "especially when I look back on mine."

"I had the strongest of incentives."

"What?"

"I married on a small income."

She was silent. She had almost forgotten the interlude of his marriage. It was he who presently went on, unconscious of any break in her attention.

"That is the thing that makes men really work. They never ask the dreadful question why they are working. They are working to pay their monthly bills, and to have the right to run up others. That is what I began at. Sometimes I feel as if I had only just begun. However, I hope by the next time I come here you will see——"

"That sounds as if you did not mean to come for a long time."

"Indeed, Antonia, you must let me see you now and then."

"As often as you wish, Lewis."

"That is a dangerous permission. You may see me oftener than you want. Next week I have to go to Kansas, but I shall probably be back during the summer."

This well-organized future somewhat chilled Antonia, and she said:

"I see men do not need their ideals oftener than once in six months."

He took this very simply. "Ah," he said smiling, "you would not say that if you knew what you had been to me all this time that I have not seen you; how the thought of you has come to me whenever I was alone. I used to think I was like a man working in the hot sun who knew there was a cool, dark room where he could always rest for a few minutes. Whenever I was overpressed and little things grew to look like big ones, I only had to think of you, to remember that somewhere you were living, that I had once seen and talked to you and loved you, and I felt at peace. I put it very badly. It can't be expressed." She was touched by his earnestness.

"Lewis, how can you, when you know me so well?" she said. "It was all very well when you were a boy, but now—— Surely you see me a little differently now?"

"I shall go to my grave seeing you in exactly the same way that I have always seen you."

The chill of his former speech had entirely passed, and Antonia said eagerly:

"You don't know what it is to me that you can feel like this. I was not very appreciative at the time, but since then I have grown to value your opinion of me more —more than anything else, I believe."

"You don't speak as if you had been very happy."

"Happy! Oh, what it had been! Every day like every other day, every year like every other year, except that I was growing a little older and a little harder to amuse. Nothing to make my life disagreeable, everything to make it pleasant, nothing to make it happy."

He appeared genuinely distressed.

"I was surprised never to hear that you had married," he said.

She thought men strange creatures, and was moved to ask:

"How would you have felt if you had?"

"There would have been an element in my life changed." He hesitated, and then went on: "I hope I should have been glad."

"That means you think matrimony, generally speaking, good for everyone."

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"And so you would have been glad to hear of my marriage?"

"Why not? I care very much for your happiness, and I had known for six years that you would never marry me."

"And you never even thought—— In the last few months has it never occurred to you, Lewis——" She stopped. He looked at her and understood.

"Oh, poor Antonia," he said, "I see what you have been dreading. It was very brave of you under the circumstances to grant me an interview. You were afraid that I was going to reopen the old question." He shook his head.

For a moment Antonia felt a burning embarrassment in the situation, and then, thanks to her natural frankness, she rose above it.

"Of course it occurred to me, Lewis," she said. "Men are never prepared for the easy leaps of the feminine imagination; and yet be honest—was it such a leap? You are free, you loved me, you admit I am the most important thing in your life." Her tone challenged him to contradict any of these assertions.

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"The most important?" he said. His tone was barely a question, certainly not an assent. It was more as if he repeated her words as a test for himself. He got up and stood by the mantel-piece, his back to her. At length he said:

"Did you know I had a daughter, Antonia?"

No contradiction would have been half as eloquent. Antonia, ignorant as she was of real human relationships, felt herself slip far into the background of his life. His very look was different.

"No," she said, "I did not know;" and added rather weakly, "I suppose you are very fond of her?"

He gave a funny little laugh. "Yes, that and a good deal more. She is why I am here."

"Here?" said Antonia perversely, indicating her drawing-room.

"Here, in the world. She stands for all I must do. She is your guarantee that I am a safe companion, that you can trust me never to annoy you as I used to do."

To Antonia this could mean only one thing.

"You mean you've changed," she said.

"I've been married. That's all."

So after all, she thought, she had been superseded. She could imagine no other interpretation of such a speech. And, as is so often the case with women, respectful of conventions, masters of fine shades and suggestions, now when she was really frightened, she determined to have the truth by the shortest method.

"Forgive me, Lewis," she said; "I did not know that you had been so much in love with your wife."

He stood silent, contracting his brows, either at the question, or at his own inability to find the right words in which to answer it.

"Why do you hesitate?" she demanded.

"My dear Antonia!" he flung out his hands with an impatient gesture.

"You must answer me, Lewis. You have thought it worth while to say things to me that make it your duty to answer me."

"I have answered you already," he returned. "If I could have said what would have been right, I should not have had to hesitate."

She drew a breath of relief, remaining still puzzled. They stared at each other, she trying to get his full meaning, he, waiting to see her comprehend. At last he said slowly: "I see you don't understand why, if I was not in love with my wife, I should not be as troublesome a lover as ever."

"Of course I see. You fell in love after you married." Her voice trembled a little.

He flung back his head, addressing the ceiling. "Oh, these women!" he said. "They cast men into fiery furnaces and expect them to come out demons, or else unchanged. Six years ago you sent me away——"

"But I thought you had been telling me that you had *not* changed."

"There is absolutely only one respect in which I am not changed and that is my feeling about you. Otherwise I am a different man. I wonder if I can make it plain to you. I have been married. I have lived five years with a good, clever woman, a woman who knew by instinct what I needed, with a mind like crystal. Everything I did she helped me in—oh, not in any fantastic sense, but with her hands and with her brain. My success is just as much hers as—as my child is. We worked and we saved, and at last, thank Heaven! we spent together. That was the main thing in all my life—the best possible aspect of every day. And now there is something left of it—my little girl."

"How old is she?"

"Three," he answered absently, and she was aware that he knew how little interest she had in her question.

Presently he went on, following his own thought: "It's a great game—a great vice, I sometimes think—this game of affairs; but it kept me from cutting my throat when you sent me away."

"I see," she said coldly. "And now you can't be happy without it."

"Happy," he returned; "that is a very remote question. In playing the game I assumed certain responsibilities, which I must of course live up to."

And Antonia, seeing the things she valued swept from her, the practical future, the ideal past, made a last attempt to make him see what might be his:

"And in living up to them, could I be of no help to you, Lewis?"

He answered eagerly: "You can be and are. You are everything I wish you to be, dear Antonia."

She said nothing. She was trying to ad-

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just herself to this final state of things. In a moment he held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said. "I have talked insufferably about myself. You will forgive me."

She had not quite finished with him, and did not take his hand. "I don't quite understand," she said, without looking up. "You talk as if I had had some place in your life."

"The place of a man's first love when there has never been a second. The thought of you was always a delight and strength to me."

"I thought that was what her bodily presence was. Indeed, Lewis," she went on, rising also, "you used the right word a moment ago—fantastic. Your feeling for me is fantastic."

"Do you mean to say," he asked, turning to her suddenly, "that you don't at all value the sort of feeling you inspire?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "A feeling that does not even lead you to wish to see me oftener than once a year or so?"

"It is certainly not necessary to my regard that I should see you at all."

"Why should I value it?" she retorted, her voice actually breaking. "What good is it to me? What good am I to you as a living woman?"

She did not move him an inch. "After all," he said, "women are never idealists. You are not able to conceive of my having a real sentiment for you, because I am not urging you to marry me. Forgive my form of expression. At least I understand that if I did want to, you would not even let me say so."

"No, I don't think I should," she returned slowly, "now that you show me how impossible it would be to take the place of your wife."

"Dear Antonia, you don't need to be told that it is not very easy to take the place of a man's wife. The place you do take——"

"I don't want to hear anything more about the place I do take."

He looked at her gravely, and then, after a moment, said again: "Good-by."

"You are going?"

"I must. I have an appointment."

"You are going to see your daughter?"

He smiled, appreciating her keenness, not at all appreciating her bitterness.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

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## AS SUMMER WANES

By E. S. Martin

I DROPPED a seed in a cold, cold heart
  Far back in the early spring;
I've tried and tried to make it start,
  Oh, I've tried like anything.

The garden flowers that the sun has freed
  With bloom are all areek.
Ah, when shall a bud from that little seed
  Blush pink in my true love's cheek?

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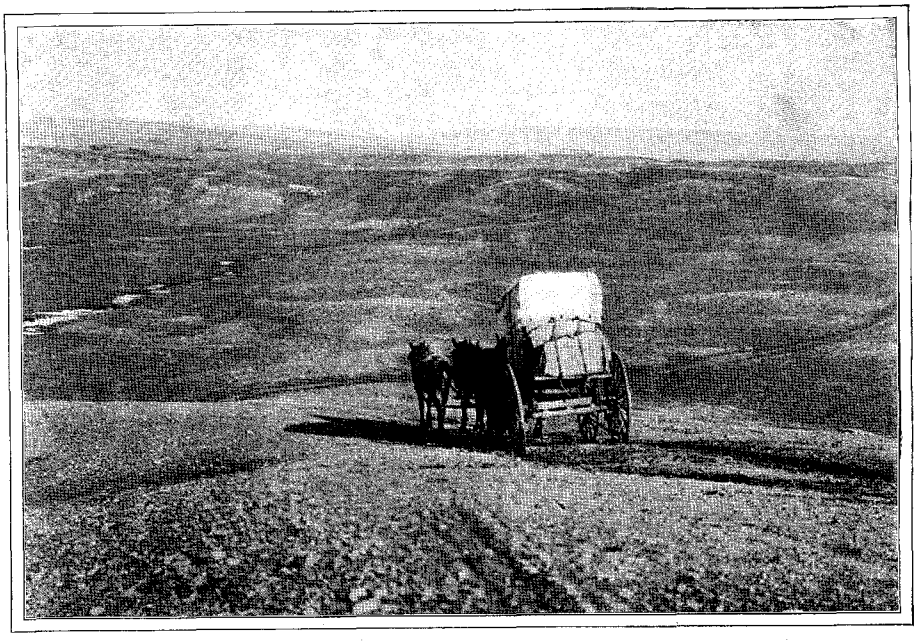

The Wind River stage.

# IN THE BIG DRY COUNTRY

## By Frederic Irland

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

EASTERN landscapes grow yellow with harvest, and sometimes a generation sees them revert to ancient woodland green again; but in the sage-brush hills of the great western arid region a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and centuries have seen little change.

When I took the Wind River stage at Rawlins the only other passenger was a young lady going to Lander. Men go long distances to get to Lander, for it is the little metropolis of a remote and masculine region. And because this is so, a good many young ladies take the stage going there.

Twenty miles out from Rawlins we came upon a freighter whose wagons were fast in a little gulch. Three bridges have been built across that gulch within five years, but the freight teamsters have taken them all for firewood. Last winter an unusual snow-storm kept a party of freighters out there for thirty-seven days, and if it had not been for the bridge they would have frozen to death. They burned a lot of telegraph poles, too, and the heartless corporation that owned the poles is replacing them with new ones made of iron pipe. Next winter the teamsters will have to burn sage-brush.

Ten years ago there was grass on all these hills, but now the sheep follow one another in countless thousands over it, until hardly a shade of green remains, and in some places the grass will scarcely grow at all. So perfectly do a flock of sheep blend with the gray of the hills that it is hard to see them a mile away; but you notice the



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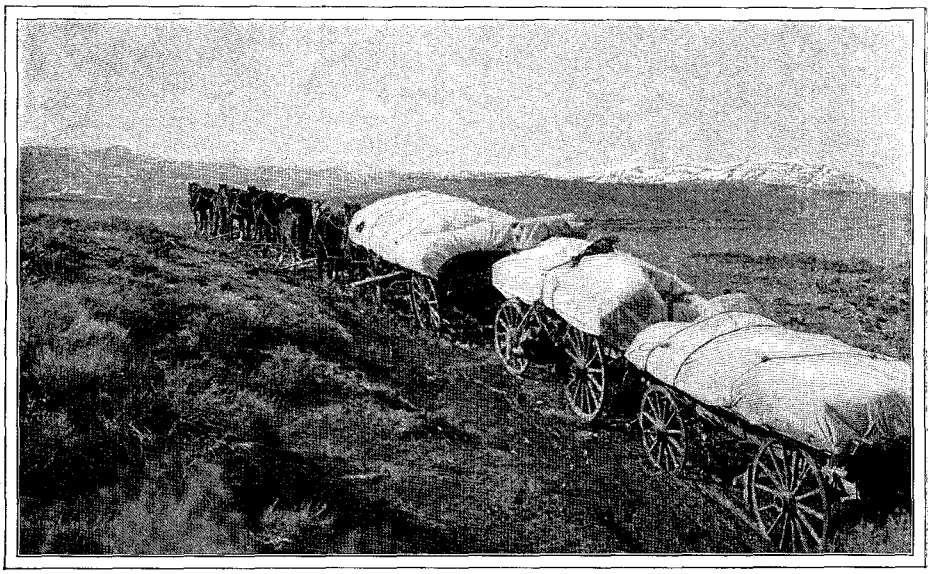
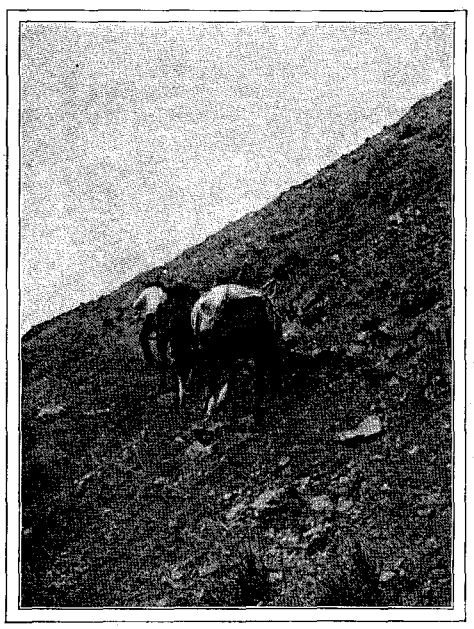


A freighter whose wagons were fast in a little gulch.—Page 297.

herder and his dog as two dark specks, and then you make out a dull splotch that moves slowly. When you get nearer you see that the blur on the hill-side is made up of hundreds of animals. There may be five thousand in a flock, and there are always a few black ones.

The stage ride to Lander was a continuous performance, lasting all day and all night, and the next day. As the daylight faded the jack-rabbits came out, and once in a while we caught a glimpse of a sneaking coyote. It was the time of the year when lambs were coming into the world, and here and there, away off on the desert, where we knew there were no houses, we saw the twinkling of lights. The mother sheep and their babies are bedded down at night within a circle of lanterns and flags. Coyotes are insatiably fond of spring lamb, but they are afraid of the lights, so they stand afar off and howl.



Pack horses.

It was also shearing time, and all the shearing-pens were busy. Around one of these plants fifty thousand sheep were waiting their turns, and more than a score of men were at work. The shearer gets from seven to ten cents per head, and a good hand can make ten or fifteen dollars a day during shearing time. A man has been known to shear



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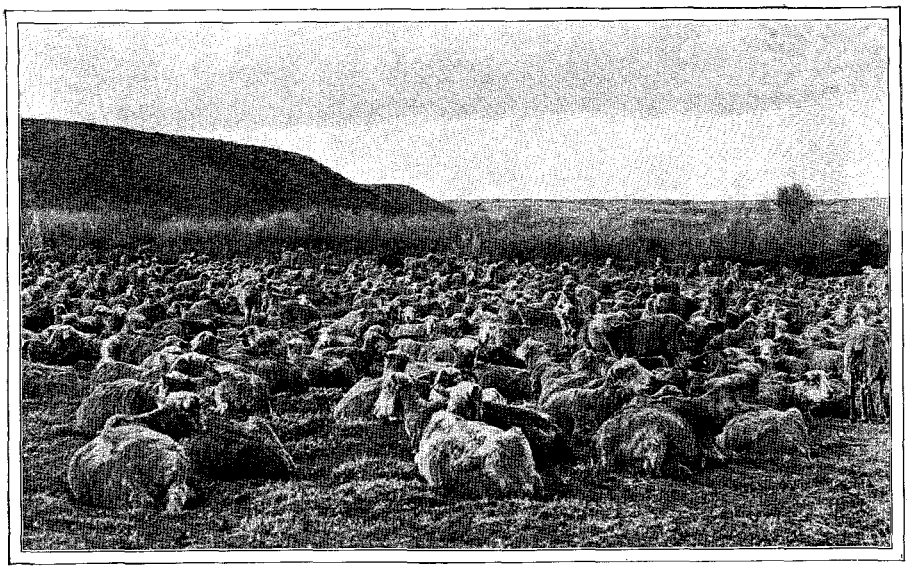
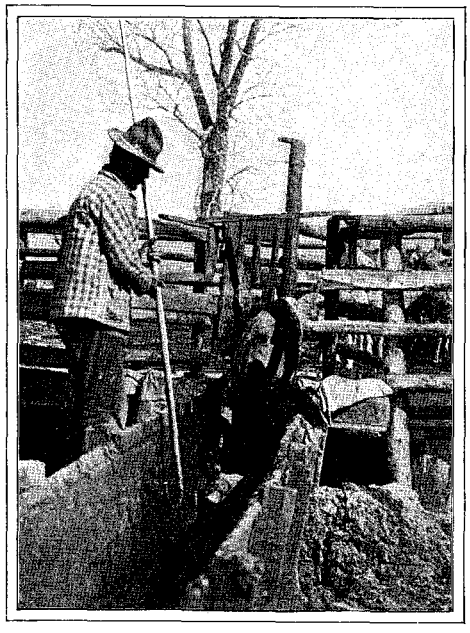


There may be five thousand in a flock.—Page 298.

two hundred and fifty sheep in a day. The little alleyway in front of the pens is filled with a continuous stream of sheep. At one end they come in bearing their dark and dirty fleeces; at the other end they come out shorn and white as snow.

The law of Wyoming provides that every sheep must be dipped in a hot antiseptic solution of tobacco after being sheared, to prevent disease from scourging the flocks; and after being daubed with a bit of black paint in the distinguishing mark of the owner, each sheep is made to swim about fifty feet through the trough containing the tobacco extract. The sheep do not seem to enjoy this annual bath, which they have to take whether they need it or not.



Each sheep is made to swim about fifty feet through the trough.

At the rear of the shearing-pens a number of men pick up the fleeces as they are thrown out, and toss them to the packer, who sits at the top of a high platform, treading the wool down into the long sacks in which it is freighted to the railroad.

There are probably few enterprises more profitable than this sheep industry on the public lands, when the weather is favorable in the spring. The increase is rapid. Each lamb is worth at least a two-dollar bill the fall



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after it is born, with scarcely any expense to the owner. The wool pays all the cost. A man can fairly see the money grow. But a bad storm at the critical time will kill nearly every lamb. If the snow remains on the ground so that grass is hard to get, the sheep will eat the deadly larkspur weed that is just coming up; and last spring I saw the little two-dollar bills lying dead along the road, a hundred of them to the mile. The profit on all the sheep in Wyoming was wiped out this year in one storm. And the disconsolate twos and threes for miles, and long before the summer came the coyotes had them all.

The First National Bank of Lander is a little steel fortress. The counter is faced with solid metal, and the teller does business from within a conning tower. When you go into the bank you cannot see anyone, and it is so arranged that a band of hold-ups could be riddled from front and flank. One of the worst bandits that ever disturbed Wyoming bankers used to be a small ranchman. A big cattle out-

The packer treading the wool down into the long sacks.—Page 299.

crowding of the range is getting serious. The cattle drove out the buffalo. The sheep drove out the cattle. What will drive out the sheep?

I saw the remnants of one flock scattered far and wide. A sheep man named Kinnear had been caught with a fresh-killed beef bearing a brand he could not claim. Away he went to Cheyenne, and got fifteen months in the penitentiary. His wife tried to keep the sheep together, but a storm made them drift till they could never be gathered again. They were in fit had a mortgage on his herd. They claimed his cattle were irregularly obtained, and on a round-up they "vended his brand"; that is, put a mark through it, to indicate that it no longer represented ownership. Then there was trouble about a horse. Discrepancies of brand are the beginning of danger out there, and this man served three years. When he came out he robbed a good many banks in broad daylight, at the point of a pistol. Yet for some reason half the sheriffs and most of the people were his

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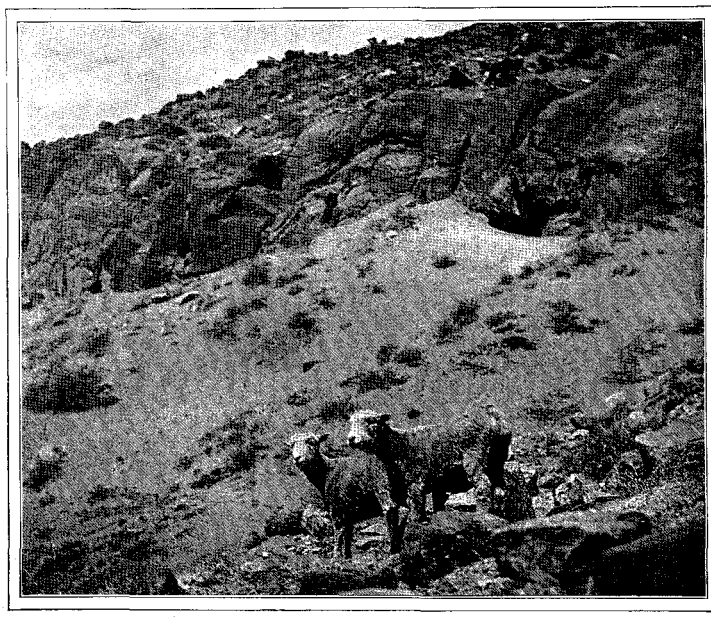

In disconsolate twos and threes.—Page 300.

friends. As one cowboy said to me, "The same companies that make war on the small owners are the ones that used to pay five dollars for every maverick we could get under their branding irons. They taught us how to steal, and then prosecuted every man who did any of it on his own account." Anyway they never got this particular bandit again, and the banks of the West are acquiring the armor-plate habit.

Beyond Lander the road runs for seventy miles across the Shoshone Indian reservation. Sixteen miles from Lander is Fort Washakie, where there are troops, and the agency, and the post-trader's store, and Indian teepees with stoves in them. Where sage-brush is the principal firewood a stove is a good thing.

The little alleyway in front of the pens is filled with a continuous stream of sheep.—Page 299.

At the post-trader's store the pretty eastern wife of one of the educated Shoshones was waiting for the mail, and so were two Indians and one colored sergeant from the fort. In the back room was a machine once used for pressing buffalo skins into bales. It will never be used any more.

Some miles beyond Fort Washakie is the place where the Arapahoes got Dr. Barr a few years ago, after he had bagged



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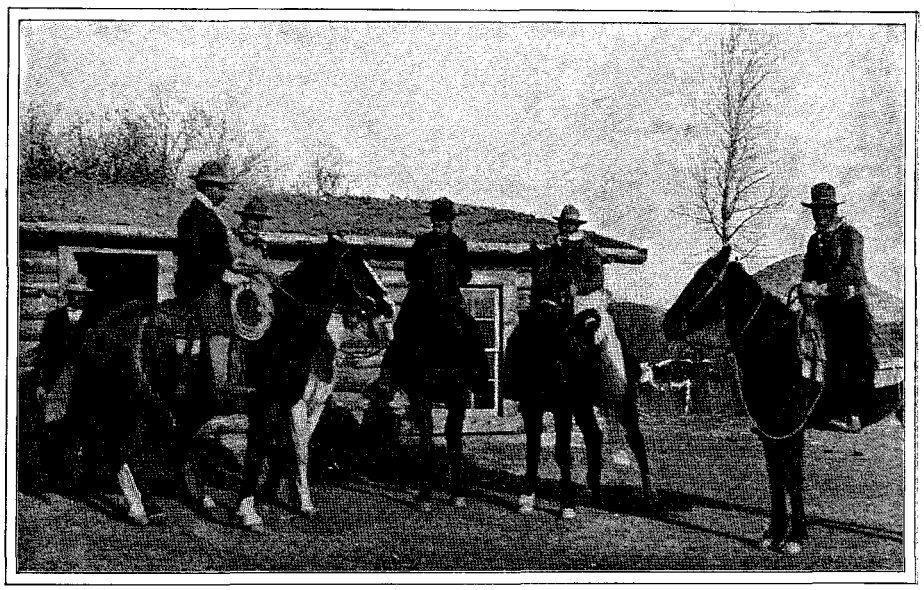

The JK ranch house.

several of them. Nobody who can, will tell just how it happened. When Dr. Barr did not come home, his friends found him by his dead horses and overturned buckboard. On the ground by him were one hundred and fourteen empty Winchester shells, and a number of prominent Arapahoe young men were missing after that.

The first stop of the stage beyond Washakie is at the JK ranch. The Mexican stage-driver went fishing after we got there, and came back in a little while with a five-pound trout.

The JK ranch is a sort of hotel, and that evening there were several cow-men there. Just before dark a ranchman named Andrew Manceau came along, driving a bunch of horses that had been out all winter on the range. He put them in the corral, and they ran round and round and would not be comforted. Manceau wanted to go home, but his saddle horse was tired. So he threw his rope over a beautiful pinto mare. Instead of acting properly she pulled and choked. The boys looked her over and concluded she had never been broken, as she showed no saddle-marks. It took Mr. Manceau about ten seconds to get the rope around her neck, and half an hour to get it off again. There are a good many old horses running over those hills that are as wild as deer, and have never been ridden.

An Indian teepee with a stove.



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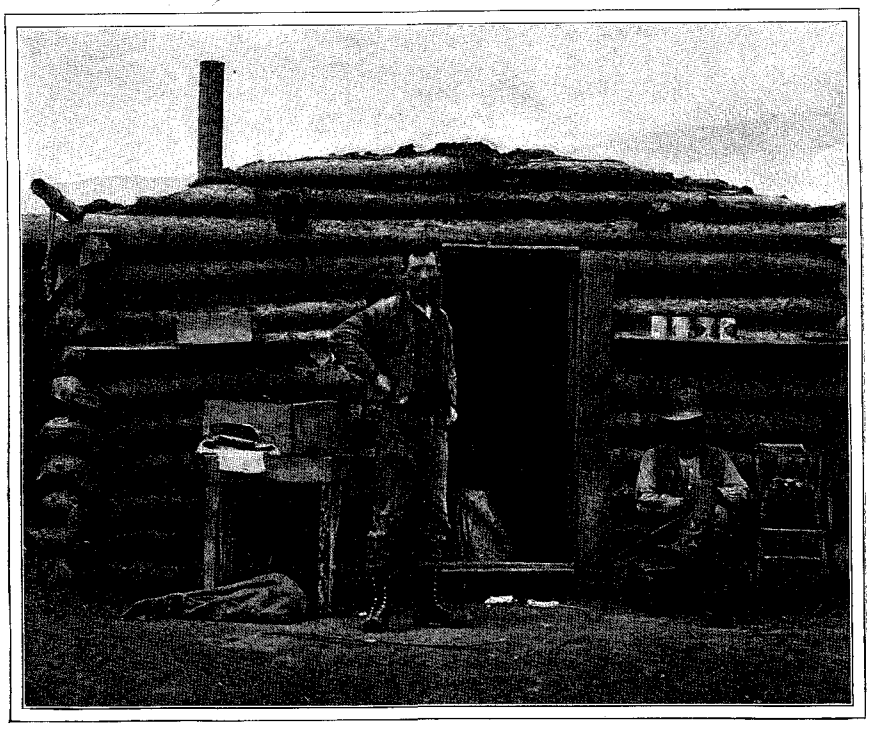
All the boys played cribbage after supper. Some people think poker is the game of the West. Of course it is played there as a luxury; but you cannot play much poker on forty dollars a month. When you play cribbage you can roll a cigarette with one hand and peg with the other; and in every lonely ranch cabin in Wyoming cribbage is an exact science.

After the boys had gone next morning, beavers had repaired their dam again, so the big fish could not come up, and he thought he would have to clean out the beavers.

In his little cabin Jackson had the most interesting collection of rifles I ever saw in the possession of one man. Dating back to an old reliable Sharps, he had weapons of all intervening types, ending with a beautiful smokeless presented to him by



Teton Jackson.

and just before I was to take the up-stage, the cook said to me, "We've got one of them noted characters livin' near here. His name is Teton Jackson. Don't you want to go and see him?" I had heard of Teton Jackson. A good many people have heard of him. He is one of the best of guides, and has a famous New York City clergyman and a noted artist among his patrons.

Jackson caught some trout for our dinner. Taking an alder pole he managed in some way to cast a brown hackle anywhere he wished, right among the thick willows, where nine experts in ten would have been fouled the first cast. The trout in the creek were small, and he said the an Eastern friend whom he guided last fall. Jackson leads a quiet life now. When we left he resumed the transplanting of watermelon shoots to his irrigated garden patch. He hoped to raise the only watermelons within reach of the colored troops at Fort Washakie.

Two miles from the JK ranch house is Crowheart Butte, a landmark famous all over Wyoming. Situated near the centre of the Shoshone reservation, it is visible for miles in every direction.

Many years ago it was the scene of a great Indian fight. There are Shoshones living along the creeks now who were in that battle, and this is what they tell about it:

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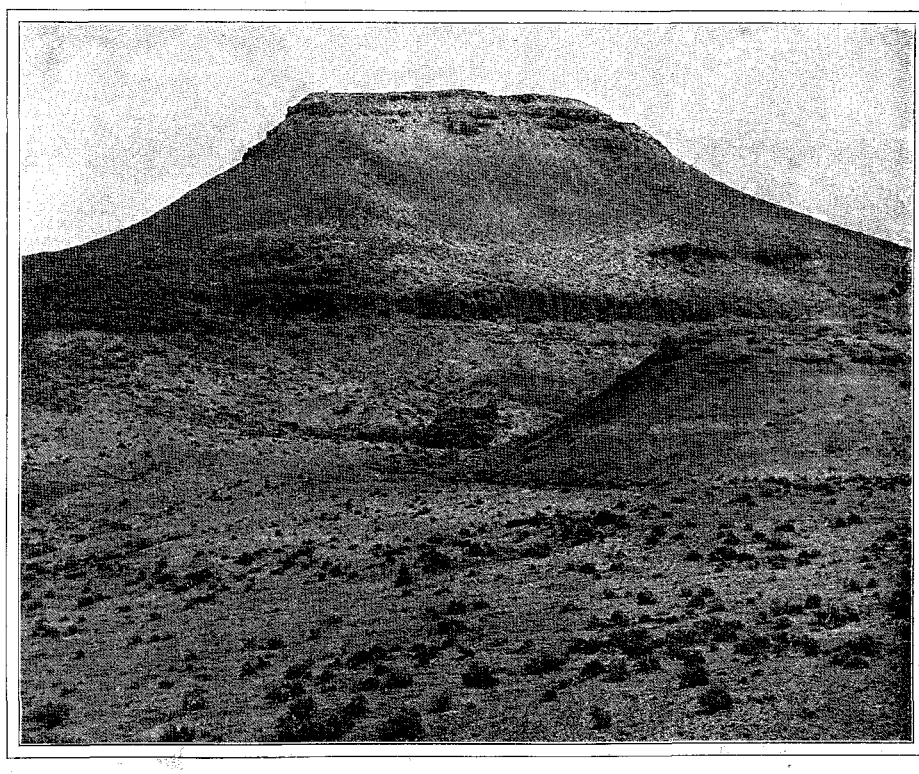

Crowheart Butte.

One fall several hundred Crows came down from the North on to the buffalo ground of the Shoshones. They got a supply of meat and had started home, when they met a large Shoshone party. There was a running fight for many miles. The Crows cut their horses' packs, but still the Shoshones overtook them. When some of the fleeing Crows reached the rim-rocks around the big butte they made a stand, to give the others a chance to get away. Finally a lot of the Crows took refuge on top of the butte. Here the Shoshones could not dislodge them, but they formed a cordon around the butte, and kept the Crows there for three days without water. Then the Crow chief came to the edge and dared Washakie, the Shoshone chief, to fight a duel. If Washakie was killed, the Crows were to go home in peace.

Washakie, with the advantage of food and water within him, went up, and with him his warriors, to see fair play. On the flat top of the butte they met. On one side stood the beleaguered Crows, across from them their enemies. The two chiefs fought with knives, and Washakie killed his opponent. With yells of delight the Shoshones fell upon the poor Crows, and not one on the butte escaped. The Shoshones cut out the heart of the dead Crow chief, hung it on a pole and danced around it, and finally cut it into small pieces which they ate, to give them the courage of their departed foe.

At one end of the butte a little monument of flat stones is piled to commemorate the Shoshone victory. Washakie lived until very recently, and when he died he was given, at the fort that bears his name, a captain's burial. The Shoshone reservation will soon be thrown open to settlement, and its valleys will be pencilled with irrigating ditches. But a thousand years from now, when Crowheart Butte perhaps shall have lost its name, the eagles above it will have seen no more stirring spectacle than Washakie's victory of long ago.



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# YACHT-RACING RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By A. Cary Smith

THE "one-design" classes which have proved one of the popular successes of modern racing have met with some severe criticism on the ground that they are a bar to progress in the development of new ideas; but any possible evil in this direction is more than offset by the good they have done in the destruction of a popular fallacy which has existed from the earliest days of yacht racing. Not only the laymen, but the great body of practical yachtsmen, Corinthian and professional together, have for years paid homage to the *model* as the one vital, if not the only factor of speed. The evils that have followed in the wake of this belief are many and far-reaching in their effects. The designer is often most unjustly blamed for results due entirely to causes far outside his power; on the other hand, the good work of a skilful skipper has failed to win recognition through the entire credit being given to the boat. Worst of all, in its deterrent effect on real progress, is the false and misleading verdict of the public, which, by ascribing all results to the merits or deficiencies of the model, blinds itself to the many other vital factors which bring success in match sailing.

The "one-design" classes have proved an object lesson that none could gainsay; here are a dozen or twenty yachts built by the same workmen from a single last, just as a shoe is made; and, in spite of another cherished superstition that it is impossible to build two boats exactly alike, as nearly identical as any product of modern duplicating processes. The sails are all of the same dimensions and material, made by the same workmen, and spars, blocks, and fittings are identical throughout the fleet. The actual test of continuous racing, day after day for weeks, as in the famous thirty-foot class at Newport, shows as great a difference between the various individuals of this monotype fleet as is ordinarily found in the case of the same number of boats by different designers. Certain boats head the fleet persistently, others as regularly bring up the rear, and between them are a number which win few prizes but are seldom among the last in.

It is plain that the designer of such a fleet is no more to be blamed for the failure of some boats than to be praised for the success of others, and that the amazing difference is due to causes wholly apart from the model.

The work of the designer is the foundation on which the success of a yacht is built; his brain, from the accumulated experience of many years, conceives the external form of the hull and adjusts the innumerable details of ballast, balancing, and canvassing, finally planning the construction which shall endow it with concrete form as a living thing possessed of unknown possibilities of speed. This work, however, is but a part; it may be likened to that of the man who plants in the spring with the knowledge that the final success of his labors depends not on himself alone, but on those who, later on, will till and harvest.

The work of the designer nominally ends with the trial trip and the turning over of the completed craft to the owner, but this is only the initial stage in the creation of a successful racing yacht. Following it comes the second stage—weeks of careful, earnest work in testing the yacht under all conditions, determining the proper trim, experimenting with many different sails, and training the crew to work as one man. This work usually falls to the lot of the skipper, who will ultimately handle the yacht in the racing; but it is best done when skipper and designer work together in perfect harmony and mutual understanding of its import.

The third party to the success of a yacht is the owner, who may be helpful in one of two ways: either by leaving the skipper entirely to his own resources, with no attempt to advise or interfere, or by posting himself so thoroughly as to be able to discuss tech-



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nical details intelligently with the designer and the skipper. In the contests for the America cup within the past twenty years, it so happened that while the owners of the respective challengers have concerned themselves but slightly with purely technical matters, leaving everything to their designers and skippers, those at the head of the defense (whether as actual owners or the "managing owner" representing a syndicate) have treated the sport of Cup racing as a game of skill, studying it in its broadest aspects until they knew their parts as well as the designer and skipper knew theirs, and thus forming the third member of an almost invincible trio.

The lesson only lately learned through the "one-design" classes, of the importance of skilful management as compared with mere model, might have been mastered many years ago. Some few yachtsmen will recollect the schooner *Eva*, then the property of the late Pierre Lorillard and managed by the late Robert Fish, when she sailed in the New York Yacht Club fleet from Glen Cove to New London, on the occasion of the annual cruise. The wind was quite fresh and the course was a reach. Though but 74 feet long on deck, the little *Eva* was so skilfully handled that at one time she was about eight miles ahead of the fleet, which included among the schooners several quite large vessels, including *Henrietta*.

When the fleet reached New Bedford a match was made, without time allowance, between *Palmer*, *Idler*, and *Eva*, and was sailed in a strong wind, favoring the larger boats, but *Eva*, in spite of a bad tack which lost her considerable distance, was the second boat. The next year she again accompanied the cruise, but under new ownership and with another skipper; on the run to New London she was the last boat, nor did she in any way imitate her performance of the previous year.

When the schooner *Cambria* was here as the first challenger for the America Cup, in 1870, there had been some open races in which the schooner *Palmer* had shown to very poor advantage. Her owner, thinking that perhaps some new blood might work a change, made a match with *Cambria*, to be sailed off Newport, and obtained the services of "Dick" Brown, the pilot and yacht skipper who sailed the schooner *America* in 1851, when she won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup.

There was a strong breeze at the start and *Cambria* got out on the weather of *Palmer* and held there as though she meant to stay. *Palmer* was at that time a centre-board boat, and after "Dick" had the sails trimmed to his satisfaction he called the mate and asked him how much board she had? The mate replied "All we ever give her." "Is there any more pendant?" quoth the veteran skipper. "Yes." "Then give her the whole of it when I keep her off." Down went the board, and at once *Palmer* footed out from under the lee of *Cambria* and spun out a long lead; when she came to go "down wind," she increased this so much as to leave no possible ground for doubt as to her superiority—when sailed by "Dick" Brown.

It was on this same cruise that the schooner *Sappho*, fresh from her triumphant career in English waters, met *Dauntless*, the latter rather besting the champion. The result was a match, to be sailed in New York waters, and *Sappho* was put into the hands of "Bob" Fish, whose successful alteration of her in the previous year had made her such a success in her second visit to England. As Captain Fish was not a professional sailing master, but a modeller and builder of all classes of vessels, there was a strong feeling against him in certain quarters.

At the "Screw Dock" on South Street, where the yachts and pilot boats were regularly docked in those days, and where *Sappho* hauled out to be cleaned, her copper being polished and pot-leaded, the workmen made a large wooden fish, which they proposed to hoist on a pole after the race, symbolical of a dead "Fish." The race came off, but the fish was not hoisted, *Sappho* finishing with a long lead over *Dauntless*.

In this race double topsail halyards were used, probably for the first time; and as *Sappho* neared the weather mark her club topsails were sent aloft before the working topsails were taken in.

Coming down to more recent times, and perhaps venturing on delicate ground, there is an excellent instance of what can be done for and against a boat. When first altered to a schooner, the cutter *Colonia* was sailed by Capt. Charles Barr, who made a repu-

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tation for her as a very fast boat. Since he left her she has never added anything to her reputation, and though not yet out-built she has withdrawn from the racing, failing to start last year in the Astor cup race.

Within more recent years we have seen the work of *Columbia*, under Captain Barr's handling in 1901, in her second season and with a wretched mainsail, successfully defending the America Cup against *Shamrock II*, while last year in new hands she made but an indifferent showing. It is typical of the popular treatment of yachting matters in the daily press that, in spite of the obvious difference in conditions, the performance of *Columbia* in the last trial races has been accepted as an absolute standard by which the speed of *Shamrock III* might be measured through *Shamrock II*.

Yachting has many ardent devotees, men who for various reasons are wedded to the sport; one for the fresh air and freedom from conventional restraint, another for the idle life, sitting under an awning in an easy-chair with a pleasant book, another for the hardships of winter cruising or the exciting and vigorous work of racing. Keen as they are, and untiring in their devotion, there are comparatively few who have really mastered the fine points of this royal game.

There is nothing so deceptive as the view of a yacht from the coping of a dry-dock; those who are really competent to judge—and they are very few—appreciate the difficulty in grasping the essential points of a modern 90-footer and hesitate to express any positive opinions. The majority, however, discuss with the utmost freedom the lines, as incorrectly viewed, the assumed displacements, and the imagined positions of the centres of buoyancy; and yet at the same time they overlook that great factor of successful racing, the art of boat-sailing.

That boat-sailing is an art and not a mere trade, something which must be born in a man and that cannot be acquired by mere teaching, is beyond all question. The successful skipper must be one who follows the calling not from mere gain, but because he loves it; he must be a man of independent thought, of iron resolution, but with an observant and retentive mind—two qualities not always found together.

He must be capable of taking infinite pains with his boat; of neglecting nothing, however difficult or impossible, or however trifling in its results, which may in any way contribute to her improvement. He must not spare himself, and it follows that he is likely to be very exacting with his crew; they will respect him, but they generally do not love him—except when he is at the wheel.

To the born boat-sailer a race is an inspiration; his face glows and his eyes fairly flame with the same expression that animates a great artist absorbed in the creation of a picture, his eye burning like that of an eagle while he sees in the air the scene he is depicting. The really great boat-sailer is in truth an artist, inspired by his work to a point where he rises superior to all immaterial and trivial things and sees only the essentials which make for victory.

What would not some wealthy yachtsmen pay to experience for even an hour the joy and exultation of power that comes to a man in a close race? The boat is alive; responding to the touch of the wheel like a mettlesome horse to the spur, she bounds onward and her master is deaf to all but the buzz of the wind and the surge of the sea to leeward! Hear the ring of his voice as he gives the sharp command, "Ready about," and watch the spell of that voice on the crew—how they spring into action as one man, and throw the force of a giant on to the head sheets.

With such a personality as this, successful results are possible only when all disturbing influences are absent; there must be as few as possible about him at the wheel, no one personally inimical to him must be near at hand, as the influence of such a man is fatal to the speed of the boat. No suggestions or remarks should be made by the friends of the owner, and, in fact, the fewer of the owner's friends on board, the better for the boat; many a race has been lost, many a boat has had her reputation ruined, by the abundance of advice showered on the man at the wheel.

Fortunately the time has passed when, to quote the opinion of an officer of one of the leading yacht clubs, "sailing a yacht was not work for a gentleman to do." The work of the successful skipper, professional or Corinthian, to-day receives a broader and fuller recognition than ever before. The mastering of any class in which the competition is at all keen brings to the

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successful professional a public advance in grade, with an increase of compensation, and to the Corinthian honor and reputation that are well worth striving for. To both classes there is offered to-day the highest incentive to hard work. The men who have successfully defended the America Cup and the Seawanhaka Cup, and the man who has within a year won for America the Canada Cup, have had no reason to complain of the generous appreciation showered on them by yachtsmen and laymen alike.

There was a time when the keenest sport was found in certain popular open classes, the 70-foot in the days of *Gracie*, *Bedouin*, *Fanny*, and *Mischief*, the 50-foot at the same period, with *Vixen*, *Oriva*, *Valkyr*, and *Athlon;* later on the 40-footers with *Minerva*, *Mariquita*, *Liris*, *Babboon*, *Banshee*, *Gorilla*, *Nymph*, *Pappoose*, *Tomahawk*, *Moccasin*, and *Gossoon*, and the 30-foot class of the same era. To-day such classes are almost unknown, and international contests have taken their place with the yachting public. In these matches, whether in the case of the 90-footers competing for the America Cup or the little flyers with but 500 square feet of sail which battle for the Seawanhaka Cup, there are in most cases preliminary races of the trial fleet during the early summer, followed later by the grand duel between the two chosen champions.

In all such contests early preparation is now the rule, the yachts are designed in the fall, built during the winter, and launched and rigged as soon as the weather permits in the early spring. The work on a Cup defender begins in March, the crew, previously selected, all picked men personally known to the skipper, or at least to his mate, being set to work while the yacht is still on the ways. There is the bronze bottom to polish and some of the rigging to be done, and then there is the task of training the sixty odd men required. One of the most successful of modern Cup skippers starts in with his crew at the very beginning of the season, before the yacht is launched and when there is comparatively little to do, with the rigid rule that every man must report for work at 7 A. M. Its literal enforcement has involved the loss of some of the ablest men in the crew, but here was laid the foundation for that discipline which was so evident in the races six months later.

In this preliminary work the captain is always with his men, studying them at the same time he is studying the boat as it nears completion, and every detail of sails, spars, and rigging as they are accessible on the floor of the shop. At last the yacht is launched, the great mast and bowsprit are shipped, and the crew turn to with the outside rigging gang to hurry the work of setting up shrouds and stays and reeving off running gear. Now the sails are hoisted on board, and under the watchful eye of the skipper the great mainsail is hauled out and the throat shackled to the gaff, the head is hauled out and laced to the gaff, then the luff is lashed to the hoops, leaving a little slack in the upper hoops lest the sail be strained about the throat. Now the tack is shackled to the gooseneck, the foot is hauled out "hand-taut," and the lacing is passed. The halyards are manned, the sail fully hoisted, and when it is well up and the weight of the boom taken by the lifts the foot is hauled out farther. If the weather is unfavorable the sail is lowered and the covers put on; otherwise the work continues with the setting of the headsails, the casting off of the mooring, and the yacht is under way.

She fills away, the headsails first rounding out with the breeze, and then the great mainsail wakening into life; the sheets are trimmed, and anxious eyes look aloft as she heels and spars and gear are put to the first test. She moves along, but how slowly; the sails are full of wrinkles that must be carefully worked out, and she does not seem to go. The breeze freshens and now she quickens her speed, all hands gaze earnestly at the bow wave and study the wake to learn how the water likes her. Now the club topsail is sent aloft, heeling her farther and giving some idea of her stiffness; then, as she is turned for home, the light sails are set. As she nears her mooring these are taken in, headsails are stowed, and at last the mainsail is under covers and the trial trip is over.

What a silent and anxious group on the after-deck! No one wants to give his opinions, but each waits to hear what the others may volunteer; the only man who can know how she steers is the captain, and even he is not yet sure. This experience of the trial trip is repeated daily, in so far as the weather and the interruption of necessary altera-

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tions permit; by degrees the newness of sails and gear are worked off, the skipper comes to a better understanding of the individual peculiarities of the yacht, and her performance is more satisfactory.

After she is in fair sailing form there comes the testing of many sails and of the yacht under variations of trim, involving an infinite number of combinations of which the skipper must be master. There will be at least three or four mainsails and perhaps as many of each size of jib and jib topsail, making a total of some forty different sails, each with its special merits and defects making it suitable or the reverse for some one condition of wind or course. In the development of *Reliance* last year it was the work of one man to keep an accurate log of every trial under sail and of the observed results of every test of each individual sail, this record being relied on by the skipper in the selection and rejection of sails.

At last the day comes for the first real race, the beginning of a fight that will last for several months, only ending with the formal trial races by which the champion is selected. The older boats have the advantage of at least one full season of racing by way of tuning up, and the *prestige* of previous victories, but it is always expected of the new boat, at least by the public, that she will demonstrate her superiority of model from the start.

The anxious moments drag slowly on as the three or four circle about in company, awaiting the warning gun; at last it sounds, and the manœuvring, though to the ordinary spectator apparently aimless, assumes more definite form as the time to the starting gun grows shorter and shorter. The skippers stand rigid beside each wheel, the crews are silent, and not a word is spoken except the monotonous count of the timekeeper on each boat, standing close beside the skipper with watch in hand. "Two minutes to go—one and a half—one minute to go—fifty seconds—forty seconds—thirty seconds to go." Two boats whirl about in close company and head for the line; like the crack of a rifle come the dual commands, "Break out jib topsail—Lay down to windward." They are at the line, but the weather boat finds that she is too close to it, while with the other under her lee she cannot keep off. The other, by good luck, keeps off for a moment and runs down the line, then as the first puff of smoke bursts from the muzzle of the gun, she luffs and with a rap full, fairly flies across. By this time the would-be leader has found herself well over the line, any possible doubt being set at rest by the display of her number from the committee boat, and there is nothing for it but to return above the line and recross, with a bad handicap. But her troubles are not yet over. As she returns she meets the third boat, now on the wind; she shaves a little too close in the effort to avoid the loss of any more seconds, and a protest flag is shown, ending her chances for the day. The first boat is now well on her course; with main sheet trimmed block-and-block and baby jib topsail hard and round like a little white pillow hung on the topmast stay, she is working out to windward in a wonderful way, and she is never headed.

Day after day, with varying luck of wind and weather, the early races continue, the new boat showing a varying form at first, but gradually coming to a normal standard of performance as her little ways become known to her skipper. The need of minor changes in spars, sails, and ballasting is demonstrated, and as these changes are made she shows a constant improvement over the older boats. In the course of this work certain sails are entirely discarded, while others are carefully noted for certain conditions.

At last the day of battle comes. Hard as they were at the time, the early races and the trials seem but petty affairs now. The boats have been docked and polished, the measurer has given his final verdict of so many minutes and seconds from one to the other, and by daylight all are astir on the rivals, side by side at their moorings, just within the protecting arm of Sandy Hook. Lines are passed to the attendant tugs, and the two start out, presently feeling the first of the ocean swell. Mainsails are set before the lightship is reached, the headsails go up in stops, and then each skipper is called on to select some particular club topsail and baby jib topsail according to his judgment of the weather, both as it is and as it may be within the next hour or so.

That little corner of the Atlantic within the angle between the Long Island and the New Jersey coasts takes on a new aspect as

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craft of all kinds come hurrying down from New York, the big steam yachts, the mammoth Sound and coasting steamers, tugboats small and large, and even a few launches and catboats venturing where they are safe only in the best of summer weather. The British ensign flies from the challenger's tug and from one or two steam yachts, but a different flag is seen on every other of the great fleet. Every boat is black with people, even the largest heeling to a dangerous angle as the crowd rushes from side to side for a better view of the defender.

For a half hour the two boats sail about with little regard for each other, their captains being busy with the question of weather and sails; then a gun announces the course signals, to windward, due south, fifteen miles. The excitement grows among the spectators, the old hands who never miss a Cup race are worried as to which side of their own steamer will be toward the line, and work their way through the crowd to some promising point of view, where, with glass in one hand and watch in the other, they anxiously watch the two boats and the line.

If the suspense is keen on the steamboats, what must it be on the yachts where, apart from all patriotic interests, the rival designers and skippers have their personal reputations at stake? Only those who have sailed as principals in important races can appreciate the feelings of such a moment.

The circles are now drawn a little closer, but the movements of the two boats are apparently as aimless and independent as before; one thing, however, is plainly noticeable—whether close together or far apart, the American boat is almost invariably to windward of the other. After a seemingly interminable interval there sounds the first gun, fifteen minutes before the start.

Standing beside the wheel, apparently cool and listless, and merely turning it a spoke or two from time to time, the skipper is wrapt in the study of a deep and complicated game. He has in his mind his own yacht and that of his adversary, the line, plainly marked by the old red lightship at one end and the committee tug at the other, the wind as it dies down and threatens to leave him becalmed, and the time as marked by the signals from the committee boat and the voice of his own timekeeper. Moment by moment the combination changes and the strain becomes more intense, the fickle wind fails him at a critical instant and puts the other boat on his weather, or some carelessly handled steamer eludes the vigilant patrol boats and ventures in his path.

Now the time has run to the last few minutes and the problem resolves itself into three simple elements: his distance from the line and from the other boat, and the time itself as told off close to his ear. Now the seconds are counted and he measures the last distance with his eye; a swoop like a hawk, and in the coveted place which has filled his mind for the last quarter of an hour he heads for the line. Quick and sharp come the commands, to slack this line and harden that, all promptly obeyed in silence by his willing crew, and with every sail drawing she cuts the line under good way in spite of the light breeze.

The challenger follows, not yet beaten in spite of a poor start in the presence of this vast audience of hostile eyes and the fierce will of the multitude, all centred on the man at her wheel. If will alone could do it he would fall dead, while on the other side thousands of willing hands would reach out to pat the shoulder of the man who steers the Yankee boat; for did she not come from the land of wooden nutmegs?

Now the two are settled on their course and under the watchful eyes of the mates the last pull is given to each sheet, the skippers anxiously "feel" the boats through the wheels, and for the time there is nothing to do but to watch the yachts themselves. The work of the designer in the creation and of the skipper in the development of the boat has come to a final test; all else disappears but the yacht and the single mind which dominates her through the wheel.

As they dive into the sea, taking it head on and throwing showers of glittering spray, every movement is watched from the attendant steamers and hot discussions take place. Some can see from the very start the superiority of the defender on every point, in the way she takes the seas, in pointing, in holding to windward, and in footing. A few dispute this, and after the pair have been half an hour on the way point out triumphantly that the challenger is ahead. To those

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who look a little more closely it is evident that both parties are seeing the race not with their eyes, but solely through their sympathies, each confident in the boat of his choice.

For nearly an hour the fight continues with the battle still undecided, but the challenger's start to leeward has placed her in a bad position, as she is the offshore boat, and to get in shore, as she must sooner or later, she must take the port tack. There is silence now through the fleet; those who proclaimed the instant victory of the defender at the start are doubtfully studying every move of the two boats, and those who were depressed by the challenger's bad start, though equally silent, are more hopeful.

There is nothing to do but to wait for some decided move to show which is actually ahead, and at last this comes in a tack inshore on the part of the defender. Now she has the sea abeam, running in the trough, and she seems to like it better. The challenger, with a hesitation which finally proves fatal, does not follow at once, but when she does come about she seems to be holding a good wind and doing very well. All is now subdued but intense excitement throughout the fleet, awaiting the last move of the series—the offshore tack that the defender must eventually make.

At length she swings about, the other holding her tack, and the two approach on intersecting lines. From across the wide stretch of open water so jealously guarded by the patrol boats it is impossible to gauge the exact positions of the pair, and it is yet possible that in spite of all the handicap of the port tack the challenger may cross the other's bow. Nearer and nearer they come, the challenger's headsails flutter a little as she comes up, forced to tack under the defender's lee, and the silence of the ocean is broken by one wild, savage roar, in which the shrill shrieks of women wrought almost to hysterics dominate the deep yells of men. Utter strangers fraternize on the moment; staid city men, who would bear the loss of thousands without the slightest sign of emotion, hobnob in the freest manner with any one near at hand. The scene is like Gérôme's Gladiators, every thumb turned downward without a sign of mercy. One man cries, "The race is over," others exclaim, "Good boy, Charlie," and "Barr has him," as though at a prize fight.

Now comes the challenger's time to tack, but the other whirls about and is upon him like a cat on a mouse. The race is over, the nerve of the British skipper is completely gone, his crew are disheartened and demoralized, and his boat goes slower and slower until, when the leader turns the mark, there are miles of clear water between them.

Superiority in windward work has long been esteemed the first test of a racing yacht, and the zigzag battle to windward is always more spectacular and exciting than the straight sail down the wind with few opportunities for manœuvring. It is the windward work which is supposed to call for the highest possible skill on the part of the skipper, and this is perhaps so as far as delicate and expert handling of the stick is concerned. The work of the defence in the America Cup contests, however, not in a few exceptional instances, but in a long series of matches, has taught a new lesson of the value of skilful headwork when under spinnaker and balloon jib topsail.

One of the closest and most interesting races ever sailed in the Cup series, the final one between *Valkyrie II* and *Vigilant* in 1893, was won by the defender only through the bold generalship and able seamanship of the skipper and his quarter-deck associates and the daring personal work of the crew; turning a bad defeat into a notable victory. In more recent contests, those of last season in particular, the difference in method on challenger and defender, shown so plainly in the times at the finish, has been due to causes that were evident to all whose interest in the race was not over when the American boat had turned the weather mark with a safe lead.

To the casual spectator the work is the same on both boats. As they stand up to the mark on the last tack all watches are out; they luff around, the main sheet runs off, the balloon jib topsail breaks out, the spinnaker boom falls, the sail is mastheaded in stops, and as it bursts into a cloud of dazzling white eager voices throughout the fleet proclaim for one boat or the other a gain of a few seconds in setting the big sail. The speed of the boats has fallen to that of the wind; running off before the sea they lose in part their life and motion, and it becomes difficult to gauge the gain or loss. After

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admiring for a few minutes the bellying spread of fine white duck, even those who were most keen during the windward work are ready to leave the deck for the dining room, only to reappear as the boats near the lightship.

The few, however, who deem the race still worth a look may learn much from a close comparison of the two sail plans.

On the challenger the main boom and spinnaker boom are squared to expose the greatest possible area to the wind, but little of it getting by them to the "bowsprit spinnaker," the British equivalent of the American "balloon jib topsail," the latter being usually much larger and set in a manner which makes it effective even when squarely before the wind as well as on a reach. The skipper's attention is concentrated on steering a straight course from mark to mark; the crew lie motionless, unless a sudden emergency calls them into life. On the defender the weight of the great steel boom is taken by the lifts, and all the jigs are slacked up, taking the tension from the mainsail and giving it life and flow; the main sheet is trimmed with the utmost care to throw the wind into the spinnaker, and from this in turn it is deflected into the big balloon jib topsail. Why is it that, still close together and in the same wind, the sails of the leading boat are hard and round in spite of the light breeze, while those of the other hang dead and wrinkled? With such different results from identical conditions, what possible value can attach to the popular deductions as to speed of hull in running?

With wind and sea unchanged the distance between the two still widens, until at last a burst of steam from many whistles on the horizon and the faint echo of the mighty din which makes its way a mile or so against the wind bears to the challenger the sad tidings of another defeat.

If there be limitations to the advancement of yacht designing, they are not yet apparent, and the design must ever be a predominating factor in all open racing and international contests; but all existing conditions, especially those connected with the measurement rule, tend to bring the practice of designers, both in form and construction, into comparative uniformity. On the other hand, the lessons of all the international races of late years, the America Cup, the Seawanhaka Cup, and, above all, the Canada Cup match of last season, teach the same lesson: that success comes not alone from those qualities with which the designer endows the yacht, but from their highest possible development at the hands of one who is in every way an adept at the art of boat-sailing.

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# THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

## BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

### XIII

HINDSIGHT is better than foresight. A foolish saying. By foresight we do God's will. By hindsight we would seek to improve on His handiwork. Things are right as they are, I say, as I sit quietly of an evening smoking my pipe on my porch, watching the mountains in the west bathe in the gold and purple of the descending sun. What might have been, might also have been all wrong. A foolish saying, says Tim, for if what might have been should actually be, then we should have the realization of our fondest dreams. And with that realization might come a dreadful awakening from our dreams, say I. You might have become a tea-king, Tim, and measure your fortune in millions. I might have turned lawyer instead of soldier; I might have made a great name for myself in Congress by long speeches full of dry facts and figures, or short ones puffed up with pompous phrases. The fact that Six Stars existed might have gone beyond our valley because here you and I were born, and for a time we honored the place with our presence. Suppose all that had been, and you the tea-king and I the great lawyer sat here together as we sit now, smoking, could you add one note to the evening peace; would the night-hawk pay us homage by a single added ring as he circles among the clouds; would the bull-frogs in the creek sing louder to our glory; would the bleating of the sheep swing in sweeter to the music of the valley? And look at God's fireplace, I cry, pointing to the west, where the sun is heaping the glowing cloud coals among the mountains. God's fireplace? says Tim, with a queer look in his eyes. Yes, say I, and the valley is the hearthstone. The mountains are the andirons. Over them, piled sky high, the cloud-logs are glowing, and never logs burned like those, all gold and red. Night after night I can sit here and warm my heart at that fireside. Could you, tea-king, buy for my eyes a picture more wonderful? The fire is dying. The coal-clouds grow fainter, now purple, and now in ashes they float away into the chill blue. But they will come again. Could your millions, tea-king, buy for me a sweeter music than the valley's heart throb as it rocks itself to sleep?

"No," Tim answers, "but suppose——"

"And could I have better company to watch and listen with?" I exclaim. "For with you a tea-king, Tim, and I a lawyer, it would be just the same, would it not?"

"That's just what I was trying to get at," says Tim. "Suppose that day of the fox-hunt you had not carried Weston to——"

I hold up my hand to check him.

"Were it to happen a hundred times over, I would take him to Mary's," I cry. "Else he would have died."

"You are right, Mark," Tim says.

. . . . . .

I took Weston to Mary's house that day when I found him lying in the charcoal clearing, with little Colonel standing over him wailing. Tearing open his coat and shirt, I staunched his wound as best I could. Then I called the others to the clearing. Tip and Arnold picked him up and carried him, while Murphy Kallaberger and I broke a path through the bushes, and Aaron ran on to Warden's to tell them of the accident and have them prepare for the wounded man. Warden's was the nearest house, but that was a mile from the clearing, and in the woods our progress was slow. Once free of the ridges and in the open fields the way was easy, and Murphy could lend a hand to the others.



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"He's monstrous light," Tip said. "He doesn't seem no more than skin and bones in fancy rags."

It is strange how even our clothes go back on us when we are down. Weston I had always known as a lanky man, but about his loosely fitting garments there had been an air of careless distinction. Now that he was broken, they hung with such an odd perversion as to bring from its hiding-place every sharp angle in the thin frame. The best nine tailors living could not have clothed him better for that little journey, nor lessened a whit the pathos of the thin arms that lay limply across the shoulders of Tip and Arnold.

"He's a living skelington," old Arker whispered, as I plodded along at his side. "Poor devil!"

"Poor devil!" said I. For looking at the almost lifeless man I thought of my own good fortune. This morning I had envied him. Now he had nothing but his wealth, and his hold on that was weakening fast. I had everything—life and health, home and friends—I had Mary. As we parted a few minutes before, up there in the woods, I had pitied him. He had seemed so lonely, so bitter in his loneliness, and yet at heart so good. Now his eyes half opened as they carried him on, his glance met mine in recognition, and it seemed to me that he smiled faintly. But it was the same bitter smile. "Poor devil!" I said to myself.

And we carried him into Mary's house.

She was waiting for us, and without a word led us upstairs to a room where we laid him down on a bed.

"I stumbled, Mark, I stumbled," he whispered, as I leaned over him. "The fox came and I ran for it—then I fell—and then the little hound came, and then——"

Mary was bathing his forehead, and for the first time he saw her.

"I stumbled, Mary," he whispered. "I swear it."

. . . . . .

It was nearly ten o'clock when I left Weston's room. The doctor was with him and was preparing to bivouac at the patient's side. He was a young man from the big valley. Luther Warden had driven to the county town and brought him back to us. The first misgivings I had when I caught sight of his youthful, beardless face were dispelled by the business-like way in which he went about his work. He had been in a volunteer regiment, he told me, as an assistant surgeon, but had never gone past the fever camps, so this was his first case of a gunshot wound. He had made a study of gunshot wounds, and deemed himself fortunate to be in when Mr. Warden called. Truly, said I to myself, one man's death is another man's practice. But it was best that he was so confident, and I found my faith in him growing as he worked. The wound was a bad one, he said, and the ball had narrowly missed the heart, but with care the man would come around all right. The main thing was proper nursing. The young doctor smiled as he spoke, for standing before him in a solemn row were half the women of Six Stars. Mrs. Bolum was there with a tumbler of jelly; Mrs. Tip Pulsifer had brought her "paytent gradeated medicent glass," hoping it would be useful; Mrs. Henry Holmes had no idea what was needed, but just grabbed a hot-water bottle as she ran. Elmer Spiker's better half was there to demand her injured boarder at once; he paid for his room at the tavern; it was but right that he should occupy it and that she should care for him. When she found that she could not have him entirely, she compromised on the promise that she would be allowed to watch over him the whole of the next day. In spite of the jar of jelly, the doctor chose Mrs. Bolum to help him that night, and when I left them the old woman was sitting in a rocker at the bedside, her eyes watching every movement of the sleeping patient's drawn face.

Outside the wind was whistling. The steady beating of an oak branch on the porch roof, told me it was blowing hard. It sounded cold. Mary stood tiptoe to reach my collar and turn it up. Then she buttoned me snug around the neck. It was the first time a woman had ever done that for me. How good it was! I absently turned the collar down again and tore my coat open. Then I smiled.

Again she raised herself tiptoe before me, and with a hand on each shoulder, she stood looking from her eyes into mine.

"You fraud!" she cried.

Then I laughed. Lord, how I laughed! Twenty-four years I had lived, and until

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now I had never known a real joke, one that made the heart beat quicker, and sent the blood singing through the veins; that made the fingers tingle, the ears burn, and brought tears to the eyes. I don't suppose that other people would have thought this one so amusing. The young doctor upstairs might not have deigned a smile, for instance. That was what made it all the better for me, for it was my own joke and Mary's, and in all the world I was the only man who could see the fun of it.

"When you turn that collar up again I am going," said I.

So she sprang away from me, laughing, and quick as I reached out to seize her, she avoided me.

"You know I can't catch you," I cried, taunting her, "so I must wait."

As she stood there before me quietly, her hands clasped, her eyes looking up into mine, I saw how fair she was, and I wondered. The picture of Weston in the woods, standing off there gazing at me, came back then, and with it a vague feeling of fear and distrust. I saw myself as Weston saw me, and I marvelled.

"Mary," I said, "this morning up there in the woods I told Robert Weston everything, and he stood off just as you are standing now. It seemed to me he wondered how it could be true, and now I wonder, too. Maybe it's all a mistake."

"It's not a mistake, Mark," the girl said, and she came to me again and put a hand on each shoulder and looked up. "If I did not care for you I'd never have given you the promise I did last night. But I do care for you, Mark, more than for anyone else in the world. You are big and strong and good—that's why—it's all any woman can ask. You are true, Mark—and that's more than most men——"

"But Mary, there's Tim," I protested, for I did not care to usurp to myself the sum of all the virtues allotted to my sex.

"Tim?" said she lightly, as though she had never heard of him.

"Yes, Tim," I said shortly, "Why did you choose me instead of a lad like Tim?"

"Mark, I care for you more than anyone else in the world," said Mary.

"But do you love me?" said I quickly.

"I think I do," she said. But reaching up, she turned my collar again and buttoned my coat against the storm.

## XIV

TIM was home in three days. His few months of town life had wrought many changes in him, and they were for the better. I was forced to admit that, but I could not help being just a little in awe of him. He was not as heavy as of old, but there was more firmness in his face and figure. Perhaps it was his clothes that had given him a strange new grace, for in the old days he was a ponderous, slow-moving fellow. Now there was lightness in his step and quickness in his every motion. Had I not known him, I should have seen in the scrupulous part in his hair a suggestion of the foppish. But I knew him, and while I liked him best with his old tousled head and tanned face and homely hickory shirt, I felt a certain pride that he had taken so well with the world and was learning the ways of the town as well as those of the field and wood. His gloves did seem foolish, for it was a bitter December day when the blood had best had full swing in the veins, but he held out to me a hand pinched in a few square inches of yellow kid. The grasp was just as warm though, and I forgave that. When he threw aside his silly little overcoat and stood before me, so tall and strong, so clean-cut and faultless from the part in his hair to the shine on his boot tips I cried, "Heigh-ho, my fine gentleman!"

Then he blushed. I suspected that it pleased him vastly.

"Do you think it an improvement?" he faltered, standing with his back to the fireplace and lifting himself to his full height.

Before I could reply the door flew open without the formality of a knock, and old Mrs. Bolum ran in. When she saw him, she stopped and stared.

"Well, ain't he tasty!" she cried.

Then she courtesied most formally. "How do you do, Mr. Hope?" she said.

"And how is Mrs. Bolum?" returned Tim gravely, advancing toward her with his hand outstretched.

The old woman rubbed her own hand on her apron, an honor usually accorded only to the preacher, and held it out. Tim seized it, but he brought his other arm around her waist and lifted her from the floor in one mighty embrace.

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"You'll spoil your Sunday clothes," panted Mrs. Bolum, when she reached the floor again. Stepping back, she eyed him critically. "You look handsomer than a drummer," she cried admiringly.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tim very meekly.

"I'm so sorry I left my spectacles at home," she went on. "My eyes ain't as good as they used to be and I can't see you plain as I'd like. Mebbe it's my sight as is the trouble, but it seems to me, as I see you now without my glasses, you're just about the prettiest man that ever come to Six Stars."

"Lord, ma'am," protested Tim. "And how is Mr. Bolum?"

"And such a lovely suit," continued the old woman, cautiously approaching and moving her hand across my brother's chest. "Why, Tim, you must have on complete store clothes—dear, oh, dear—to think of Tim Hope gittin' so fine and dressy! Now had it 'a' been Mark I wouldn't 'a' been so took back, for he allus was uppy and big feelin'. But Tim!"

Mrs. Bolum shook her head and held her hands up in astonishment.

"And how is Mr. Bolum?" shouted Tim.

"Never was better, 'ceptin' for his rheumatism and asphmy," was the answer, but the good woman was not to be turned aside that way. "And a cady," she cried, for her eyes had caught Tim's hat and the silly yellow overcoat on the chair where I had thrown them. "A cady, too! Now just put it on and let me see how you look."

Tim obeyed. Mrs. Bolum stepped back to get a better effect.

"It ain't as pretty as your coon-skin," she said critically; "you'd look lovely in that suit with your coon-skin cap—but hold on—don't take it off—I want Bolum to see you."

She ran from the room and we heard her calling from the porch: "Bo-lum—Bo-lum—Isaac Bo-oh-lum."

Isaac was at the store. It seemed to me that his wife should have known that without much research. The little pile of sticks by the kitchen door showed that his day's work was done, for when he had split the wood for the morrow it was the old man's custom to put aside all worldly care and start on a tour of the village, which generally ended on the bench at Henry Holmes's side.

It was almost dusk. Tim had come on a mission to Robert Weston. I had sent word to him of the accident, that Weston's friends might know, and the first thought of the injured man's partner was to hurry to Six Stars, but my second despatch, announcing that our friend was well on the road to recovery, led to the change in plans that brought Tim to us. Mrs. Bolum did not succeed in alarming the village before he and I were well up the road, past the school-house, and climbing the hill to Warden's.

Tim had a great deal to tell me in that short walk. I had much to tell him, but I was silent and let him chatter on, giving but little attention to what he said, for I was planning a great surprise. The simplest thing would have been to tell him my secret then, but I had pictured something more dramatic. I wanted Mary to witness his dumfounding when he heard the news. I wanted her to be there when its full import broke upon him; then the three of us, Mary and Tim and I, would do a wild jig. What boon companions we should be—we three—to go through life together! And Edith? Four of us—so much the better! I had never seen this Edith, but Tim is a wonderful judge of women.

So I let him talk on and on about the city and his life there, until we reached the house. We found that Mrs. Spiker had secured her rights, and was on duty that day as nurse. The young doctor was there, too, as were Mrs. Tip Pulsifer and a half dozen others, a goodly company to greet us.

"Hello, Mary!" Tim cried, breaking through the others, when he caught sight of her, standing at the foot of the stairs with a lighted candle in her hand.

"Hello, Tim!" cried Mary. "And where is Edith?"

"Edith?" Tim exclaimed, stopping as if to collect the thoughts her sudden taunting question had scattered. "I left her behind this time, but when I come again you shall see her." Tim, with arms akimbo, stood there laughing.

"We country girls, I understand, cannot compare with her," said Mary, tilting her chin.

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She had started up the stairs, and now paused, looking down on us. And I looked up at her face showing out of the darkness in the half light, and I laughed, wondering what Tim thought, wondering if he was blind, or was this Edith really bewildering.

"Did I say that?" cried Tim. "Then I must have meant it when I said it. To-night I have learned better, Mary, but you know I never saw you standing that way before—on the stairs above me—kind of like an angel with a halo——"

"Indeed!" retorted Mary; "but we women of Black Log deck ourselves out in gaudy finery, Mr. Tim, I believe. We women of Black Log do not inspire a man, like your Edith."

"Confound my Edith!" Tim exclaimed hotly. "Why, Mary, can't you see I was joking? The idea of comparing Edith with you—why, Mary——"

Tim in his protest started to mount the stairs, and there was an earnestness in his tone that made me think it high time he knew our secret, for his own sake and for Edith's. It seemed to me unfair of him to desert her so basely in the presence of an enemy. He should have stood by her to the very end, and had he boldly declared that as compared to her Mary was a mummy I should have admired him the more; I should have understood; I should have known he was mistaken, but endured it. Now I seized him by the coat and pulled him back.

"Tim," I said solemnly, "I have something to tell you."

My brother turned and gave me a startled look.

"Mary and I have something to tell you," I went on.

That should have given him a clue. I had expected at that point he would embrace me. But he didn't.

"I suppose you think I've been a fool about Edith," he muttered ruefully.

"No, it isn't that," I laughed. "Mary, will you tell him?"

But we were in darkness! She had dropped the candle, and down the stairs the stick came clattering. It landed on the floor and went rolling across the room. Tim made a dive for it. He groped his way to the corner where its career had ended. Then he lighted it again.

Behind us stood the doctor and Mrs. Tip Pulsifer, and Elmer Spiker's much better half. Mary was at the head of the stairs.

"Come, Tim," she called. "Mr. Weston wants to see you."

"Weston does want to see you very much, Tim," the wounded man said smilingly, lifting a thin hand from the bed for my brother. "I heard you chattering downstairs, and I thought you were never coming."

"It was Mary's fault," Tim said. "I came back as soon as I could, sir. Mr. Mills sent me up on the night train—out this afternoon in a livery rig—here afoot just as fast as Mark would let me—then Mary blocked the way. Mark was going to tell me something when she dropped the candle."

"Why, don't you know——" began Weston.

But over my brother's shoulders I shook my head sternly at him and he stopped and broke into a laugh.

Mrs. Elmer Spiker was standing by him; the young doctor was moving about the room, apparently very busy; Mrs. Tip Pulsifer was peeping in at the door.

"Didn't you know," said Weston, "how I'd shot myself all to pieces, and how there's a live fox in the hollows across the ridge?"

"Mark told me of it," answered the innocent Tim, "and I'm glad to find it is not serious. They were worried at the store. Mr. Mills was for coming right away, but we got word you were better, and he thought I should run up anyway for a day to see if we could do anything. I'm to go back to-morrow."

"It was good of you to come," Weston said, "but there is nothing to be done. Just tell Mills the whole valley is nursing me; tell him that I've one nurse alone who is worth a score." Mrs. Spiker looked very conscious, but Weston smiled at Mary. Then he quickly added: "Tell him that Mrs. Bolum and Mrs. Spiker and Mrs. Pulsifer——" he paused to make sure that none was missed—"and Mark here are a hospital corps, taken singly or in a body."

"I've told him that already," said Tim. "He knows everybody in Six Stars, I guess, and he says as soon as you get well and come back to the office, he will take a holiday himself, fox hunting."

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"Poor little Colonel!" murmured Weston. "He'll have a melancholy career. And Mary, too, she'll——"

"But it was when I told him about Mary he made up his mind to come," Tim said.

"Indeed." The girl spoke very quietly. "And, perhaps, Tim, you'll send Edith along to help us. We women of Black Log are so clumsy."

"A good idea," said Weston. "Capital. You must bring Miss Smyth up, too, Tim."

"Parker," I corrected, "Edith Parker."

"But is it Parker?" Weston appealed to my brother. "Mark tells me she's the book-keeper's daughter. Has old Smyth gone?"

"No," Tim stammered, very much confused. "I guess you don't know Parker. He's come lately."

"That explains it, then," said Weston.

But he turned and looked away from us; his brow knitted. Something seemed to puzzle him, for he was frowning, but by and by the old cynical smile came back again.

He said suddenly: "Tim, I wish you luck. I'm glad anyway it isn't Smyth's daughter. That was what I couldn't understand. Ever see Smyth's daughter? No. Well, you needn't bemoan it. I dare say Miss Parker is all you picture her, and I hope you'll win."

"Don't you think you'd better rest now?" asked Tim, with sudden solicitation. Though he addressed himself to Weston, his eyes were appealing to the doctor.

"I think I had," Weston answered, not waiting for the physician to interpose any order. "I get tuckered out pretty easily these days, with this confounded bullet-hole in me—but stay a moment, Tim. They've got a letter from me at the office by this time. It may surprise them; it may surprise you, but I wanted you to know I'd fixed it all right for you, my boy. I did it for Edith's sake."

Tim with face flushed and hands outstretched in protest arose from his chair and went to the bedside.

"But don't you see it's all a joke," he cried. "I can't take it. Won't you believe me this time? There isn't any Edith!"

"I knew that long ago, Tim," Weston answered quietly. "But there may be some day."

He turned his back to us.

"Please go," he said brusquely. "I want to rest. Don't stand over me that way, Tim. Why, you look like little Colonel!"

. . . . . .

At the school-house door Tim halted suddenly.

"I'm going back, Mark," he whispered, "just for a minute. Weston will think I'm a fraud and I want to tell him something. Now that the others have left I may have a chance. Confound these kind-hearted women that overrun the house! Why, a fellow couldn't say a word without a dozen ears to hear it."

"I'll go back with you," said I.

We had fallen a few steps behind the others, but somehow they divined our purpose and stopped, too.

"You needn't," said Tim. "I'll only be a minute."

"But I've something to tell you—a secret—and Mary——"

He was gone.

"I'll be back in a minute," he called. "Go on home."

He was lost in the darkness, and I started after him.

"Ain't you comin'?" cried Nanny Pulsifer.

"I must go back to Warden's," I answered.

"Then we'll go with you," said Mrs. Spiker firmly.

"Can't you go on home?" I said testily. "There's no use in your troubling yourself further."

"Does you think we'll walk by that graveyard alone?" demanded the tavern-keeper's wife.

"But there are no ghosts," I argued.

"We know that," returned Mrs. Pulsifer. "Everybody knows that, but it's never made any difference."

"A graveyard is a graveyard even if there is no bodies in it," said Mrs. Spiker, planting herself behind me so as to cut off further retreat.

Tim must have caught some echoes of the argument on the spirit world, for down the hill, through the darkness, came his call.

"Go on home, Mark—I'll be back n a minute."

I believed him, and I obeyed.

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## XV

TIM'S minute? God keep me from another as long!

I had my pipe in my chair by the fire, and knocking the ashes out, I went to the door, and with my hand to my ear listened for his footsteps. Tim's minutes are long! Another pipe, and the clock on the mantel marked nine. Still I smoked on. He had had a long talk with Weston, perhaps, and had stopped downstairs for a minute with Mary. She had told him all. How astounded the boy must be! Why, it would take her a half hour at least to convince him that she spoke the truth when she told him she was to marry his wreck of a brother; then when he believed it, another half hour would hardly be enough for him to welcome her into the family of Hope, and to talk over the wonderful fortunes of its sons. Doubtless he had felt it incumbent on himself to sing my praises, for he had always been blind to my faults. In this possibility of his tarrying to display my virtues there was some compensation for my sitting alone, with old Captain and young Colonel, both sleeping, and only my pipe for company. Of course, I should really be there with Tim, but Nanny Pulsifer and Mrs. Spiker had decreed otherwise. Who knows how great may be my reward for bringing them safely past the graveyard!

The third pipe snuffled out. I opened the door and listened. Tim's minutes are long, for the last light in the village is out now. I went to the gate and stood there till I caught the sound of foot-falls. Then I whistled softly. There was no reply, but in a moment Perry Thomas stepped into the light of our window.

"Good evening," he said cheerfully. "It's rather chilly to be swinging on the gate."

"I was waiting for Tim," I answered.

Perry gave a little dry cackle. "Let's go in," he said. "It's too cold out here to discuss these great events."

I did not know what he meant, neither did I much care, for Perry always treated the most trivial affairs in the most elegant language he knew. But now that he stood there with his back to the fire, warming his hands, he made himself more clear.

"Well, Mark," he said, "I congratulate you most heartily."

I divined his meaning. It did not seem odd that he had learned my secret, for I was lost in admiration of his having once weighed an event at its proper value. So I thanked him and returned to my chair and my pipe.

"Of course it hurts me a bit here," said he, laying his hand on his watch-pocket. "I had hopes at one time myself, but I fear I depended too much on music and elocution. Do you know I'm beginnin' to think that a man shouldn't depend so much on art with weemen. I notice them gets along best who doesn't keep their arms entirely occupied with gestures and workin' the fiddle."

Perry winked sagely at this and cackled. He rocked violently to and fro on his feet, from heel to toe and toe to heel.

"Yet it ain't a bit onreasonable," he went on. "The artist thinks he is amusin' others, when, as a matter of fact, he is gettin' about ninety per cent. of the fun himself. We allus enjoys our own singin' best. I see that now. I thought it up as I was comin' down the road and I concided that the next time I seen a likely lookin' Mrs. Perry Thomas, she could do the singin' and the fiddlin' and the elocution, and I'd set by and look on and say, 'Ain't it lovely!' "

"You bear your disappointments bravely," said I.

"Not at all," Perry responded. "I'm used to 'em. Why, I don't know what I'd do if I wasn't disappointed. Some day a girl will happen along who won't disappoint me, and then I'll be so set back, I allow I won't have courage to get outen the walley. Had I knowd yesterday how as all the courtin' I've done since the first of last June was to come tumblin' down on my head to-night like ceilin' plaster, not a wink of sleep would I 'a' had. Now I know it. Does I look like I was goin' to jump down the well? No, sir. 'Perry,' I says, 'you've had a nice time settin' a-dreamin' of her; you've sung love-songs to her as you followed the plough; you've pictured her at your side as you've strayed th'oo fields of daisies and looked at the moon. Now in the natural course of events she's goin' to marry another. When she's gettin' peekit like trying to keep the

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house goin' and at the same time prevent her seven little ones from steppin' into the cistern or fallin' down the hay-hole, you can make up another pretty pickter with one of the nine hundred million other weemen on this globe as the central figger.'"

At the conclusion of this philosophic speech, my visitor adjusted his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, brought himself to rest with a click of his heels and smiled his defiance.

"But I congratulate you truly, heartily," he added.

"Thank you, Perry," I answered. "In spite of your trifling way of regarding women, I hope that some day you may find another as good as Mary Warden."

"The same to you, Mark," said he.

"The same to me?" I cried, with a touch of resentment.

"Of course," he replied. "I says to myself to-night, 'I hope Mark is as fortunate,' I says, when I saw them two a——"

"What two?" I exclaimed, lifting myself half out of my chair in my eagerness.

"Why, Tim and her," Perry answered. "Ain't you heard it yet, Mark? Am I the first to know?"

"Tim and her," I cried. "Tim and Mary?"

"Yes," said Perry.

He saw now that he was imparting strange news to me. In my sudden agitation he divined that that news had struck hard home, and that I was not blessed with his own philosophic nature. The smile left his face. He stepped to me, as I sat there in the chair staring vacantly into the fire, and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"I thought of course you knowd it," he said gently. "I thought of course you knowd all about it, and when I seen them up there to-night, her a-holdin' to him so lovin', says I to myself, 'How pleased Mark will be—he thinks so much of Tim and Mary.'"

Tim's minute! I knew now why it was so long. I should have known it long ago. I feared to ask Perry what he had seen. I divined it. I had debated with myself too much the strangeness of Mary's promise, and often in the last few days there had come over me a vague fear that I was treading in the clouds. She had told me again and again that she cared for me more than for anyone else in the world. But that night when I had asked her if she loved me, she had turned my collar up. I believed that when she spoke then it was what she thought the truth. She had pledged herself to me and I had not demanded more. I had been selfish enough to ask that she link herself to my narrow life, and she had looked at me clear in the eye. "You are strong, Mark, and good and true," she had said, "and in all the world there is none I trust more. I'll love you, too. I promise."

On that promise I had built all my hopes and happiness, and it had failed me. It was not strange. I had been a fool, a silly dreamer, and now I had found it out. A soldier? Paugh! Away back somewhere in the past, I had gone mad at a bugle call. A hero? For a day. For a day I had puffed myself up with pride at my deeds. And now those deeds were forgotten. I was a veteran, a crippled pensioner, an humble pedagogue, a petty farmer. This was the lot I had asked her to share. She had made her promise, and that promise made and broken was more than I deserved. From a heaven she had smiled down on me, and I had climbed to the clouds, reaching out for her. Then her face was turned from me, and down I had come, clattering to common earth, cursing because I had hurt myself.

I turned to my pipe and lighted it again. Old Captain came and rested his head on my knee and looked up at me, as I stroked it slowly.

"Poor dog," I said. It was such a relief, and Perry misunderstood.

"Has he been hurt?" he asked sympathetically.

"Yes," I answered, still stroking the old hound's head. "Very badly. But he'll be all right in a few days—and we'll go on watching the mountains—and thinking—and chasing foxes—to the end—the end that comes to all poor dogs."

"It's curious how attached one gets to a dog," said Perry sagely, resuming his rocking from heel to toe and toe to heel.

"It is curious," I said, smoking calmly. I even forced a grim smile.

Now that I could smile, I was prepared to hear what Perry had to tell me, for after all I had been drawing conclusions from what might prove to be but inferences of

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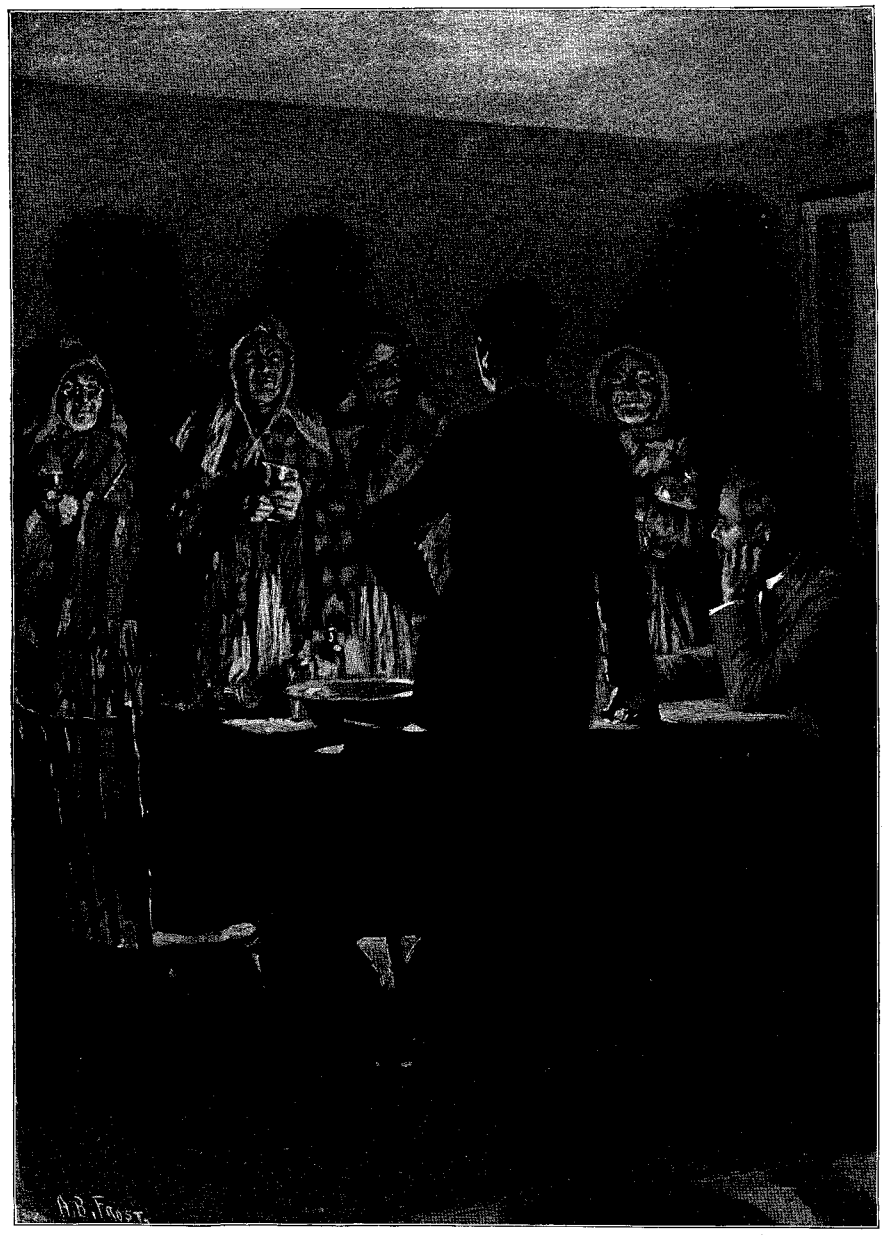


The main thing was proper nursing.—Page 314

his. But he had been so positive that in my inmost heart I knew the import of all he had to say.

"Well, Perry," I said, "you did give me a surprise. I didn't know it, and, to tell the truth, was taken back a bit, for it hurt me here." I imitated his effective waistcoat pocket gesture, which caused him much amusement. "I had hopes myself—you know that, and as I neither fiddled nor recited poetry your own conclusions may be wrong."

"But Tim didn't do nothin'," Perry cackled. "He just goes away and lets her pine. When he comes back she falls right into his arms and gazes up into his eyes, and——" Perry stopped rocking and looked into the fire. "You know, Mark,"



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he said after a pause, "it must be nice not to be disappointed."

"It must be very nice," said I, smoking harder than ever.

"That's what I said to myself as I looked in the window and seen them."

"You looked in the window — you peeped!" I fairly shouted, making a hostile demonstration with a crutch.

"Why, yes," said Perry, looking hurt that I should question his action in the least. "I didn't mean to. Comin' from over the ridge I passed Warden's and thought I'd stop in and warm up and see how Weston was. So I stepped light along the porch, not wantin' to disturb him, and seein' a light in the room, I looked in before I knocked. But I never knocked, for I says to myself, 'I'll hurry down and tell Mark; it'll please him.'"

"And you saw Tim and Mary," said I.

"I should say I did," said Perry, "till I slipped away. But says I to myself, 'It must be nice not to be disappointed.'"

"You said you saw Tim and Mary," said I, a trifle angrily.

"I should say I did," Perry answered, chuckling and rocking again on his feet. "The two of 'em, standin' there in the lamplight by the table, him a-lookin' down like he was dyin', her a-lookin' up like she was dyin' and holdin' on to him like he was all there was left for her in the world. It made me swaller, Mark, it made me swaller."

There was a lump in Perry's throat at that moment, and he stopped his rocking and turned to the fire, so his back was toward me.

"Of course you knocked," said I, after a silence.

"Of course I didn't," he snapped. "Do you suppose I was wanted then? 'No, sir,' I says, 'for them there is only two people in all the world—there's Tim and there's Mary.'"

Perry was putting on his overcoat, winding his long comforter about his neck and drawing on his mittens.

"To tell the truth," he said, with a forced laugh, "I don't feel as chipper as I usually do under such like circumstances. It seems to me you ain't so chipper as you might be, either, Mark."

"Good-night, Perry," I said, smoking very hard.

"Good-night," he answered. At the door he paused and gazed at me.

"Say, Mark," he said, "them two was just intended for one another—you know it—I see you know it. God picked 'em out for one another. I know it. You know it, too. But it's hard not to be picked yourself—ain't it?"

. . . . . .

Tim's minute! God keep me from such another!

It was all so plain now. The fire was dying away. The hands of the clock were crawling off another hour, and still he did not come But what did I care? All in the world that I loved I had lost—Mary and my brother—and Tim had taken both. He who had so much had come in his strength and robbed me, left me to sit alone night after night, with my pipe and my dogs and my crutches. Had he told me that night when I came back to the valley that he loved the girl in all truth, I should have stood aside and cheered him on in his struggle against her, but I had not measured the depth of his mind nor given him credit for cunning. Perry Thomas saw it. He had gone away from her and wounded her by his neglect. In the fabrication of the other girl, the beautiful Edith, whose charms so outshone all other women, he had hit at the heart of her vanity; and now he had come back so gayly and easily to take from me what I might not have won in a lifetime. Losing her, I cared little that what he had done had been in ignorance that I loved her and that she was plighted to me. Losing her, I had no thought of blame for the girl, for when she told me that in all the world she cared for none so much as me, she meant it, for she believed that he had passed out of her life.

By the fireplace, so close that I could put my hand upon the arm, was the rocking-chair I had placed for her, and many a night had I sat there watching it and smiling, and picturing it as it was to be when she came. There would Mary be, sewing beneath the lamplight; there the fire burning, with old Captain and young Colonel, snuggling along the hearthstone; here I should be with my pipe and my book, unread, in my lap, for we should have many things to talk of, Mary and I. We should have Tim. As he played the great game, we should be watching his every move. And when he won, how she and I would smile over it and say "I told you so!"

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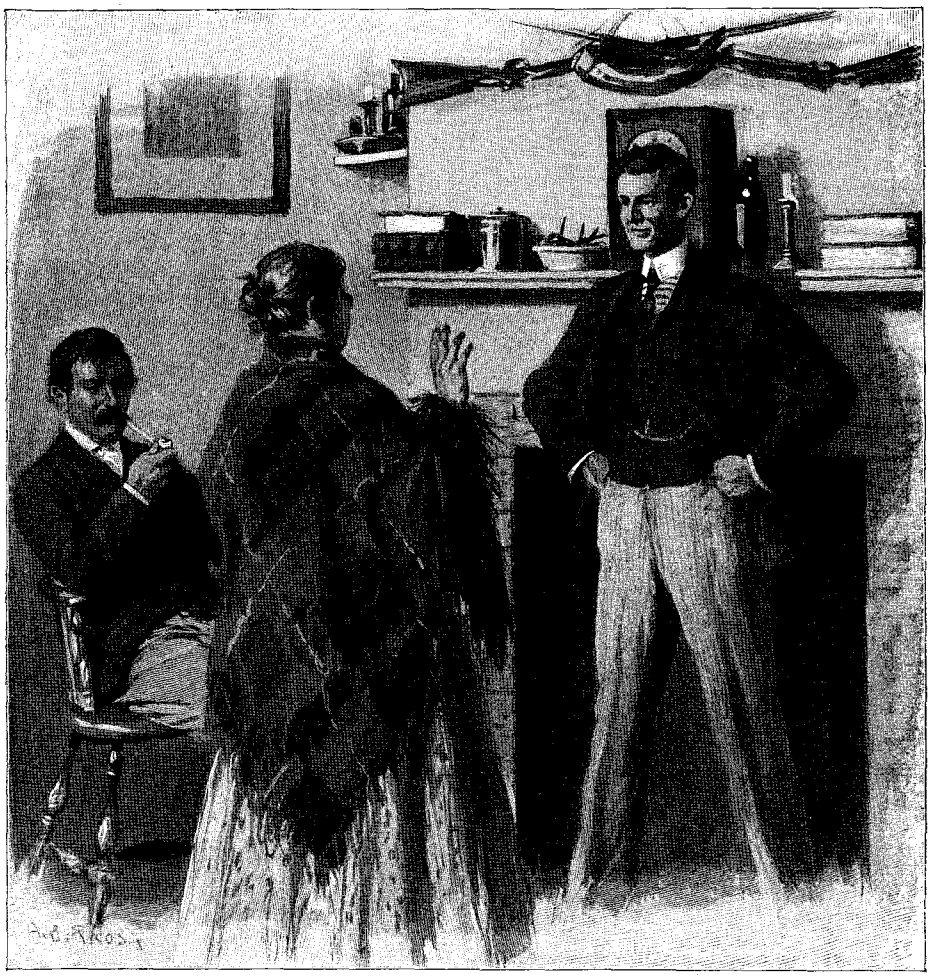

"Well, ain't he tasty!"—Page 315.

When he lost—Tim was never to lose, for Tim was invincible! Tim was a man of brain and brawn. His arm was the strongest in the valley; in all our country there was no face so fine as his; in all the world few men so good and true.

Now he had come! The chair there was empty. So it would always be. But here I should always be with my pipe and my crutches, and the dogs snuggling by the fire.

Tim had come! The clock hands were crawling on and on. His minute had better end. I hurled my pipe into the smouldering coals; I tossed a crutch at little Colonel, and the dog ran howling from the room. Old Captain sat up on his haunches, his slantwise eyes wide open with wonder.

Aye, Captain, men are strange creatures. Their moods will change with every clock-tick. One moment your master sits smoking and watching the flames—the next he is tearing hatless from the house; and it's cold outside and the wind in the chimney is tumbling down the soot. When the wind sings like that in the chimney, it is sweeping full and sharp down the village street, and across the flats by the graveyard, whither he goes hobbling.

Little Colonel comes cautiously into the room, hugging the wall till he is back again at the fireside. With his head beween his fore-paws and one eye closed, he watches the tiny tongue of flame licking up the last coal. There are worse lives than a dog's.



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## XVI

TIM came whistling down the road. He whistled full and clear, and while he was still at the turn of the hill the wind brought me a bit of his rollicking tune as I huddled on the school-house steps, waiting. The world was going well with him. He had all that the wise count good; he was winning what the foolish count better. With head high and swinging arms he came on, the beat of his feet on the hard road keeping time to his gay whistling. Tim was winning in the game. While his brother was droning over the reader and the spelling-book with twoscore leather-headed children, he was fighting his way upward in the world of commerce. While his brother was wringing a living from a few acres of niggardly soil and a little school, he was on the road to riches; while his brother was wrangling with the worthies of the store over the momentous problems of the day, he was where those problems were being worked out and standing by the men who were solving them. All in this world worth having was Tim's, and now even what was his brother's he had taken. To him that hath! From him that hath not! He had all. I had nothing. Now as he came swinging on so carelessly, I knew that I had lost even him.

Never once had there come to my mind the thought of doing my brother any bodily harm. My emotions were too conflicting for me to know just why I had come at all into the night to meet him. Now it was against him that the violence of my anger would vent itself. Now it was against myself, and I cursed myself for an idle, dreaming fool. Then came over me, overwhelming me, a sense of my own utter loneliness, and against it Tim stood out so bold and clear-cut and strong, that I felt myself crying out to him not to desert me, and let a woman take him from me. I thought of the old days when he and I had been all in all to one another, and I hated the woman who had come between us, who had lured me from him, who had lured him from me. Then as against my misery, she stood out so bold and good, so wholly fair, that I cursed Tim for taking her from me. I wanted to see him in the full heat of my anger to tell him to his face how he had served me; to stand before him an accuser till he slunk away from me and left me alone, as I would be alone from now to the end.

So I had quickened my pace, hobbling up the starlit road to the school-house. There I was driven by sheer exhaustion to the shelter of the doorway, and in the narrow refuge I huddled, waiting and listening. The keen wind found me out and seemed to take joy in rushing in on me in biting gusts and then whirling away over the flat. By and by it brought me the rollicking air my brother whistled, and then came the sound of foot-falls. In a moment he would be passing, and I arose, intending to hail him. It was easy enough when I heard only his whistling to picture myself confronting him in anger, but now that in the starlight I could see his dark form coming nearer and nearer; now that he had broken into a snatch of a song we had often sung together, my courage failed me and I slunk farther into my retreat.

So Tim passed me. He went on toward the village, singing cheerfully for company's sake, and I stood alone, in the shadow of the school-house woods, listening. His song died away. I fancied I heard the beat of his stick on the bridge; then there was silence.

I turned. Through the pines on the eastward ridge the moon was climbing, and now the white road stretched away before me. It was the road to her house. The light that gleamed at the head of the hill was her light, and many a night at this same spot I had stopped to take a last look at it. It used to wink so softly to me, as I waved a hand in good-night. Now it seemed to leer. The friendly beacon on the hill had become a wrecker's lantern. A battered hulk of a man, here I was, stranded by the school-house. As the ship on the beach pounds helplessly to and fro, now trying to drive itself farther into its prison, now struggling to break the chains that hold it, so tossed about my love and anger, I turned my face now toward the hill, now toward the village. The same impulse that caused me to draw into the darkness of the doorway instead of facing Tim made it impossible for me to follow him home. Angry though I was, I wanted no quarrel, yet I feared to meet him lest my temper should burst its bounds. But I had

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a bitter wind to deal with, too, and if I could not go home, neither could I stand longer in the road, turning in my quandary from the beacon on the hill where she was to the light that gleamed in our own window in the village where he was.

The school-house gave me shelter.

I groped my way to my desk and there sank into my chair, leaned my head on my hands, and closed my eyes. I wanted to shut out all the world. Here in the friendly darkness, in the quiet of the night, I could think it all out. I could place myself on trial, and starting at the beginning, retracing my life step by step, I would find again the course my best self had laid down for me to follow. For the moment I had lost that clear way. Blinded by my seeming woes, I had been groping for it, and I had searched in vain. But now the dizziness was going, and as I sat there in the darkness, my eyes closed to shut out even the blackness about me, the light came.

After a long while I looked up to see the moon high over the pines on the eastward ridge, and its yellow light poured into the room, casting dim shadows over the white walls, and bringing up before me row on row of spectre desks. The chair I sat in, the table on which I leaned were real enough. They were part of my to-day, but that dim-lighted room was the school-house of my boyhood. The fourth of those spectre desks, measuring back from the stove, was where Tim and I sat day after day together, with heads bowed over open books and eyes aslant. That was not the same Tim who had passed me awhile before, swaggering and singing in the joy of his conquest; that was not the same Tim who had stood before me that very afternoon in all the pomp of well-cut clothes, drawing on his whitened hands a pair of woman's gloves; that was not the same Tim who by his artful lies had won what had been denied my stupid, blundering devotion. My Tim was a sturdy little fellow, whose booted legs scarce touched the floor, whose tousled black head hardly showed above the desk top. His cheeks would turn crimson at the thought of woman's gloves on those brown hands. His tongue would cleave to his mouth in a woman's presence, let alone his lying to her. That was the real Tim—the rare Tim. To my eyes he was but a small boy; to my mind he was a mighty man. The first reader that presented such knotty problems to his intellectual side was but part of the impedimenta of his youth, and

"But there are no ghosts," I argued.—Page 318.

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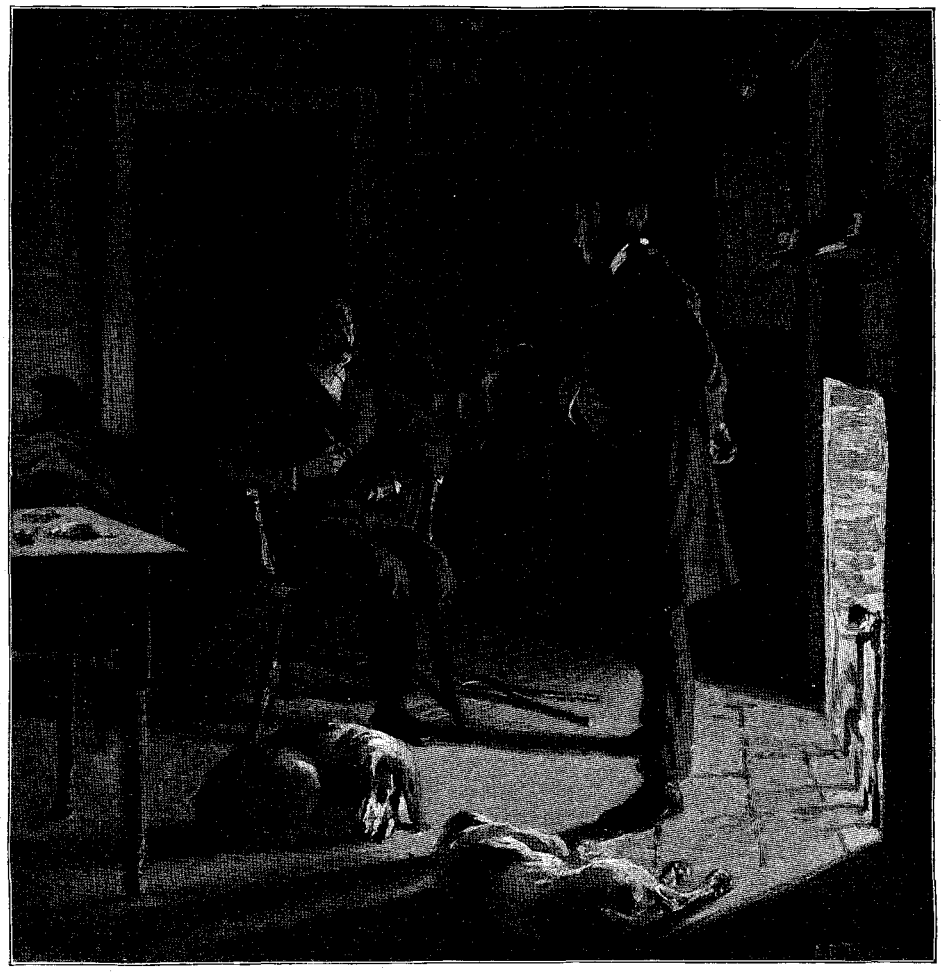

"Of course it hurts me a bit here."—Page 319.

was no fair measure of his real size. That very day he had fought with me and for me; not because I was in the right, but because I was his brother.

A lean, cadaverous boy from along the mountain, a born enemy of the lads of the village, had dared me. I endured his insults until the time came when further forbearance would have been a disgrace, and then I closed with him. In the front of the little circle drawn about us, right outside there in the school-yard, Tim stood. As we pitched to and fro, the cadaverous boy and I, Tim's shrill cry came to me, and time and again I caught sight of his white face and small clenched hands waving wildly. I believe I should have whipped the cadaverous boy. I had suffered his foul kicks and borne him to the ground; in a second I should have planted him fairly on his back, but his brother, like him a lank, wiry lad and singly more than my match, ran at me. My head swam beneath his blows, and I released my almost vanquished enemy to face the new foe with upraised fists. Then Tim came. A black head shot between me and my towering assailant. It caught him full in the middle; he doubled like a staple and with a cry of pain toppled into the snow. This gave me a brief respite to compel my fallen enemy to capitulate, and when I turned from him, his brother was still staggering about in drunken fashion, gasping and crying, "Foul!" Tim did not know what he meant, but was standing



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alert, with head lowered, ready to charge again at the first sign of a renewed attack. He knew neither "fight foul" nor "fight fair"; he knew only a brother in trouble, and he had come to him in his best might.

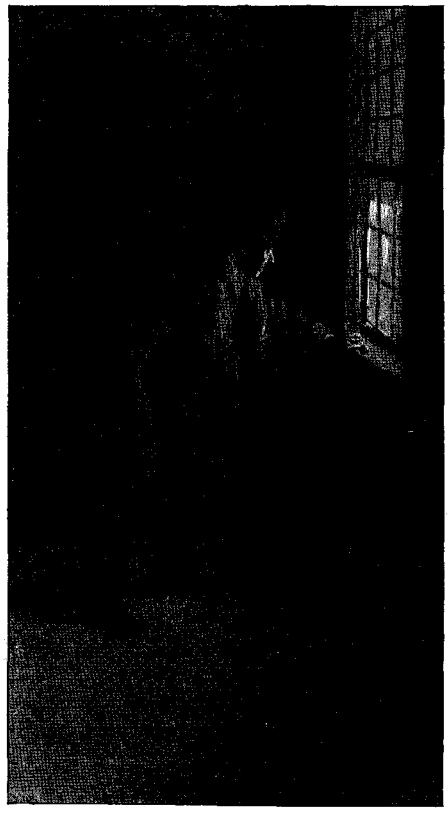
That was the real Tim!

"I guess me and you can whip most anybody, Mark," he said, as he looked up at me from his silly spelling-book that day.

"As long as we stick together, Tim," I whispered in return.

He laughed. Of course we would always stand together.

That was long ago. Life is an everlasting waking up. We leave behind us an endless trail of dreams. The real life is but a waking moment. After all, it was the real Tim who had gone singing by as I crouched in the shadow of the school-house. The comrade of my school-days, who had fought for me with eyes closed and with the fury of a child; the companion of the hunt, racing with me over the ridges with Captain singing on before us; the brother at the fireside at night, poring over some rare novel—he was only a phantom. Between me and the real man there was no bond. He had grown above the valley; I was becoming more and more a part of it, like the lone pine on Gander Knob, or the piebald horse that drew the stage. His clothes alone had made wider the breach between us. At first I had admired him. I was proud of my brother. But Solomon in all his glory was dressed in his best; from Dives to Lazarus is largely a matter of garments. Tim had made himself just a bit better than me, when he donned his well-fitting suit and pulled on his silly gloves. Beside him I was a coarse fellow, and to me he was not the old Tim.



"And seein' a light in the room, I looked in."—Page 321.

This fine man had come back to the valley to take from me all that made life good. He had struck me over the heart and stunned me and then gone singing by. In Mary's eyes he was the better man of the two. To my eyes he was, and I hated him for it. He could go his way and I should go mine, for we must stand alone. In the morning he would go away and leave me with the Tim I loved, with the boy who sat with me at yonder desk, who raced with me over the ridges, who read with me at the fireside.

The shadows deepened in the school-room, for a curtain of clouds was sweeping across the moon. Peering through the window, over the flats, I saw a light gleaming steadily at the head of the village street. It was my light still burning in the window, and I knew that Tim was there, waiting for me. All the past rose up to tell me that he was still the comrade of my school-days, my companion of the hunt, my brother of the fireside.

My head sank to the table and my hands clasped my eyes to shut out the blackness. But the blackness came again.

(To be concluded.)

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*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"Refuse a man like that who's crazy to marry you!"—Page 338.

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# THE UNDERCURRENT

## BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

### XXII

GORDON drew deeply several times at his cigar, then laid it on the bronze tray for ashes within reach, as though he felt that it might profane his thought.

"I come to you to-night, Mr. Prentiss, as man to man, knowing that you wish truth and justice to prevail, and asking you to believe that I desire the same. We are both of us men of affairs in the modern sense."

The rector bowed.

"Then you as the rector of one of the most influential churches in the city will doubtless agree that religion must be sane and reasonable in its demands to-day or it will lose more followers among the educated—and education is constantly spreading—than it gains from the ignorant and superstitious?"

"Assuredly."

"I, on my side, as a layman—whatever our differences of precise faith and dogma—am glad to bear witness that the present social world could do without true religion less than ever before."

The summary pleased Mr. Prentiss. It was reasonable and progressive. "We are entirely in accord there," he answered heartily.

"As I supposed. Then it obviates the necessity of feeling my way. With some clergymen I should not venture to take anything unorthodox for granted, but I believed that we should readily find a common ground of agreement."

The assertion was regarded by Mr. Prentiss as a compliment. Nevertheless he perceived that it behooved him to mark the limits of his liberality.

"The essence of Christianity has nothing to fear either from the higher criticism or the modern world's lack of interest in moribund dogma. May I not say with Paul 'but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before'?"

"And from that point of view may I ask why you have felt constrained to separate Mrs. Stuart and me?"

There was a brief pause. The rector had not the remotest intention of shirking responsibility, but he wished the precise truth to appear.

"It was Mrs. Stuart's own decision."

"I asked her in good faith, after an attachment of several years, to become my wife. She loves me fondly, as I do her. She would have married me had you not convinced her that to do so would be a sin."

"I told Mrs. Stuart that, from the standpoint of her highest duty as a Christian woman, it would be a sin. Not unpardonable sin, if finite intelligence may venture to distinguish the grades of human error, but conduct incompatible with the highest spirituality—and modern spirituality, Mr. Perry."

There was a doughty ring to the rector's tone betokening that he was not averse to crossing swords with his visitor.

"Why would it be a sin?"

Mr. Prentiss knocked the ash from his cigar and held up the glowing tip. "Do you not know?" he asked, fixing his gaze squarely on his antagonist, so that he seemed to attack instead of defend.

"Because she has a husband living—a brute of a husband who, after dragging her down, deserted her shamefully; a husband whom she has ceased to love and from whom the law of this community would grant her a divorce."

"Proceed."

"Because the Church has seen fit to stigmatize as evil that which the State sanctions in a matter vitally affecting the earthly happiness of the human sexes."

Waiting briefly to make sure that the indictment was complete, Mr. Prentiss re-



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joined dryly: "You state the case accurately. My answer is that the Church is merely inculcating the precepts of the Saviour of mankind."

Gordon drew a deep breath. He rejoiced in his opportunity.

"Mr. Prentiss," he said, "you referred just now to the world's lack of interest in moribund dogma; we agreed that the demands of religion to-day must be sane and reasonable. I speak with entire reverence, but I ask whether you honestly believe that the few casual sentences which Christ is reported to have uttered thousands of years ago in Palestine in regard to man's putting away his wife should control complicated modern human society —the Christian civilization of to-day—so as to preclude a pure woman like Mrs. Stuart, under the existing circumstances, from obtaining happiness for herself and her children by becoming my wife? I ask you as an intelligent human being and a just man if this is your opinion?"

There was no hesitation on the rector's part; on the contrary, firm alacrity.

"It is."

"And yet you know that a large portion of the civilized world ignores the doctrine," answered Gordon, curbing his disappointment. He had not expected to encounter this stone wall.

"I do, to its shame and detriment. The Church is not responsible for that."

"Then your argument rests on the letter of Christ's words?"

"It does and it does not." There was triumph in the rector's voice as he laid emphasis on the qualifying negation. He had hoped to lead his censor to this very point. "Nor does the spiritual objection of the woman who has refused to marry you rest solely on that ground. She is an intelligent person, Mr. Perry. She perceives, as I perceive, that what you ask her to consent to do would be evil for the human race as well as contrary to the teachings of our Lord. There is nothing moribund in that attitude. It is vital, timely righteousness. Mrs. Stuart must have set this double reason before you."

Gordon remembered that she had. In his agitation during their final interview, believing that she was laboring under a neurotic delusion, he had given little heed to her argument. Now, as a lawyer, he perceived the ingenuity of the plea, though he still regarded her as the victim of clerical sophistry. Yet he made no immediate response, and Mr. Prentiss took advantage of the opportunity to elucidate the situation.

"Mr. Perry, you are led away by the special merits of your own case. I acknowledge the hardship; I grant the pathos of the circumstances. They present the strongest instance which could be cited in justification of remarriage by a divorced person. But there must be more or less innocent victims on the altar of every great principle. The Lord has demanded this service of His handmaid, and, though her heart is wrung, she rejoices in it."

"I see," said Gordon, "and that presents the real issue. Why should the Church usurp the functions of the State? Why in this age of the world should it decide what is best for the human race in a temporal matter, and substitute an arbitrary and inflexible ethical standard of its own for the judgment of organized society?"

Mr. Prentiss's nostrils dilated from the intensity of his kindled zeal. "Why? For two reasons. First, because the Church declines to regard as a temporal matter an abuse which threatens the existence of the family, the corner-stone of Christian civilization; and, second, because the State has flagrantly neglected its duty, allowing divorce to run riot through the nation without uniform system or decent limitations. Is the Church to remain tongue-tied when the stability of the holy bond of matrimony has become dependent on the mere whims of either party?"

"I see the force of your position. I will answer you categorically. As to the first reason, it seems to me untenable. As to the second, you accused me just now of seeing only my side. Let me retaliate, and at the same time suggest that, though you may seem to have a strong case, you do not know the real facts." Gordon, having reached a more dispassionate stage of the argument, remembered his cigar, which he proceeded to relight. But the rector, not accustomed to such colloquial dissent, threw his own in the fireplace and crossed his arms.

"Regarding your first plea in behalf of the Church's interference that the Church

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does not look on marriage as a temporal concern, let me remind you," continued Gordon, "that marriage is the only matter in the realm of human social affairs where the Church undertakes to nullify by positive ordinance the law of the State—where there is divided authority. In all other social affairs the law of the State is paramount. The Church forbids abstract vices—malice, uncharitableness, lust, selfishness, intemperance, but it does not attempt to define these in terms of human conduct, or to substitute canons for the secular statute book."

"The Church regards marriage as a sacrament."

"The Roman Catholic and the Episcopal. If I may say so, the attitude of both these churches is a foreign influence."

The clergyman drew himself up. "Foreign?"

"Yes, foreign to native American ideas, and I might add foreign to the claims of the first followers of Christianity, for the early Christian Church did not assert the right to perform the marriage ceremony, or to regulate marriage. Its protectorate dates from a later period. But what I had in mind was that it is antagonistic to the spirit both of our forefathers and their descendants. In the early days of New England, the service of marriage was performed not by the minister, but by the magistrate, and marriages by clergymen were forbidden. It was the authority of the State, the commonwealth, the considered judgment of the community which was recognized."

Mr. Prentiss nodded. "You are a Unitarian, I judge."

"I was brought up in the Unitarian faith. Like most American men I believe in the power of the individual to work out his own salvation."

"But what message have you for a world of sinners?" asked the rector, trenchantly.

"I appreciate the force of your criticism. I am conscious that the weakness of Unitarianism—of individual liberty of conscience—is its coldness, that it does not constantly hold out to the degenerate soul the lure of a new spiritual birth. It is for this reason largely that your Church and the Catholic Church have gained fresh converts in this country and this city. Moreover those churches have promoted among us picturesqueness, color, and sentiment. But, on the other hand, their spirit is autocratic, if not aristocratic, and in their love for the pomp of the ages, in their fealty to the so-called vested rights of civilization, they have little sympathy with the rational, every-day reasoning of republican democracy."

Mr. Prentiss pursed his lips. There was no offence in the speaker's manner or tone which would justify a rebuke; on the contrary they both suggested that he was trying to speak dispassionately. But the conclusions stirred the rector's blood, and he tightened his folded arms.

"You seem to forget that the spirit of Christian philanthropy, of the loving brotherhood of man, is the controlling emotional force in the Episcopal—yes, in the Roman Church to-day. You yourself are familiar, for example, with the work of my Mr. Starkworth in the Church of the Redeemer."

"Yes. But neither Church has compassion on the misery of common humanity when to relieve it would conflict with the hard and fast letter of church law. That is where—and notably in this matter of recognizing divorce—the other Protestant churches—the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Baptist—have been more tolerant. They have refused to insist that it is for the benefit of mankind that, under all circumstances, men and women unhappily married should remain in durance vile without the possibility of escape, or, having escaped, should be condemned by precept to celibacy for the rest of their lives. And these are sects whose creed is based on the essential sinfulness of human nature."

The rector glowered at Gordon for a moment from under his brows. "Then where will you draw the line?" This was Mr. Prentiss's trump card. It expressed his utter weariness with what he regarded as the foul system of conflicting and irresponsible legislation, unceasingly and scandalously availed of.

"That brings us to your second proposition!" exclaimed Gordon. "As to whether the State is faithless to its duty. Have you a copy of the public laws, Mr. Prentiss?"

"Assuredly." The rector strode across the room and taking down two large vol-

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umes from the book-shelf presented them to his visitor. It gratified him to demonstrate by this practical test the broadness of his humanity.

"Do you happen to know the causes for which divorce is granted in this State?"

Mr. Prentiss hesitated. Evidently he had no exact information on the subject, which at this juncture was disconcerting. "For far too many causes; I am sure of that," he replied, stoutly.

"I will read them to you. 'Impotence; adultery; desertion for three years; sentence for felony for two years; confirmed habits of intoxication; extreme cruelty; grossly and wantonly refusing to support wife.'"

The rector listened alertly, hoping to be able to pounce on some conspicuously insufficient provision. Since this did not appear he made a sweeping assertion. "They are all inadequate in my opinion except unfaithfulness to the marriage vow, and I often doubt the wisdom of making an exception there. I am by no means sure that the Roman Church is not right in its refusal to admit the validity of divorce for any cause whatever."

"But what has been the course of history since the Roman Church promulgated its canon at the Council of Trent more than three hundred years ago? The cause of common sense and justice as represented by the State has, in spite of the fierce opposition of the clergy, won victory after victory, until the institution of marriage has been placed under the control of the secular law on most of the continent of Europe, and the right to divorce and the right to remarry widely recognized—for instance in France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark. In France it's a criminal offence for a priest to perform the religious ceremony of marriage until after the civil ceremony."

"Yes, and it was France which during the days of the Revolution permitted divorce at the mere option of either party. And there are signs that we are rapidly imitating that same barbaric laxity in the United States, and in this community."

"And if it were, would it be so much more barbarous a condition than the conservatism of the English law of Church and State, which grants divorce to the man whose wife has been guilty of adultery, but withholds it from a woman unless her husband has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment into the bargain?"

The rector was touched on another sensitive point. He put out the palm of his hand. "I fail to see the relevancy of your comparison, Mr. Perry. However, the American Episcopal Church is not responsible for the flaws in the details of the English establishment. The two are harmonious and their aims are identical, but we do not follow blindly."

"Yet the American Episcopal Church follows its English parent, and the Roman Catholic in maintaining that the woman whose husband is an inveterate drunkard, is convicted of murder or embezzlement, kicks and beats her shamefully, or deserts her utterly in cold blood, is guilty of a crime against heaven and against society if she breaks the bond and marries again. Progressive democracy in the person of the State is more lenient, more merciful. It refuses to believe that one relentless, arbitrary rule is adapted to the exigencies of human society. It insists that each case should be judged on its merits, and both relief afforded and fresh happiness permitted when justice so demands. Think of the many poor creatures in the lower ranks condemned by your inexorable doctrine to miserable, lonely lives, who might otherwise be happy!"

Mr. Prentiss's brow contracted as though he were a little troubled by the appeal to his sympathy with the toiling mass. "One wearies of this everlasting demand for happiness in this life," he murmured. "Was Christ happy? They are free to disregard the authority of the Church if they see fit," he added. "I for one should not feel justified in refusing the communion to a divorced woman who had remarried."

"But the Catholic Church would and does uniformly; and the high church party in your own church would disapprove of your leniency. The vital point is that both churches and you yourself brand those who disobey as spiritually impure, or at least inferior, a stigma which appalls the best women. And so they are held as in a cruel vice. So you have held her who was to be my wife."

The reversion to the personal equation reminded the rector that this was no academic discussion.

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"You have not answered my question yet. Where will you draw the line? Granting for the moment—which I by no means agree to—that gross habits of intoxication, felony, or absolute desertion are valid grounds for breaking the nuptial bond, let me cite the law to you in turn, Mr. Perry." Thereupon Mr. Prentiss stepped to the shelves again, and running through the pages of a book, discovered presently the data of which he was in search. "What do you think of these reasons?" he asked in a scorching tone. "American grounds of divorce: 'When it shall be made to appear, to the satisfaction and conviction of the court, that the parties cannot live in peace and union together, and that their welfare requires a separation,' Utah; 'Voluntarily living separate for one year,' Wisconsin; 'For any cause that permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner and defeats the purposes of the marriage relation,' Connecticut; 'For any cause in the discretion of the court,' Kentucky; 'Whenever the judge who hears the cause decrees the case to be within the reason of the law, within the general mischief the law intended to remedy, or within what it may be presumed would have been provided against by the legislature establishing the foregoing cause of divorce, had it foreseen the specific case and found language to meet it without including cases not within the same reason, he shall grant the divorce,' Arizona; and in a host of States, 'One year's absence without reasonable cause.'"

"I told you that you seemed to have a good case," said Gordon, smiling. "But I do not think that you understand the facts, understand the real nature of the abuse, for I heartily agree that an abuse exists even from the standpoint of those who maintain that divorce should be granted on the slenderest grounds. As to the extracts which you have just read, I judge that the book is not a recent publication."

"I have reason to believe that it is authoritative."

"Undoubtedly it was so at the time. But several of the provisions in question have been repealed and are no longer law."

"Ah," said the rector. "But you cannot deny that it is still the law that a man and woman may be married in one jurisdiction and adjudged guilty of adultery or bigamy in another; that the marriage tie is broken daily on the most frivolous grounds and with the most indecent haste; and that there is wide and revolting discrepancy between the statutes of the several United States."

Gordon nodded. "I cannot deny the substantial accuracy of the indictment."

"Well, sir, how do you justify it? Is not civil society neglecting its duty?"

"I do not justify the defects in some of the legal machinery, and to this extent I agree that society is derelict. But what I wish to make clear is that nearly all the legal grounds for divorce in the several States are just and reasonable—substantially the same as in this State—and that the abuses against which they afford relief are such as render the relation of husband and wife intolerable. There are a few vague and lax exceptions such as you have cited, but they are fast disappearing. The real and the salient evil lies in the looseness of administration sanctioned in some jurisdictions, by means of which collusive divorces are obtained by pretended residents, and close scrutiny of the facts is avoided by the courts. To permit legal domicile to be acquired by a residence of three months, as in Dakota, is a flagrant invitation to fraud; but that and kindred abuses are defects in the police power, and have only a collateral bearing on the main issue between us, which is whether democracy can ever be induced to reconsider its decision that it is for the best interests of human nature that the innocent wife or husband, to whom a cruel wrong has been done, should be free to break the bond and marry again. There is the real question, Mr. Prentiss. You as a churchman—a foreign churchman I still claim—demand that the woman whose life has been blighted by a husband's brutality, sentenced for heinous crime, abandonment, or degrading abuse of liquor should remain his wife to the end, though he has killed every spark of love in her soul. The Church will never be able to convince the American people or modern democracy that this is spiritual or just."

"And yet a man who has been prohibited by the courts of New York from marrying again has merely to step into New Jersey and his marriage there will be recognized

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and upheld by the courts of New York. But that you will probably describe as another instance of defect in the police power. The line which you draw is evidently that which any particular body of people—sovereign States I believe they call them—sees fit to establish. The logical outcome of such a theory can only be social chaos. The sanctity of the home is fundamentally imperilled thereby."

"And yet," said Gordon, "the family life of the American people compares favorably with that of any nation in affection, morality, and happiness. More than three-fourths of the applicants for divorce in the United States are women. They have thrown off the yoke of docile suffering which the convention of the centuries has fastened upon them."

"Some of them," interposed the rector with spirited incisiveness. "The shallow, the self-indulgent, the indelicate, the earthly minded. There are many who are still true to the behests of the spirit," he added significantly. It was doubtless an agreeable reflection to him that the one woman in the world for his antagonist was among the faithful.

"On the contrary, I believe that their number is made up largely of the intelligent, the earnest, and the vitally endowed. Democracy maintains that it is no worse for children to be educated where love or legal freedom exists than where there is thinly concealed hate, contempt, or indifference."

It was obvious that neither had been or would be convinced by the other's argument. Probably each had been well aware of this from the first. Gordon had come warm with what he regarded as the unwarranted injustice of the clergyman's successful interference, unable to credit the belief that it would not be withdrawn when the case was coolly laid before him. On his part Mr. Prentiss had listened indulgently, certain of the deep-rooted quality of his convictions, but willing to hear the opposite side stated by a trained antagonist. He had been glad of an opportunity to elucidate the Church's attitude, and had not been without hopes of making cogent to this censor of different faith the civilizing righteousness of the ecclesiastical stand, or at any rate—which would be in the line of progress—the demoralizing insufficiency of the current secular reasons for divorce. Apparently he had failed in both, and moreover had encountered a disposition toward obnoxious radicalism which was disturbing.

"Then I am to assume that you, and so far as you are at liberty to speak for them, the American people," (Mr. Prentiss could be subtly biting when the occasion demanded) sanction practically indiscriminate divorce?"

Gordon disregarded the sarcastic note. The bare question itself was sufficiently interesting.

"It is true, as you suggested just now, that the American people have gone further in that direction than any other except the French. In France, after the latitude of optional divorce palled, divorce was abolished and was never authorized again, as you may remember, until very recently —1884. In the exuberance of our enthusiasm for personal liberty the legislators in some of our States—especially those of most recent origin, have shown an inclination to pass laws which justify your conclusion. But there is at present a reaction. The people have become disgusted with the licentious shuffling on and off of the marriage tie by the profligate element of the fashionable rich through temporary residence and collusive proceedings in other States. You and I have a recent flagrant instance in this city in mind. Every good citizen abhors such behavior, Mr. Prentiss. But the public conscience has become aroused, and steps are being taken to reform what I termed the defects in the police power, partly by amendment of the loose provisions by some of the offending States, and partly by provisions in other States challenging the jurisdictional validity of foreign divorces granted to their own citizens on paltry grounds. It is perhaps a misfortune that a national divorce law is only among the remote possibilities. And yet, can there be any doubt that any uniform law which the American people would consent to adopt would necessarily include every one of the grounds already law in this State, and which the Church labels as inadequate?"

Mr. Prentiss twisted in his chair. "If the Church were satisfied that the State was sincere, a reasonable compromise might not be impossible. Some of our

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thoughtful clergy have been feeling their way toward this."

Gordon shook his head. "But even your Church would yield so little; and the Roman Catholic nothing at all. Would you consent to divorce for gross drunkenness or conviction for felony?"

"If so, what becomes of the spiritual obligation that one takes the other for better or for worse? Shall a woman desert her husband in misery? Is long-suffering devotion to become antiquated?"

"As an obligation, yes. If she loves him still, she will cling to him. But if their natures are totally at variance, if she has been cruelly wronged and disappointed by his conduct, she should have the right to leave him and to wed again. The world of men and women has ceased to believe that individual happiness should be sacrificed until death to the cruel or degenerate vices of another."

"The doctrine of selfish individualism," murmured the rector.

"Mrs. Stuart informed me that you made that cry the basis of your objection. I agree with you that individualism has in many directions been given too free scope, and that modern social science is right in demanding that it should be curbed for the common good. But only when it *is* for the common good, Mr. Prentiss. Divorce and remarriage are in many instances necessary for the welfare of humanity, for the protection and relief of the suffering and virtuous and the joyous refreshment of maimed, tired lives."

"And how liable they are to become tired with such easy avenues of escape!" Mr. Prentiss hastened to exclaim. "So long as remarriage is stigmatized as a lapse from spiritual grace, young couples will be patient and long suffering. The truest love is often the fruit of mutual forbearance during the early years of wedlock. It is only one step from what you demand to divorce for general incompatibility. I have yet to hear you disclaim belief that this would be for the common good, Mr. Perry." Mr. Prentiss rolled out the phrase "general incompatibility" with fierce gusto, as though he were scornfully revelling in its felicity as an epitome of his opponent's theory carried to its logical conclusion. He had been sparring for wind, waiting for an opening as it were, and feeling that he had found it, he forced the fighting.

"It is difficult to forecast what is to be the future evolution of the divorce problem," answered Gordon, reflectively. "On one side is the security of the home, as you have indicated, on the other the claims of justice and happiness. Just now respectable society stands a little aghast—and no wonder—at the scandalous lack of reverence for the marriage tie shown by our new plutocracy——"

"Godless people!" interjected the rector.

"And will doubtless mend its fences for the time being so as to refuse divorce except for genuine tangible wrongs, such as those we have discussed. But if you ask me whether I believe that in the end general incompatibility—meaning thereby total lack of sympathy between husband and wife—will be recognized by human society as a valid and beneficial ground, my answer is that the social drift is that way. It will depend on the attitude of the women. They constitute by far the majority of the applicants for divorce, as you know. If they become convinced that it will not be for the welfare and happiness of themselves and their children to remain tied to men utterly uncongenial, the State probably will give them their liberty. But one thing is certain," he added, "the Church will never be able to fasten again upon the world its arbitrary standard."

Gordon rose as he finished. He felt that the interview was at an end, a drawn battle so far as change of opinion was concerned. But he had chosen to complete his bird's-eye glimpse of the possible future with a definite and pointed prediction.

Mr. Prentiss had listened with astonishment to the speculative suggestion. He had expected a disavowal of the license embodied in his taunt, and a floundering attempt at limitation which he hoped would involve his adversary in an intellectual quicksand. Up to this point he had fancied Gordon, though he had disagreed with him. But now, as he also rose, he manifested a shade of haughtiness, as though he were dismissing someone who had come perilously near landing himself outside the pale of the respect which one man owes another of the same class.

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Ignoring the assertion as to the decay of the Church's power, he said:

"Such an evolution as you predict, sir, would undermine the structure of human society."

"It would be more or less revolutionary, certainly," answered Gordon, blandly. The possibility seemed not to have proper terrors for him, which was puzzling to the clergyman, who was loth to regard this well-appearing young man as a sympathizer with radical social doctrines. He stared at Gordon a moment.

"So long as women are as pure and spiritual minded as Mrs. Stuart the laxity which you seem to invite will be out of the question."

Here was an unequivocal reminder to Gordon of the real fruitlessness of his interview. It was in effect a challenge; and he accepted it as such.

"She will yet become my wife."

Mr. Prentiss shook his head. "I have known her longer than you," he asserted proudly.

For a moment there was silence. Issue had been joined in these two sentences, and further speech was superfluous. It was Gordon who relieved the tension, which seemed almost hostile, by putting out his hand.

"Mr. Prentiss," he said, cheerily, "we disagree utterly, but that is no reason surely why we should not part with amicable respect for each other's differences of opinion? I know you are actuated solely by the desire to accomplish what you believe to be right."

The genial appeal was instantly reciprocated. The clergyman grasped the outstretched hand and shook it firmly. To agree to disagree gracefully was in keeping with his theories as to the proper attitude of men of affairs.

"Mr. Perry," he said, "I am glad to have made your acquaintance. Believe me, I grieve that the Church in my person must stand between you and happiness. If any matter at any time arises where you think I could be of public service, do not hesitate to consult me. I am well aware that we both are laborers in the same vineyard."

Considering that their theological views were nearly as divergent as the poles, and that they were battling for a woman's soul, this was eminently conciliatory and rational on either side.

## XXIII

THE parting with Gordon had been exceedingly painful for Constance, but she had not wavered. The circumstance that they were in the street had been a serviceable protection, for it forced upon the interview a restraint which must have been lacking had they been indoors. She was enabled to keep her lover at bay, and to meet his protestations of devotion and dismay with the answer that she had made up her mind. At the outset she had explained to him in a few words that she had become convinced that marriage would be inconsistent with her highest spiritual duty and hence must be renounced. Her responses to his arguments and impetuous questions were brief and substantially a repetition of her plea that it was incumbent on them for the good of civilization to stifle their love. He did most of the talking, she listened, and under the influence of her resolution rebuffed him gently from time to time, trying to make plain to him that separation was inevitable. When they had reached Lincoln Chambers she felt it advisable for both their sakes that he should not enter, but that they should part with as little excitement as possible. Of what avail an emotional scene such as would be sure to take place were she to let him in? So she had bidden him good-by then and there, informing him that she was to become Mrs. Wilson's secretary. She had permitted herself finally one last hand clasp and the luxury of saying, "May God bless you, Gordon. You have been the truest friend a woman ever had. I wish you might be more. Good-by." Then she had fled, leaving him standing aghast and still refusing to believe that she could be in earnest.

After she was alone she was free to weep, and weep she did, divining, perhaps, that the surest way to drown her grief was to let sorrow have sway for the moment. When she faced life on the morrow, quiet and resolute, she could not help thinking of the Catholic Sisters of Charity whom she was in the habit of seeing on the street, whose faces so constantly suggested that they had dispensed with earthly happiness. But her elastic nature demanded that she should seek earthly happiness still, and

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she found herself protesting against the thought that her renunciation might sadden the remainder of her life. Was not her sacrifice for the welfare of society? If so, it behooved her to behold in it a real blessing over which she should rejoice. If it were not a cause for congratulation, a real escape from evil, she was simply worshipping a fetich as Gordon had declared. It was no case of preference for spiritual over mundane things, but of a choice of what was best for her as a human being. Hence she ought to find fresh zest in life itself, not wait for future rewards.

So she sought to deaden her senses to every thought or memory of Gordon, and to take up her new life as a quickening privilege. The first thing to do was to regain the complete use of her eyes, and for this patient idleness during several months would be necessary.

Therefore, without demur, she lived up to her promise to Mrs. Wilson by accepting the funds necessary for her support until such time as she was able to assume the full duties of her position. Mrs. Wilson made this easier for her by sending her to investigate diverse philanthropic and sociological appeals and employing her on a variety of errands. The present secretary had agreed to remain until Constance could take her place, and was glad to delegate such duties as the latter could perform. Accordingly Constance reported daily for instructions and had the run of the office appropriated to the secretary's use, a pretty room furnished with a convenient but artistic desk, a typewriter and all the paraphernalia for the despatch of a large correspondence. She longed for the day to arrive when this room would be hers, and she could devote herself unreservedly to the furtherance of Mrs. Wilson's wide interests.

One evening, some fortnight after the parting between Constance and Gordon, Loretta came bouncing into Constance's apartment. She had been employed in one place as a nurse during that period, but had completed her engagement the day before. She appeared to be in good spirits, and Constance noticed that she had on a new hat and jacket more gaudy than was her custom, as though she had spent her earnings promptly and freely. Moreover she looked knowing. The cause of this last manifestation was disclosed when, after a few preliminary greetings, she exclaimed:

"And so you've left Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law!"

"Yes. It wouldn't have been fair to Mr. Perry to ask him to wait. Besides, Mrs. Wilson has invited me to become her private secretary. Miss Perkins is going to be married."

Loretta cocked her head on one side and winked an eye. She appeared amused by this plausible explanation, which apparently was not news to her.

"I guess somebody else is going to be married, too."

Constance felt uncomfortable; she scented mischief. But there was nothing to do but look innocent.

"A little bird told me to-day that you had only to nod your head to become Mrs. Gordon Perry, Esq." Enjoying the look of confusion which this bold sally evoked, Loretta approached Constance and peered mockingly into her face.

"It's so, isn't it? You're engaged and you can't deny it. I knew it!"

"Nothing of the kind, Loretta," she managed to articulate with decision.

The little bird was evidently Mrs. Harrity. But the charwoman's gossip could only have been conjecture, and of course her inquisitor knew nothing definite.

"Well, it's your own fault if it isn't. From what I hear he's just crazy to get you." Loretta paused a moment; she was ferreting for information. She seized Constance by the shoulders and fixed her again with her shrewd gaze. "You can't fool me, Constance Stuart. There's something in the wind. I shan't rest until I find out."

Constance noticed that her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her eyes unnaturally bright. Could she have been drinking? Surely not, or her breath would have betrayed her. Doubtless it was only the excitement of deviltry awakened by feminine curiosity. Then it occurred to Constance to tell her. Was it not best to tell her? Loretta would make her life miserable, so she had intimated, if she concealed the truth. And then again, as she was sacrificing her love for a principle, why conceal from this other struggler the vital conclusion she had reached? It might help, or at

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least stimulate Loretta. She shrank from disclosing her precious secret, but now that she was interrogated, was it not the simplest, the most straightforward course to confess what had happened and explain her reason?

"Sit down, Loretta, and I will tell you."

The girl obeyed, surveying her with an exultant mien. Constance hesitated a moment. It was not easy to begin. "Mr. Perry and I have talked things over. Yes, Loretta, he did ask me to marry him."

Loretta uttered what resembled a whoop of triumph, partly to celebrate her own perspicacity, partly by way of congratulation. "I felt sure of it. I knew he loved you by the way he was carrying on."

"And I loved him, but I'm not going to marry him. We are to see no more of each other for the present. It would be wrong for me to become his wife."

Loretta stared as though she could not believe her ears. "Wrong? Who says so? You don't mean to tell me you've refused him?"

"Yes," said Constance a little sadly, for the genuineness of the surprise expressed recalled her own perplexity in discerning an adequate reason for the sacrifice.

Loretta gasped. "Well, you are a fool, and no mistake! Refuse a man like that who's crazy to marry you and whom you love! Wrong? What's wrong about it?"

"It's contrary to the law of my Church, which forbids a woman who has a husband living from marrying again."

"But he's as good as dead so far as you're concerned," interjected Loretta.

Without heeding this pertinent remark, Constance proceeded to state the so-called spiritual objections with succinct fervor. She felt the desire to reiterate aloud their complete potency.

Loretta listened closely, but with obvious bewilderment and disdain. Even now she seemed unable to credit her companion's announcement as genuine.

"If your clergyman won't marry you, get a justice of the peace. That's just as good."

Constance shook her head. "From my point of view remarriage would be sinful —impure."

Loretta leaned back on the lounge where she was sitting and clasped her hands behind her head. She appeared to be at a loss to find words to express her feelings.

"And you mean to tell me that you've let that man go—the man you love and who'd give you a fine home and be a fond husband to you—for such a reason as that?"

"Yes," answered Constance, stanchly.

"Then all I can say is you didn't deserve such luck. He's too good for you."

Loretta's conviction went so deep that she had become grave, and, so to speak, dignified in her language.

"He's too good for any woman I know," Constance felt impelled to assert. "But for both our sakes, all the same, it was my duty not to marry him. Mr. Perry knows my reasons and—and respects them."

Constance had wondered many times what her lover's present emotions were, but she chose to take no less than this for granted.

"If he loves you as much as I guess he does, he must just hate you, Constance Stuart. My! Think of throwing up a chance like that." Then suddenly a thought occurred to Loretta, and leaning forward she asked tensely, "Does *she* know?"

The suggestion of resentment on Gordon's part had been to Constance like a dash of scalding water. The question just put served as a restorative.

"Mrs. Wilson? It was she who advised me to let him go. She agrees with me entirely."

Loretta looked astonished and disappointed; then she frowned.

"Just because you've been married once? Not if you got a divorce?"

"Never, so long as my husband is alive and we are liable to meet in the flesh."

Constance realized that her phraseology had a clerical sound; still she felt that she had a right to the entire arsenal of the Church.

"And she believes that too, does she? Believes that it would be wicked for a good looking, hard-working girl, whose husband has left her in the lurch, and may be dead for all she knows or cares, to get a divorce and marry again? And that's the Church? My! but it's the crankiest thing I ever heard. That's the sort of thing which sets the common folk who use their wits against religion. There's no sense in it. She's a widow; would she refuse to marry again if the right man came along?"

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"That's different," said Constance, perceiving that an answer was expected.

"And what's the difference? It's all right to be spliced to another man in three months after the breath is out of the first one's body, as some of them do, but impure to marry again so long as the husband who has dragged you round by the hair of your head is liable to drop in. If it comes to that, and marriages are made in heaven, as the clergy say, what do the dead husbands and wives think about second marriages anyway? I'd be real jealous if I were dead."

"The Church has thought it all out and come to the conclusion that it is the best rule for human society."

Constance spoke with hurried emphasis, hoping to terminate the discussion. She did not desire to argue the matter with Loretta; at the same time she recognized the familiar pertinency of the allusions to dead husbands and wives.

Loretta detected Constance's nervous agitation. "I hate to think it of her," she cried with sudden illumination, "but I believe she has badgered you into it!"

"Nothing of the kind, Loretta. It's my my own free choice. Mrs. Wilson simply made clear to me the Church's side."

Loretta sneered. "It's downright cruel, that's what I call it. The Church's side! The Church doesn't recognize divorce, but there's always been ways for the rich—the folk with pull, kings and such—to get the marriages they were tired of pronounced void from the beginning. It was only necessary to show that they had been god-parents to the same child, or were twenty-fifth cousins by affinity, as it's called, or some such tomfoolery. It didn't take Napoleon long when he wished to get rid of Josephine to induce the Catholic Church to declare that they never had been married, though it was a good church wedding before a cardinal. Pshaw! The Church has fooled the people long enough. What we want is justice and common sense."

That same cry for justice, that same appeal to common sense; and from what very different lips! Yet though Constance shrank from the coarseness of the exposition, somehow the naked saliency of the argument was more persuasive than Gordon's subtler plea. Her instinctive compassion for the masses asserted itself. The fact that Loretta should have touched at once the crucial point which Gordon's trained intelligence had emphasized struck her forcibly. And, after all, what was she herself but one of the common people? But she said:

"The scandal in Mrs. Wilson's own family has been the greatest grief and mortification to her."

Loretta bridled. "Yes, and when Mrs. Waldo gets her divorce in South Dakota and comes back married again, won't everybody she cares about receive her just the same? In six months she'll be staying in Benham and her mother'll be inviting all the other multi-millionnaires to meet her at a big blow-out; see if she don't." She paused, and her eyes took on a crafty look. "What do you suppose she'd say if I were to go back to my man?"

Constance sat bolt upright from apprehension. Loretta's air of mystery, which was accentuated by a whispering tone, conveyed to her the true import of the intimation. Yet she would not seem to understand.

"What do you mean, Loretta?"

"My man; the father of my child. He was in town the other day. He has found out where I am and has been plaguing me to go back to him."

"Did he ask you to marry him?" asked Constance, seeking that solution.

"That's not what he meant. But I've thought of that, too—on baby's account. I guess he would if I were set on it. But we're both doing well single, and—" She stopped and laughed sarcastically—"and supposing we didn't like each other and got divorced, I could never marry anyone else."

"No matter about that now, Loretta. Do you love him still?"

"It's love that makes the world go round. There isn't much else worth living for, I guess." She pursed her lips after this enigmatical answer, then suddenly relaxed them in an impetuous outburst. "One thing's sure, Constance Stuart, *you* don't know what love is or you'd never have sent away Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law."

"Don't, Loretta," said Constance, imploringly.

"It's true."

"I love him with all my heart. You don't understand."

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"Pish! If you'd loved him as a woman loves a man when she does love him, you'd have been married before this. Why, there's times when I feel like going right back to my man, and I'm not what you'd call more than moderately fond of him. If it hadn't been that I didn't want to disappoint her—and you—I'd have done it before this. Now the next time he comes back, I shouldn't wonder if I did." She leaned back again on the sofa with her hands behind her head nodding doggedly, and nursing her intention.

Constance, appalled, went over and sat down beside her. "Oh, but you mustn't, you mustn't! Go to-morrow to see Mrs. Wilson and talk with her. She will give you strength and convince you that unless you marry him such a course would be suicide, a cruel wrong to yourself, dear—you who have done so well."

"I've kept straight chiefly to suit her; but I don't like what she has done to you."

"Please leave me and my affairs out of the question, Loretta. They have nothing to do with your preserving your own self-respect."

"I don't know about that. If she's just like the rest; if that's a sample of the religion and the beauty she prides herself on, I've been fooled, you've been fooled. What's the use of being respectable if, when true love does come, a poor, deserted woman is robbed of it for such a reason as that?"

It surprised Constance that Loretta should take sides so strongly, and she perceived that the girl must have a tenderer feeling for her than she had supposed. This made her all the more anxious to protect her.

"I value your sympathy very much, dear, but it won't help me—it'll only make me dreadfully unhappy if you do wrong."

Loretta looked at her keenly. Then she took out a small phial, similar to that which Constance had observed on another occasion, and swallowed a pellet ostentatiously.

"If you're troubled with the blues these are the thing to take. They brace one splendid."

"What are they, Loretta?"

"If you promise to take some right along, I'll tell you." But she evidently was not eager to disclose her secret, for she promptly replaced the phial in her pocket, and said, "I'll make a bargain with you, Constance. If you'll marry Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law, I'll keep straight."

Constance flushed. "But I can't, dear. It's all settled."

"He will come back, if you only whistle. You know that."

Constance let her eyes fall. She feared that it was too true. But she could not afford to be pensive. She must be both resolute and resourceful, for the future of this erring sister seemed to be hanging in the balance.

"I can never marry Mr. Perry, Loretta. But——"

"I thought better things of you, Constance. Oh! well then I'll go back to my man."

"If you should do such a thing it would break Mrs. Wilson's heart."

This seemed to Constance in her perplexity the most hopeful appeal, and she was right, for Loretta was obviously impressed by the remark.

"Would it?" she asked. She looked down at her large hands and let them rise and fall in her lap like one nervously touched by sentiment.

"I do not know of anything which would distress her more," continued Constance.

After a moment Loretta said, "He's away now. He won't be on this route again for another four months. So there isn't any danger just yet." She shrugged her shoulders. Then she rose, adding, "I guess I'll go to bed," which was plainly an intimation that this was to be the limit of her present concession.

Constance was relieved, not only that immediate danger was averted, but that the tie which bound Loretta to Mrs. Wilson, however temporarily strained, was still strong and compelling. She rejoiced to think that they were warned, so that they could now keep a closer watch and leave nothing undone to save her from further degeneration. She dismissed the subject by making some inquiries in regard to Loretta's last case. The girl's responses were to the point and brisk, but she did not resume her seat, and evidently had no intention of remaining. Presently she got as far as the door, where she stood discussing for a few moments with her hand on the knob. When at last she opened it and was in the act of

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departing, she turned her head and uttered this parting shot, which indicated what was still uppermost in her thoughts:

"I guess that you never really loved Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law, or you couldn't have done it."

This taunt lingered in Constance's mind, though she denied the impeachment to herself. Was it not indeed true, as Loretta said, that it is love which makes the world go round? Only for the sake of righteousness was she justified as a healthy, breathing woman in stifling this instinct. If Loretta in the future were to marry some one other than the father of her child both the Church and Mrs. Wilson would rejoice because the mere ceremony of marriage had been lacking in the first relation; yet she herself was forbidden to marry the man she loved because she was tied to a faithless husband by the mere husk of marriage.

She saw Loretta but two or three times before her convalescence was complete and she had assumed her duties as Mrs. Wilson's secretary, for Loretta was sent for again shortly, and was only at home in the interval between her engagements. But Constance gave Mrs. Wilson forthwith an inkling of Loretta's state of mind, though she tried to believe that the girl's wanton threat was a mere passing ebullition due to resentment of her reason for refusing Gordon. Nevertheless, she did not altogether like the expression of her eyes; it suggested excitement, and predominance of that boldness which, though typical, had been much in abeyance during the period of her regeneration. She remembered, too, the bottle of pellets, which indicated that she was taking some drug. So, though she could not believe that she was seriously considering such an abhorrent proceeding, she felt it her duty to put Mrs. Wilson on her guard. They both agreed, however, that the culprit must be handled gingerly, and not too much made of the occurrence. Accordingly Mrs. Wilson straightway wrote to Loretta, but her letter was a missive of interest and encouragement, not of reproach or alarm. She deplored in it that she had lately seen but little of her ward, owing to the latter's popularity as a nurse, and urged her to call on her at the first opportunity. She sent her also one or two pretty toilet articles for herself and some new frocks for her baby. Constance said nothing, however, to Mrs. Wilson as to Loretta's attitude toward the Church regarding remarriage after divorce, for she could not bear to renew the subject with her patroness. It was settled forever, and her spirit craved peace.

(To be continued.)

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# HOW THE BABY HELD UP TWO ARMIES

By Mary Gay Humphreys

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

THE day that the Japanese army, eight thousand strong, under General Oshima, landed at Seoul, the Calvin MacMurtrie's baby fell ill. This was the middle of July, when the Korean climate lies on the shoulders like a wet blanket.

In fifteen minutes every tent was up, the rice cooked, and two days' boiled water was ready for the little men—so perfect was the Japanese executive staff. In twenty-four hours they had possession of the Palace, all the bureaus, and had set in motion all those beneficent reforms which, it was promptly announced, the Japanese army had come over to bestow.

Such stirring events did not disturb the routine of the foreign residents of Seoul, who were accustomed in that comic-opera civilization to lightning changes of government, and tea and tennis went on as usual.

The tennis court and club house are in the valley overlooked by the British Legation, the pretty Korean house of the American Minister, and the imposing mansion of the Russians crowning the slope.

Diplomats and missionaries were at the nets, and a lounging group on the piazza watched the game and at the same time discussed the gossip of Seoul. The two prominent topics were the Japanese invasion and the MacMurtrie baby's illness. The baby, indeed, had the larger share of attention, for the women were more numerous. It was Mrs. Helyett's day for tea, and her governess and several unattached missionaries were assisting her to make ready for the moment when the players should come in, red and clamorous.

"Mary Adams was sent for after midnight," continued Miss Knightson, contemplating the arrangement of the table. "Baby must have been pretty bad, for she didn't take time to wait for her chair, but went on her bike."

"Alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Helyett. "At that hour?"

"Alone. But who's afraid of Koreans?"

"The Japanese, though."

"Sure enough. But baby was in convulsions."

"Convulsions! Miss Coote, you must go and inquire before dinner."

Miss Coote was the governess of Mrs. Helyett; a lady-like young girl, with a brother, an out-door customs man at Chemulpo—both positions of subordination which required a subdued manner to match.

"Miss Wilson is with them this afternoon, and I am to spend the night." Miss Knightson continued. "Here is Mary Adams now. Do tell us, Mary."

A tall, well-developed young woman entered, with a swift, noiseless movement. Mary Adams was what is known as a medical missionary, but there clung to her no odor of the sick-room. She came in, bringing with her a sense of out-doors, of harmony of mind and person, and a pair of large white hands that seemed formed to grapple neatly and decisively with difficulties.

"How is baby, Mary?" everyone asked, with the unanimity of a chorus.

"Quiet this morning at eleven. The convulsions have passed, but left it perilously weak. Poor Mrs. MacMurtrie is nearly as ill, and Calvin looks like a wraith. We must arrange a system of relays, for they need support, mental and physical."

"It is a pity they would live at that end," said Miss Knightson.

"Yes. But Mrs. Cho Yun Ha is near. Her Chinese good sense is fairly Western."

"Thanks to the Shanghai Mission."

"Perhaps."

Mrs. Helyett looked up from her cups.

"I hope the poor little fellow will pull through, Miss Adams." Mrs. Helyett was a mother herself—an English mother with



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an ever-increasing brood, and a tender heart for all things under three years. "After that spank them," was her unfailing advice to the indulgent Americans.

"But were you not afraid, Miss Adams?"

"Mrs. Helyett"—Mary came up, resting her finger tips on the table—"to tear down South Street on a bike under a Korean moon was an experience. It seemed to me I was the only thing alive."

"The last woman!" exclaimed Miss Knightson.

"Oh, there was a last man!" Mary sank into a chair with a low laugh. "Just as I was turning the corner at Biya's—the shadows were as black as noonday—I ran almost into something which said, 'Great Scott!' as plain as the nose on your face."

"A man, a true trousered man?" Nelly Blackburn, a girl of sixteen, a native born, came up, racket in hand.

"A man, Nelly, a foreign man, and by his voice, a new man. I know every intonation in Seoul. I couldn't wait to investigate. But conceive of his sensations. A mountain tiger he might have anticipated, but a foreign woman on a bike at midnight in Seoul—never!"

"I know. It was a Doshisha Jap sentry." Nelly nodded her head positively, for like all the young of Seoul she kept track of events.

"I had forgotten there were such things as Japanese sentries," Mary meditated. "Well, ignorance is the mother of courage. I'm ever so afraid of getting wise."

"Oh, that's your reason." Miss Knightson turned from the library, where she was checking off books.

"Saucy! But seriously I am glad I'd forgotten the Japanese, for I would have waited to waken my boys, and Cho is one of the descendants of the Seven Sleepers."

"The Japanese say they have come to stay," said Nelly.

"They think so, but there may be two words to that. Hush!"

The entrance of a good-natured, broad-faced woman with a Calmuck nose interrupted Mrs. Helyett. It was the wife of the Russian Minister. The unexpected arrival of the Japanese might not be an agreeable topic; and in a small society like that of Seoul, representing such varied interests, debatable conversation had no place.

On the piazza talk was freer.

"By Jove! what do you think of the pretext?" Judge Gilkerson was a British magistrate who had come over from China to preside over the Consular Court.

"For taking the Palace? Crickey! See Ankeny serve. Oh, long memories! They've claimed sovereignty since old Queen Jingu's time," Dr. Knightson answered, being an authority on Korean history.

"Sixteen centuries is a far-away claim. The King of Shiran is Japan's dog. Eh?"

"Just so."

"The Oriental is sublime in claims. China at least exercised her sovereignty."

"Yes, we've all seen the King go down to the gap to receive the Chinese envoys. That's being a vassal, I take it."

"Well, the Japanese will clean you up, at least. They're clean beggars, the Japs. But what do you suppose they think about it up there?" The Judge pointed to the Russian towers.

"The Bear is awake. Peter's map is never folded. If this thing goes on, the blue sea is in sight of the Bear. Meanwhile, with the Japanese broom we'll escape cholera." Dr. Knightson got up. "By the way, MacMurtrie's baby is sick. Boy No. 2 told my Pak."

"Dear me! It must have been sudden. I saw Mac yesterday."

"Taken last night with convulsions."

"The poor little chap! I wonder if there is anything we can do."

The Judge's sympathy was sincere. In these little alien colonies, each human counts. The MacMurtrie baby was the last "added to the strength of" the community, as the English army orders announce each new arrival of this sort in the marriage lines.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the tennis players, fanning themselves with their rackets and clamorous for tea. They were a couple of missionaries, a young attaché, Leggett, and a tall, robust young Englishman, who dropped behind as the group approached the piazza. The Judge and Dr. Knightson got up and joined them, and they disappeared within. The last comer halted shyly on the steps, but Leggett put out his head.

"Come on, Hayton, man. They're harmless."

There was a general uplifting of heads as

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the young man entered the room; for a stranger in Seoul counts twice.

"Ah, Mr. Hayton," Mrs. Helyett greeted him from her tea-table. "Miss Coote, look after Mr. Hayton."

Nelly Blackburn, who had taken the stranger in with her wide-eyed scrutiny, resumed her speech:

"But I tell you, Miss Knightson, I saw Boy No. 2 holding the bread between his toes to toast."

"What do you mean, Nelly? This bread?" Miss Knightson made herself heard in the general protest.

"No, our bread. But then I shouldn't be surprised. They do all sorts of things when nobody is looking," Nelly insisted in her own defence.

In the outcry, the new-comer strove to reach the window, and plunged awkwardly over the elbows of Mary Adams's long-sleeved chair.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. His awkwardness was unnoticed in the excitement of Nelly's revelations, except by Mary Adams, who gave a quick glance up into his face. He caught her eye, and their mutual gaze was arrested until crimson flags began to wave in both their cheeks.

Mary Adams got up hastily, and under cover of Nelly's surprising and suggestive statements went to the tea-table, while the young man sought the window ledge and drank his tea.

"Well, I dare say that at home we don't always know what goes on in our own kitchens," Mrs. Blackburn protested, as the best defence she could make for her beloved Koreans. For it is to be observed, except in Japan, the missionary carries himself chivalrously toward the race to which he is accredited, against all comers.

Nelly, having spent her shaft, left her elders to the subject she had incontinently set going, and sought Mary Adams.

"I say, Mary, that's a new man. I know who he is; Miss Coote said a young mining engineer was coming to see about Perkins Martins's concession. You remember that roaring M. P. who was at the Consulate. I'll bet a cooky that he is the man you nearly ran down last night."

"Don't let him see we're talking about him, Nelly," Mary whispered.

"Humph! you're not talking. You're blushing. He's looking at you."

Nelly having succeeded in setting up another disturbing interest, turned away. Always hospitably inclined, she circled the tea-room and approached the stranger.

"Can't I get you another cup?" She regarded this as a suitable way of beginning a conversation. He silently handed her his empty cup.

"The usual trimmings?" she asked.

He turned her a puzzled face.

"Cream and sugar. Not Russian," Nelly kindly explained.

"Assuredly. Cream and sugar. Thanks, kindly."

"There it is, pure English, and an extra lump of sugar I stole, in the saucer." Nelly handed him the replenished cup and sat down on the arm of Mary's chair, ready to provide either entertainment or information. As the young man made no demand for either, she kindly took the initiative.

"Isn't it sad about the MacMurtrie baby? It's our last, you know. Mary Adams was sent for in the middle of the night, and ran a man down on her bike. Of course he had no right to be on the street at that hour, so he must have been a stranger; and he couldn't have been a Korean, because a Korean respects the curfew."

"This is very bewildering. Why shouldn't I have been on the street?" He frankly admitted his fault, enlightenment seeming to afford some piquancy.

"Oh, it was you! I must tell Mary." Nelly jumped off her perch.

"No, I beg of you. You must tell me about the curfew. I don't want to get locked up. Come, sit down again. I may need another cup of tea."

At sixteen to be thus entreated is conclusive. Nelly sat down again.

"Now tell me about the curfew."

"Don't you know? The poor dears are shut-up women. They can't go out in the daytime, for fear the men will look at them. So at night the men have to stay home and let them run about."

"Oh, I see. What a jolly thing for the women! Well, I won't offend again. It's too dangerous."

"You mean Mary's bike? Ah, you're joking, and you looked so sober!" Nelly's tone was laden with reproach.

"Hayton, where are you hiding? Mrs.

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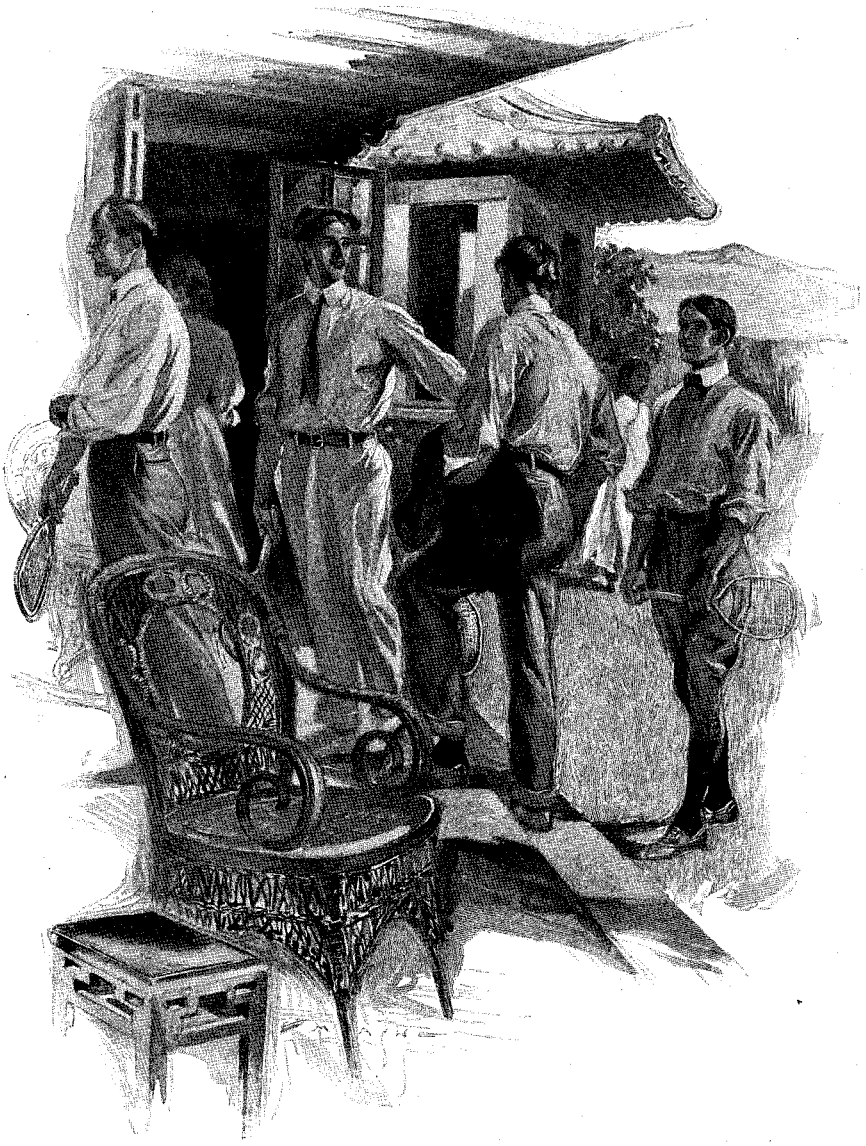

They were a couple of missionaries.—Page 343.

Helyett wants you. Nelly, you mustn't monopolize him. He's all we've got;" and Leggett led the young man from his retreat.

"I say, Leggett, who was the little girl?"

"It's a good thing she didn't hear you call her a little girl. Isn't she a pickle? It is Nelly Blackburn. Her father is doing Romans into *unmun.*"

"She's one of the native born?"

"Korean bred. These missionary children are a distinct breed. They're born into the language. I've seen Nelly and her brother Jack exchange glances at our educated pronunciation. Nelly, I think, once asked Empress Min for a piece of bread and butter. Mrs. Helyett, here's your man. Hayton, make your manners."

The MacMurtrie baby grew no better, and the Japanese multiplied. The women took turns at the MacMurtrie household, and the men, too, took upon themselves Calvin's duty. Meanwhile the ships an-



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Hayton knocked it from his hand.—Page 347.

chored off Chemulpo, and the Chinese landed at Asan. This was not according to the etiquette of war which Orientals think one another should practise. The Chinese should have gone to Chemulpo, where the Japanese ships were in waiting. Accordingly, General Oshima sent the Third Battalion encamped at Seoul to tell them so.

The situation left the Commissariat at Chemulpo cut off from Seoul by roving bands of Chinese cavalry, and with it the Commissariat of the foreign population of Seoul. Daily the supply of tinned butter and condensed milk grew less. The Korean coolies who are good as pack horses up to four hundred pounds, and who alone could be used to transport ammunition and food overland, as quickly deserted as they were ruthlessly impressed by their old enemies, the Japanese.

Mary Adams had been with the baby all



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night. White-faced, with drooping eyes, she came down South Street on her bicycle. At Biya's corner she was halted by a Japanese guard, who levelled his gun as a barrier, and she dismounted. He pointed to a placard on a wall. She shook her head.

"Wakamarisen—I don't understand."

He pointed back the way she had come.

"No can do. I go Chong Dong," pointing up Legation Street and using that peculiar dialect that the foreigner insensibly feels to be more intelligible to the Oriental. "Baby sick."

The idle Koreans gathered about the two.

"Do none of you know Japanese? Tell him I must go for sick baby." Mary asked the Koreans. The amiable Koreans were clamorous with sympathy, but nobody knew Japanese.

Hayton, swinging down from Chong Dong, where the foreigners foregather, saw the crowd about a foreign woman. "Race instinct" comes first, in the East.

"Miss Adams, is it you? Get out of the way, you beggars!" pushing the Koreans right and left, whose tall figures had hid the little Japanese.

"I might have known it was one of you," he said. "What is this fellow doing, Miss Adams?"

"He won't let me go up the street." Hayton took note of the pallid face, the tremulous voice, and the firm, white hand now lying flaccid on the handle-bar.

"You are worn out. Let this lady go, you miserable shrimp."

The Japanese stood his ground, with his gun still across her wheel.

Hayton knocked it from his hand, and the Koreans shrieked with laughter.

"You don't own this town. Not yet, you youngster," he added.

The Japanese picked up the gun with passive face, and again placed it across the wheel.

Hayton knocked the gun again from his hand, and sent the guard spinning after it. The Koreans shouted again, and one, picking up the gun, handed it to Hayton.

"I don't want his gun. Here, Johnnie, take your gun. Miss Adams, you are exhausted. Can you mount your bicycle? You must get home, and get some rest."

Mary smiled faintly. It was very sweet to be considered. Her place in life was to consider others.

"I am hurrying to Mrs. Helyett's to see if she has any condensed milk. If we can get none, baby will die." Mary, to her own surprise and Hayton's undoing, burst into tears.

"It is your fault, for being s-so kind," Mary faltered.

"Miss Adams, if there is a can of condensed milk in Seoul I will find it. But you must go home, and get to bed."

Hayton presented himself at the Helyett's breakfast-table, and promptly confiscated the condensed milk, which had been prepared as nearly as possible to emulate the sincere flow of the absent cow.

"Any more, Mrs. Helyett?" he cheerfully demanded. "No, I haven't time to sit down."

"But you might as well while Miss Coote sees if there is any more in the store-room," his hostess urged. "Here is your cup."

"If we can get no milk, the baby will die." Hayton repeated Mary's words unconsciously, but with conviction.

The Consul General gave a glance of surprised inquiry at Hayton in possession of such positive information.

"I met Miss Adams on her way here. She was worried getting by a Jap sentry;" such was Hayton's version of the encounter. "She was fairly beaten out, so I volunteered to see you."

"Mary Adams is a product," said the Consul General meditatively.

"A product?" Hayton looked up.

"A daughter of the States."

Hayton waited for him to continue, and he did.

"Mary Adams has three times the *aplomb* of Miss Coote, who was born a lady."

"A lady? Isn't Miss Adams a lady?" Hayton resumed his occupation of bread rolling.

"Well, not according to our shibboleths. Her father was a small shop-keeper in Topeka, or Peoria."

"Delaware," Mrs. Helyett corrected.

"Delaware, my love, is a State."

"I'm sure I have heard her say something of Delaware," his wife persisted.

Meanwhile Hayton was trying to fancy Miss Coote speeding down Seoul streets at midnight—Miss Coote, who endlessly fetched and carried. He smiled at the thought.

Miss Coote reappeared with a couple of cans, which Hayton stuck in his pockets.

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*Drawn by E. M. Ashe.*

Scrambling up the bank, she ran toward them.—Page 351.

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"Try Madame Wagner's," Mrs. Helyett suggested, as Hayton hurried off.

"I say," said Leggett, coming in later, "I met Hayton up yonder bulging out like a boy who had been stealing apples."

So complete was Hayton's canvass of the town that even Biya, the hotel-keeper, was forced to yield up his last brace of tins.

"Now we've got enough to last five days," said Hayton, fully identifying himself with the situation, as he discharged his pockets at the MacMurtrie's quaint little Korean house. "By that time the Japanese will have opened up communication with Chemulpo."

But this was not the case. Meanwhile the impending conflict lost significance in the immediate fact that the MacMurtrie baby was lying, a feeble little wraith, in Mary Adams's arms, with a distracted mother on her knees, and countless prayers ascending in its behalf in every quarter of the town.

Hayton lay thumping his lumpy pillow at Biya's.

"What's the use of getting up?" he groaned. "I've done all I can do. Men are a helpless lot;" and he closed his eyes. "By Jove, I'll go to Chemulpo myself!" He sprang out of bed, and Biya, below, heard the crazy Englishman splashing and whistling, and looked up anxiously at his cracked ceiling.

At the Consulate, Mr. Helyett shook his head.

"I'm going," said Hayton. "I'll like the adventure. It's intolerable shut up here."

"My dear," Mrs. Helyett suggested, "he can go as a widower."

"What's that? I've no burial certificates concealed about my person, as the Americans say."

"It's a fact. You could do it safely as a widower. The missionaries go about as widowers in the Koreans' annual anti-foreign spasms," Mr. Helyett assented.

"You've got me," Hayton said helplessly.

Mrs. Helyett had already got up.

"I'll send the *mahpo* for Mr. Blackburn's dress."

Nelly came over with the *mahpo* and the clothes, and hugging her camera.

"You'll want a souvenir to send home," she kindly explained.

"Put on those things?" Hayton took up from a roll of Korean clothes made from a yellowish sacking, an umbrella-shaped hat at least three feet in diameter, and a square piece of sacking mounted on two sticks which served as handles.

"Kindly explain," he asked with pathos.

"That's to hold in front of your face. It is Korean etiquette not to inquire behind that screen," Mrs. Helyett explained.

"You are supposed to be in tears for your wife. She was a good laundress," Nelly added with asperity.

Hayton was resolute.

"Never—never will I get into those things!"

"Not even to have your picture taken to send home?" It was outside Nelly's experience, that a foreigner would not put on any sort of strange garments in order to send the photograph home.

"Never. My British knickers are good enough. I never was clever at amateur theatricals. Give me some credentials, Mr. Helyett, and I'm off."

Even so, in his British knickers, and with the foreigners' pride of race, Hayton strode down the scarcely defined path across country that leads to Chemulpo. The Japanese troops had advanced twelve miles from Seoul. Hayton found General Oshima seated under a piece of matting mounted on four sticks beneath a pine tree. This was his tent. The brigade had moved on to Suwon. Hayton had met the General in more peaceful days. It was easy to present himself and explain his errand.

General Oshima listened impassively, then a soft smile overspread the cold suavity of his face.

"Ah, the treasure flowers!" using the pretty Japanese idiom for children, and shaking his head as one who had memories. "Hearts are alike, in Europe and Japan. You reach Chemulpo to-night. You return at once. Two days—three days—take care. I cannot promise." He gave orders for a permit to pass through the lines, and Hayton hurried on until he reached the shores of the Ansong. Here, in pure delight of the eye, he paused.

Under the pine trees, on the rolling downs, the Chinese had pitched their tents, whose draperies of blue and white tossed gently in the breeze. From every height



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floated the brilliant insignia of the banner men. In the centre rose the imperial standard, waving with dignity, as if replying to the myriad-colored salutes of the countless flags beneath. It was a riot of color and movement, carried further by the showy uniforms of the Chinese army, the gayly dressed officers, the servants with their red Tartar plumes, carrying fans, parasols, and Winchester rifles impartially. And above all sounded the strident music of the Chinese bands.

Surely if victory could be won by color and sound, it perched above the yellow Dragon hovering between earth and the brilliant Korean skies!

General Yeh's tent was pitched beneath the imperial standard. To him Hayton was led. A stalwart Englishman pleading for a sick baby before a Chinese general gorgeous in the panoply of war and in the midst of his warriors, touched heights that neither then perceived. The difficulties of speech on each side absorbed them.

The Chinese loquacity of the interpreter compared with the poverty of his English seemed to Hayton to intimate a friendly interest. Surely he himself had not been able to convey so much information! The conference at length ended. The General's eyes twinkled humorously. Perhaps he too had realized the inequality between his interpreter's knowledge of Chinese and English, as well as his skill at improvisation.

"Gracious permit," said that able person. "Inchin can go. Baby chow get. Then Dwarfs," meaning the enemy, "Chinaman make run."

After all this was the gist of things, and Hayton gratefully and joyfully set out toward Chemulpo. Takenouchi, the Chief of the Commissariat, forwarded his enterprise, and, best of all, he succeeded in securing a frightened Korean as pack-horse by promising him safe-conduct to Seoul. After a few hours' sleep and rest, Hayton loaded up his Korean with tin things, and they started back. It was Hayton's intention to avoid both armies, and avail himself of every short cut. They struck across paddy fields and made for the now swollen Han, which must be crossed three times. Twice fortune favored them. Now they wandered futilely along the banks. The sun grew misty and the moist heat seemed to swathe Hayton like a blanket. The Korean plodded along, giving no evidence of discomfort. Hayton looked at him curiously.

"Hik-Hic, haec, hoc—that's good enough Korean for a name—what are you made of, any way?" Hayton pointed to some stubby grass and threw himself down. The Korean laughed, and, removing his load, sat down also, remarking cheerfully:

"If I peddle salt it rains. If I peddle flour it blows."

"Well, better luck next time. You're no such Jonah, Hik."

Hayton took out his pipe, and the Korean fetched out his, three feet long, with a bowl like a thimble. They exchanged courtesies in tobacco, and smoked in silence.

As they smoked, two Japanese soldiers came up behind. Hayton anticipated their guns with General Oshima's permit. Before it they bowed low, again and again.

"Hold—enough!" Hayton protested. "I'm too tired to waste strength that way," and he pointed to the Han. Evidently the Japanese were also looking for a ferry. The four followed the stream, until finally they came up to a couple of Koreans in a sampan.

"Hik, now is your chance," said Hayton.

The Korean shouted, and it seemed as if his words ought to have hit them like stones. The Koreans only rowed out into the stream.

Hayton touched the rifle of one of the Japanese, and he fired. The Koreans only paddled to land and fled. The other soldier shed his clothes, and, swimming across, brought back the sampan, and they ferried across.

The sun had not only set, but dark clouds overspread the sky. The darkness soon enveloped them, and they stumbled over the rice paddies silently. There was the tramp of horses' feet. A flash of lightning revealed a squad of Chinese cavalry. The men threw themselves down, and one of the Japanese levelled his rifle. The other pulled him down with an exclamation. He shook himself loose.

"Whether I am shot or not is a matter of destiny. I am not afraid."

"The end of the war is far off. It would be a pity to die now," his comrade rejoined.

But Hayton thrust him back without a word.

"A day's old puppy fears not the tiger," was the Korean's muttered comment.

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"We seem to be in close quarters," said Hayton. "Hik, get in front of me, you rabbit." The frightened Korean had fallen significantly behind. "Come, march!" They plunged along in the impenetrable darkness. Suddenly from out the blackness a voice shouted:

"Is there no non-commissioned officer nor first-class private within hearing?"

One of the soldiers jumped forward.

"Yes. Here am I—Nasa Trefusa—first-class private."

"I am Captain Matzukata. Go with a message to the Third Battalion. I am cut off from the advance guard."

The little soldier plunged into the darkness. A flash of musketry cut the night like a sword. Hayton saw Matzukata fall, and at the same moment his bugler, sounding a charge, fell with the bugle still at his lips. Hayton pressed the barrel of his revolver against the Korean's back, and by the light of the musketry conveyed him behind a group of pines, whose needles fell in showers from the rain of Winchester bullets.

"When whales fight, the backs of shrimps are broken," Hik muttered, then gave himself up to fate. Together they stumbled on, until Hayton, halted by a groan in the road before him, stopped. There lay their little Japanese companion.

"Cut off my head," he begged. "Never let my body be taken by the enemy."

Hayton picked him up, and laid him across his shoulder. "Perhaps we can get him to Seoul, Hilo." But the groans ceased, and he heard a whisper like a brief ecstatic sigh, "Banzai Nihon." Then Hayton laid his burden down under some low bushes, and they pushed on.

"The Japanese are advancing," Hayton inferred, as the sound of the Murata rifles overcame the spit of the Winchesters. Truly enough, the battle of Suwon was on.

Seoul had heard the firing. The foreign colony, unmindful of the fate of nations, stirred in their beds, thinking only of Hayton's fate. All day the MacMurtrie baby had hovered between life and death; losing strength as its tiny rations were cut to prolong as far as possible the little store left. Mary Adams sat with the baby in her arms, listening to great Krupps punctuating the volley firing, scarcely listening to the comments of Miss Knowlton, who shared her vigil.

"Listen, Mary; Mr. Hayton will never get through. It's hopeless," she wailed.

"Don't be discouraged, Helen. It can't be long until daybreak." But her mind was filled with visions of a lonely man pierced by an alien bullet, his life going out in the darkness. Unable to sit still, she paced up and down the floor, with the baby for whose little life she had fought so valiently perhaps going out amid the clash of the contending armies.

"God have mercy! Christ have mercy!" The unuttered prayer rose, and died away on her lips.

"I wish I had your composure, Mary. You never seem to have any nerves. Horrible! listen to that." Miss Knowlton buried her head in her hands.

With the grateful dawn came Mrs. Helyett and Mrs. Blackburn.

"What an awful night! Give me the little fellow, Mary, and go straight home, both of you, to bed.

"Yes," said Mary obediently; but got on her bicycle instead and made for the great South gate, which was swinging open ponderously to admit the throng of country people hurrying into the town for safety.

Mary sped down the road to the Han, her eyes vainly endeavoring to pierce the mists. In the straggling Korean crowds she could see nothing that resembled a stalwart Englishman. She reached the shores of the Han, where the sampans were unloading and Koreans screaming to one another over the events of the night. She turned wearily to retrace her steps, when over the downs two figures appeared. The bicycle dropped from her hands and fell unheeded on the ground. Scrambling up the bank, she ran toward them with a cry of anguish.

Hayton, drenched with blood and covered with grime, tottered forward. Of his outstretched arms he took no note.

"Ah, you are wounded!" she cried. "A life for a life," was her thought.

"Not a bit of it," Hayton answered cheerfully. "That's the blood of a poor little Jap."

"Thank God!" Mary swayed forward, and Hayton started to catch her.

"I'm not going to faint, Mr. Hayton; we haven't time."

Hayton stepped back shyly.

"I don't wonder, Miss Adams, you were

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staggered at the sight of such a disreputable-looking beggar."

Mary smiled wistfully and shook her head.

The Korean, glad enough of a halt, watched curiously a man and woman looking in that manner into one another's eyes.

"The moon sees himself in the smiling waters," he muttered, with the Oriental's havoc in the way of genders.

Leggett and Mr. Blackburn had found one another hurrying down to the Han on the same errand, and both were unmindful of Nelly speeding after them on her wheel.

"There they are. Hooray! I see them, father. There's a foreign woman. It's Mary Adams, father."

Nelly unswung her faithful camera and ran at their heels.

"It's all right," Hayton called to them. "Hik's loaded up to the guards with milk."

"Then you're not bleeding to death, with those lungs, Hayton. By Jove, you look it!" said Leggett. "Good morning, Miss Adams. You forestalled us. The discoverer's rights are yours."

Mary felt the pink signals showing from her cheeks, and turned to Mr. Blackburn.

"If you can get out some of the milk now, Mr. Blackburn, I'll hurry back with it."

But Nelly had not been idle.

"Now I know you'll want a souvenir, Mr. Hayton. I've got it for you, and Mary Adams is in the picture." Nelly patted her camera affectionately.

Speech was impossible, but Hayton then vowed a vow: Mary Adams should always be in the picture.

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# CHIAROSCURO

## By Rosamund Marriott Watson

I WALKED alone in a wood where the fluttering Spring wind blew
  Through veils of silvery sunlight and silvered green,
  A glory of birds about me and Spring's own sheen
Fresh upon blossom and bough in glints of crystalline dew.

And I said to my heart, Can it be that at last we know?
  Can it be given to us to indeed divine
  The soul in the image, the great artificer's sign,
Spring as the symbol of life—that the Maker conceived it so?

I walked in a glamour of gold and of golden leaves,
  The dusk of a low, late sunset, and heard the call
  Of Robin singing sweetest and last of all:
Still were the clouds, but stiller the rich chrysanthemum sheaves.

And I said to my heart, Were this the likeness of Life's last close,
  Splendors of song-thrilled silence and mellow peace,
  Still should we mourn the waning of Summer's lease,
Came thus the ultimate ending as loose leaves fall from a rose?

I said to my heart, Behold, then, God's meaning clear—
  Life all a dream and a promise, shown forth in Spring;
  Even in the low, late sunset one bird to sing
When death comes, golden and gracious, as comes the fall of the year.

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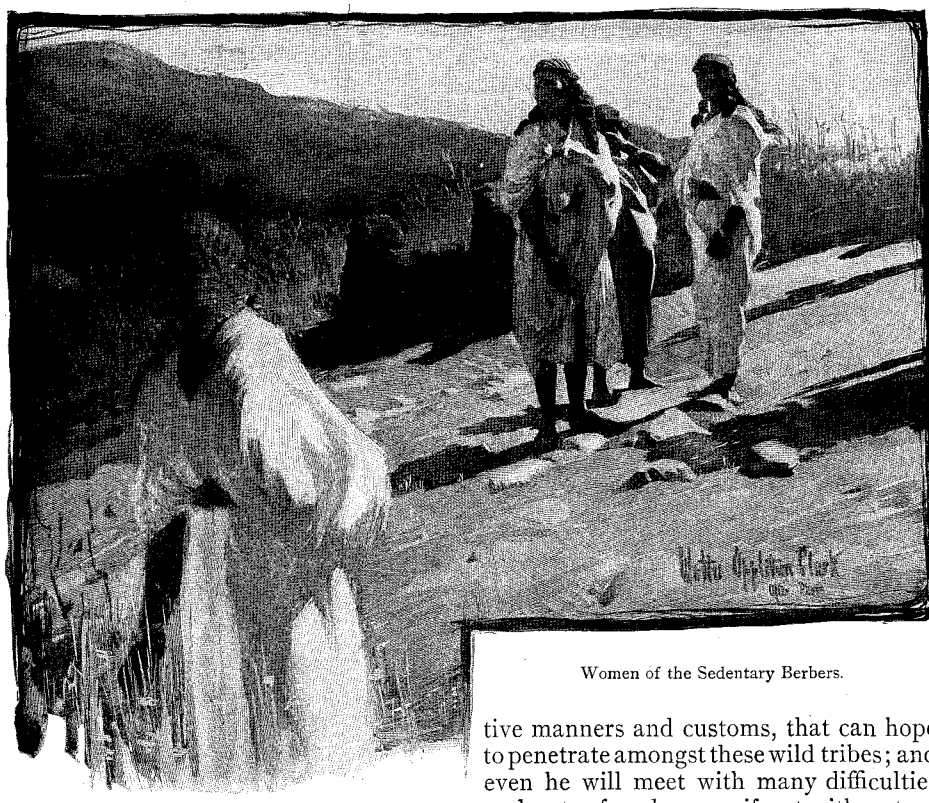
# THE BERBERS OF MOROCCO

By Walter Harris, F. R. G. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. A. CLARK, E. C. PEIXOTTO, W. M. BURGHER, AND H. L. BROWN



Women of the Sedentary Berbers.

WHILE the Arab and Moorish population of Morocco have received no little attention from the pen and pencil of travellers, the Berbers have been left almost entirely undescribed. Nor is the reason of this difficult to discover, for ever since the Arab invasion of the country in the seventh century they have been perpetually driven further and further afield from the more fertile and more easily attainable portions of the land, until to-day they are only to be found in the most inaccessible districts, where, at war with stranger, and generally, too, amongst themselves, they jealously guard their domain against intrusion. It is only the traveller who possesses a fluent knowledge of the Arabic language, and who is ready to adopt the native dress and conform to native manners and customs, that can hope to penetrate amongst these wild tribes; and even he will meet with many difficulties and not a few dangers, if not with a stern refusal to allow him to proceed. That such is the case can scarcely be wondered at, for ever since the now predominating Arab race began to pour into the country, the Berbers have suffered at their hands, a fact that renders them suspicious of all men. The fertile valleys, the rich plains that they once inhabitated have been overrun by the new people, until, in order to avoid total extermination, they have been obliged to seek a refuge in the mountain chains and forest lands, where pursuit is impossible, and where the nature of the soil is such as not to tempt the Arabs to oust them. That, in the face of such treatment, the Berbers have been able to maintain throughout their independence and their characteristics is evidence that they are possessed of no little vitality. It



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is true that where the two races have come in contact—the Semitic Arabs and the Hamitic Berbers—the latter have largely merged into the former, and there exist many tribes to-day which, though actually of Berber descent, have abandoned their racial character, their language, and their customs for those of the Arabs. Yet in spite of this, no love exists between the two, and in such parts of the Moorish Empire as the two races find themselves neighbors, a constant state of guerilla warfare exists, usually taking the form of organized raids, and not unseldom of pitched battles. This state of affairs the native government is absolutely incapable of repressing, for no sooner does a punitive expedition approach than the tribes collect their women, cattle, flocks, and herds, and seek refuge in the peaks of the Atlas, or in the recesses of their forests, where pursuit by an ill-organized and totally inefficient soldiery, such as is possessed by the Sultan of Morocco, is out of the question. More than once during the reign of the late Sultan—Mulai El Hassen—the army received severe checks from the Berber tribes, and on one occasion the Imperial camp was looted and the Sultan himself narrowly escaped with his life.

But it is not the purpose of the writer of these lines to enter into any serious account of the Berber race, for such would require far greater space than is at his disposal here, but rather to put before the reader some idea of the life and characteristics of these seldom-visited tribes.

While that portion of the race which inhabits the main chain of the Atlas Mountains are one and all dwellers in fixed abodes, those who still hold the forests of cedar trees to the south of Fez continue to make use of the low brown tents, which, pitched in circles, form their villages. These tribes are entirely nomad, changing their grazing-ground as soon as the supply of grass at one spot is exhausted, when they seek pastures new. In summer they retire to the higher slopes of their mountains, where melting snow and cool breezes do not allow of the soil becoming parched and dry, to return once more to the plains as soon as the autumn rains have fallen and given birth to pasture, and the soil is soft enough to plough.

It is in their mountain and forest haunts that the traveller must seek them if he would see them at their best, for the heavy rains of winter and the drudgery of the plough seem to damp the ardor and crush the spirit of the life-loving tribes. No doubt all agricultural work is distasteful to these wild shepherds, whose traditions are all pastoral. But the necessities of life have driven them to the plough and the tilling of the soil, though it is with only a half-hearted spirit that they enter upon these labors.

Let us suppose that the winter rains are over, and that the plains are green with the young rising corn. Ploughing and work are finished for the year, and within the circle of brown tents—some two dozen in number—all is life and activity. Men and women are gathering together the few household goods they possess, or pulling up the pegs that hold their tent-dwelling in place. Pots and pans of tinned copper or rough red earthenware are piled about, and strips of matting are being rolled up. The children are chasing the fowls to and fro in their endeavors to capture them; the flocks and herds browse near by, tended by sunburnt shepherd boys, and everything speaks of an early move. Then the tents themselves are struck and rolled up, and the loading of the beasts of burden commences. Every animal capable of bearing a load is pressed into service. Cows and bullocks, mares, mules, and donkeys—even men and women—share joyfully in the labor, for spring is come and the shade of the giant cedar trees awaits the shepherds and hunters—and cattle thieves. Life for the Berbers commences then, and for a few months, in the impenetrable hills and forests, they can pass their existence unhampered by Arab neighbors and far beyond the reach of grasping officialdom. Then a move is made, and one and all, singing as they go, the procession starts off. Men on horseback—their wiry little steeds as mud-stained and ragged as the saddles they bear—lead the way. Fine little creatures they are, with all the grace of movement found only in the savage. Their long, toga-like "haiks" and straight heavy white cloaks add not a little to their picturesque appearances. Nor are their features devoid of beauty, for, though the

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*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*

Atlas Berbers.

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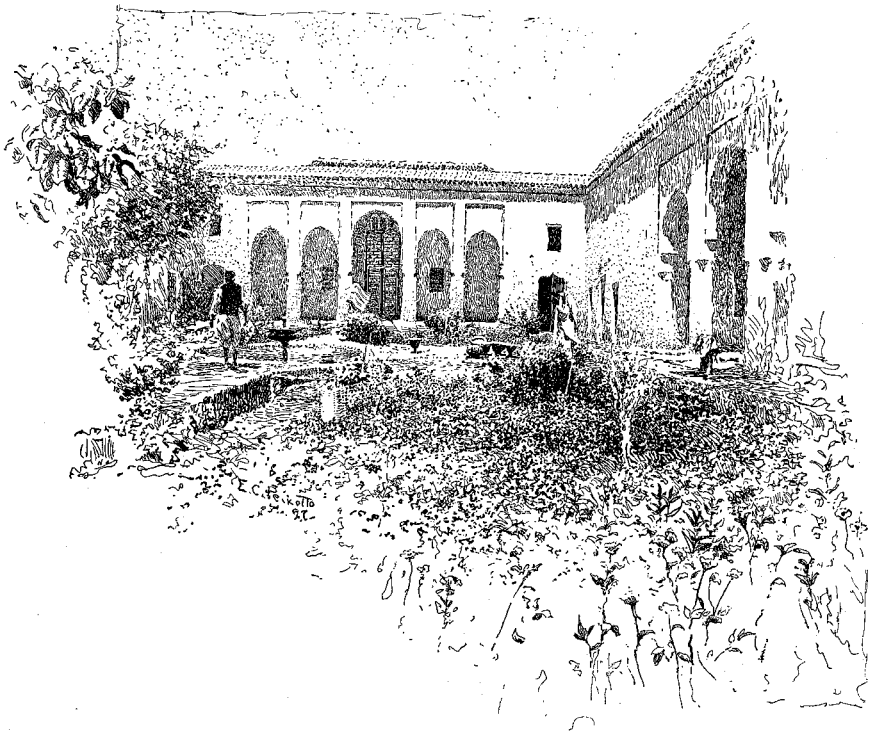
suns of summer and the tempests of winter score and mark their faces at an early age, they fail to obliterate the pleasant smile and glittering eye that are so typical of the race. The women follow on foot, or perhaps on donkey back, strange, undergrown, huddled-up figures, wrapped in long striped shawls, and with their heads tied in handkerchiefs of many colors, with a mirth that is infectious. With the women are the children, half-naked little savages, some tied on to the back of a friendly cow, some running races by the roadside, and others, again, still at the breast.

And so to the forest. Two days, or perhaps three, are occupied in the journey, and then at last the welcome shade of the



A court-yard in one of the Berber castles.

and gaiters of knitted wool or leather on their legs. What little beauty nature has bestowed upon them they manage most successfully to conceal under the strange dicta of Berber fashions. Their complexions are stained and striped with red "henna" dye; their noses and chins are tattooed in patterns of dark blue, and even the antimony with which they encircle their eyes is so carelessly and coarsely put on as to give the appearance of a recent scrimmage. Untidy, unkempt, and none too clean, the Berber women offer few of the attractions apparent in the men, who, though often sadly in want of a washing, are handsome, frank, and full of spirit, giant cedar trees is reached and the camp-village pitched near some cool stream or crystal spring. There is no more labor now, no more ploughing. Idleness and hunting take the place of winter drudgery. Clothes and tents are washed, and man and beast revel in the fresh young grass and the wild flowers, with which the whole country is carpeted.

At dawn the horses are saddled—if they have not been out all night in some raiding expedition on a neighboring village—and the men and youths go forth to hunt the gazelle, the whole forest ringing with their cries and the barking of their dogs. Then back to the tents to pass the heat of the

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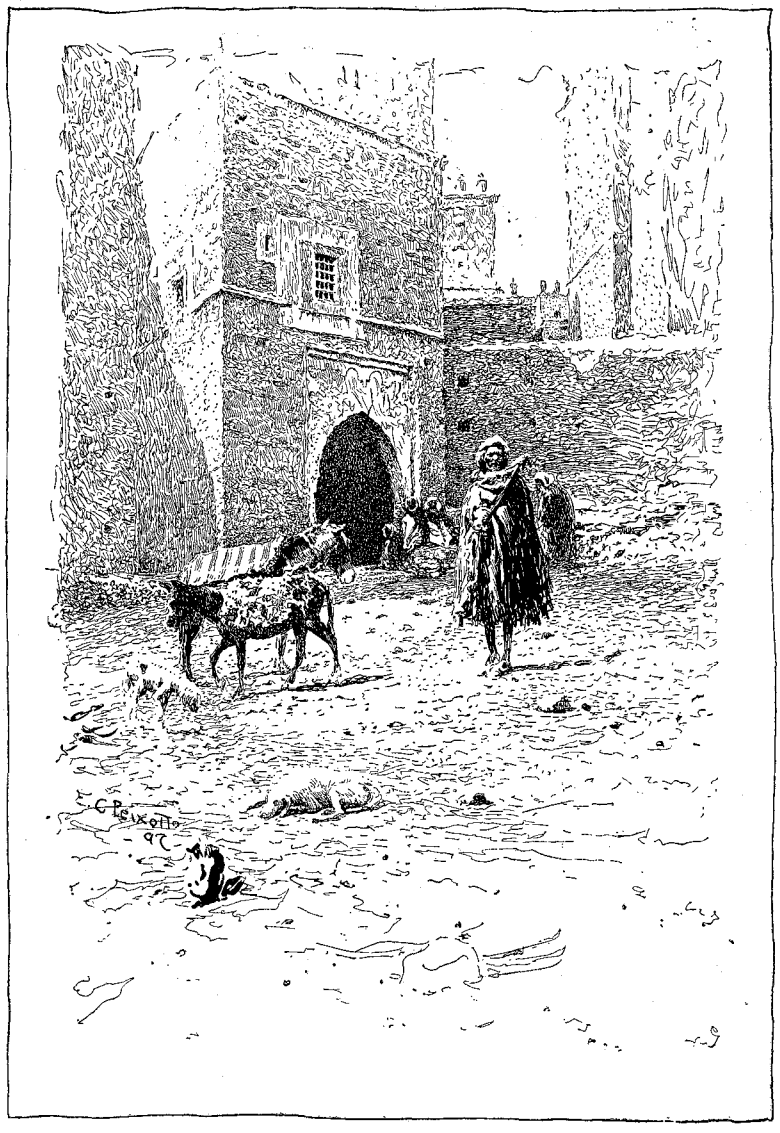
day lolling on the banks of the stream, until evening comes again, and the flocks and herds, dancing and gamboling to the soft notes of the shepherd boy's flute, re-

hanging about the outskirts of Fez and Meknas, dirty and cold, and drenched by the winter rains.

In the summer their thieving instincts



Massive towers look down frowningly.—Page 361.

turn to the circle of tents for the night. It is an ideal existence, this summer life of the nomad tribes, wandering from spot to spot, hunting, robbing, and singing; and anyone who has seen the Berbers then can scarcely imagine that they are the same men who, a few months previously, were

know no restraint, and night after night the young men steal forth on horseback, their rifles across their saddles, to rob and loot. Often many are rich enough, but the instinct is overpowering, and the love of excitement urges them on. No youth is held of account amongst the nomad

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tribes unless he is known to be a skilful and plucky cattle lifter. The penalty, severe as it is, does not deter them, though the thief knows well enough what fate awaits him if caught red-handed. A flogging until death is near, and then to be thrown as a feast to the village dogs would, it might be thought, arrest their occupation; yet such is not the case. Quite lately the writer reached a village where, a few nights before, a victim paid this penalty. Caught in the act of stealing sheep, he was flogged with ropes until almost past recovery, then bound hand and foot, and, still conscious, handed over to be torn to pieces by the dogs. Horrible as is even the thought of such a death, it seems in no wise to influence the conduct of the tribes, and robbery is still to-day the aristocratic calling of the richer Berbers. Yet, strange as it may seem, the tribesmen are not by nature cruel. Devoted to their families, they live a far more homely and happy domestic life than is the case with the Arabs, to whom they are also vastly superior in morality.

Sedentary Berbers.

It is during these summer months that all the feasts and festivities of the tribes take place. Though the total adoption of Mohammedanism has largely influenced the Berbers in their traditions, there are yet to be discovered, by the careful observer, traces of older rites that bear no resemblance to the tenets of Islam. Principal amongst these is the marriage ceremony. The preliminaries to a wedding—the sending of a deputation and presents to the bride's parents—much resemble the custom in use throughout Morocco, but here the similarity ends. The price is arranged which the bridegroom shall pay for his wife, and as, usually, the youth is not possessed of such a sum, a period is allowed for him to engage in almost nightly robberies of cattle, etc., until he can collect it—or die in the attempt. At length the day arrives and the bride, mounted upon a mare, is brought into her husband's village. Here she is received by the bridegroom's female relations in the tent which she is eventually to inhabit. A jar of butter is placed in her hands, with which, after raising it toward the stars, she smears the poles and crossbeam of the tent. The "haidus"—or national Berber dance—then takes place. Two long lines are formed, one of men, the other of women, who, facing one another, approach and retire, clapping their hands and singing to time beaten on drums. After the "haidus" food is served, steaming dishes of "kuskusu" and stewed mutton, with tiny cups of sweetened green tea, and finally the bridegroom is conducted to his tent by all his relatives.

Although the nomad Berbers are by far the most wild of all the race, it is perhaps

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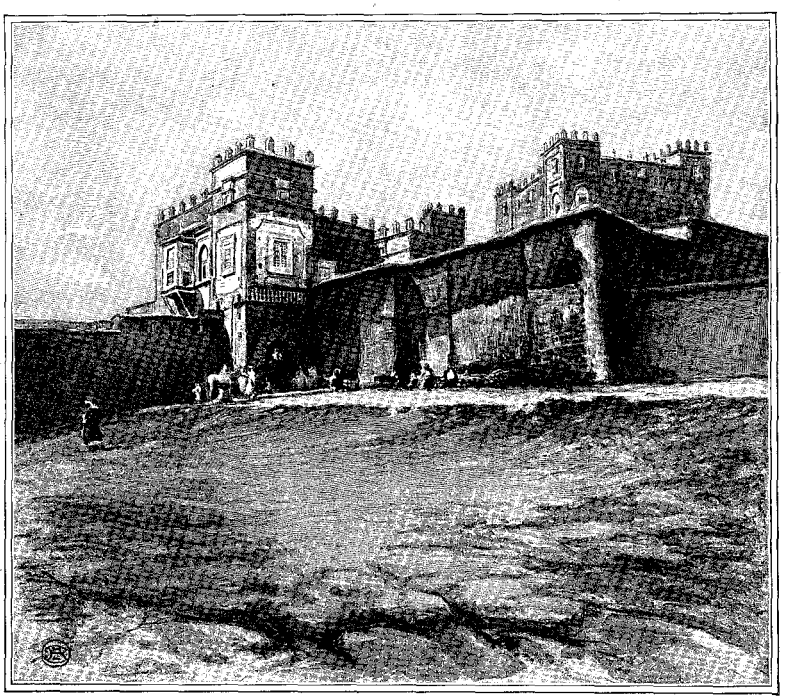

A Berber castle.

the sedentary division of the people who offer to the traveller the most attractive features, more especially from the strange castles they build and inhabit. The greater part of these are to be found only on the southern side of the main chain of the Atlas Mountains, a district which the writer has been the only Englishman to visit. Although on the northern slopes a few examples of this curious architecture exist, they can be counted almost on the fingers, and even then they do not offer all the peculiar characteristics to be found further to the south, where whole villages of betowered and battlemented castles call to mind the feudal times. Nor is the life of the people unlike what existed in England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, for every tribe and subdivision of a tribe is at war, and even when, rarely enough, peace prevails amongst the tribes, every householder seems to seize the opportunity to wage war on his neighbor.

There is no sight more striking in all Morocco than the positions occupied by many of these castles, for usually some elevation above a river is chosen for their site, where the natural formation of the ground gives additional protection in times of siege. Wherever an oasis exists in the northwest portion of the Sahara, these "ksor"—as they are called—are to be found, often rearing their towers far above the heads of the surrounding palm groves, and giving a warlike and majestic appearance to districts otherwise poverty stricken and inhospitable. Of all these "ksor" the castle of the Kaid of Glawa is perhaps the most important. Situated some six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand below the southern end of the Glawi pass, it dominates almost the only road leading from Morocco into the Saharan dominions of the Sultan. An hereditary family of governors resides within its walls, their jurisdiction extending over an enormous area, though it is only by force of arms that their authority is maintained. The present representation of the family is the Kaid Sid Madani, a young Berber chieftain, whose record of bravery and skill at arms upholds the traditions of his family. Continually at war with all or any of his neighbors, he seems seldom or never to obtain a respite, but as soon as one expe-



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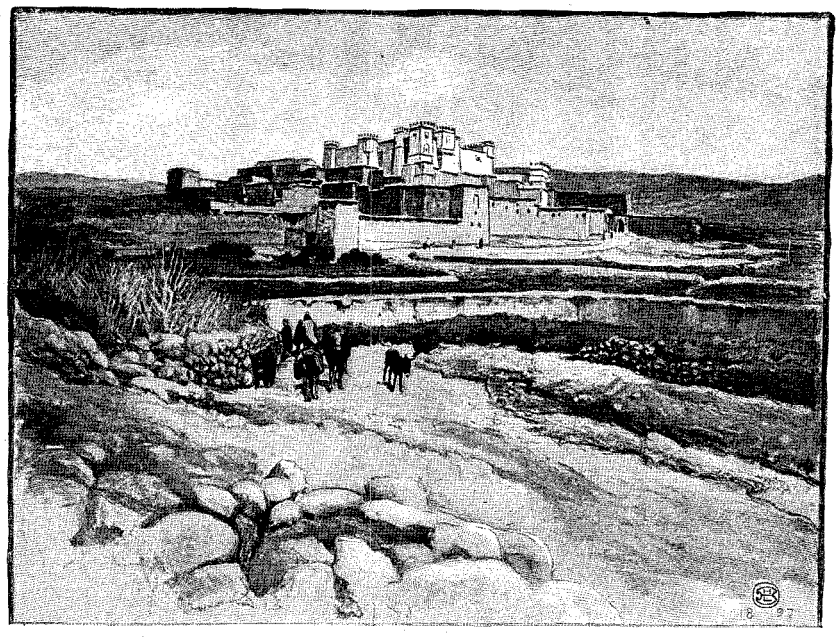

Castle of the Kaid of Glawa, Atlas Mountains.

dition is over, to be off upon another. Nor are the duties of holding in check the wild tribesmen over whom his authority extends, by any means sinecures, for the construction of the castles in which they reside often necessitates a long seige before submission can be extracted and the rebellious subjects punished. The material with which these castles are built consists of beaten soil, which forms a concrete hard and durable in a country where rain is rare. Under the action of water, however, it soon disintegrates, and the object of the attacking party is always, if possible, to weaken the foundations by this means. If the building is not situated above the reach of water, woe betide the inmates! for under the shadow of night and the protection of rifles, canals will be dug and the stream let loose upon the walls. The soil instantly crumbles away, and a breach is formed, if indeed the whole side of the building does not fall. Then commences the bloodshed; for no lives are spared, and every man and boy capable of carrying arms is put to death. So intense are the blood feuds and so largely has the population been decimated by war, that a life is worth a life, and a male spared may eventually mean the death of one or more of the attacking force. In contrast, however, to this barbaric treatment of prisoners must be mentioned the case of captured women. With one exception it is all that can be desired, for the women and girls are returned to their relations, or their fellow tribes people, not a jot the worse for their adventure. The captor has the right of marrying a captured woman, but only on the understanding that she becomes his legal wife, and that any children she may bear him shall eventually share equally in his property with those by any other wife he may possess. In this case the Berbers are far above the Arabs, for as often as not, with the latter, it is only the desire to obtain possession of the women that stirs them up to deeds of bravery. In the case of women in child, however, the Berber custom is revolting; for they are immediately put to death, for fear of an addition of a male child to the number of the enemy. Some idea of the state in which these tribes live can be gathered from this revolting custom, when it is considered necessary to look so far ahead as the years that must pass before the as yet unborn child can carry arms. None is more ready to deprecate with horror this custom than its



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perpetrators. "A life is worth a life, and a life spared may mean the death of one of our own children," they say in excuse. Yet in spite of all this, the writer found a genuine desire for peace, a state the country has probably not experienced for a month together for several centuries, if not much longer.

In this great, gloomy castle of the Kaid of Glawa everything speaks of war. Laughter is seldom heard, and even the very slaves who attend to the household duties are armed. The massive towers that look down frowningly upon the court-yards could tell many a tale of bloodshed and horror, and beneath their foundations not a few prisoners lie in chains, passing their lives away in darkness under-ground. Yet the ardor and spirit of the race is not broken. Athletes one and all, they spend their time, when not fighting, in manly sports, at the chase, or in running races or dancing their war dances, rifles in hand.

One might be led to think from this dreary picture of the life on the southern slopes of the Atlas Mountains that the Berbers are savages. Far from it, though their education is little and their knowledge of the world bounded by the snow peaks and deserts that encircle them. In manners they are charming, and as hosts leave nothing to be desired. Few and far between are the Europeans who have climbed over the Atlas and descended to the castle of Glawa, but such as have reached it have been treated with the lavish hospitality for which, amongst the Moors, the place is famous, and with all the kindness and consideration of the best of hosts. The Kaid himself and his brothers are untiring in their endeavors to render life agreeable, and that without the great fault of the Arabs—a vast inquisitiveness that finds an outlet in an unending series of questions. One of the most-to-be-commended customs of the Berbers is that it is a breach of etiquette to ply guests—native or European—with queries as to their professions or the why and wherefore of their travels.

It would be difficult to imagine a country the nature of which is more inhospitable than that which these tribes inhabit. In winter the cold is intense, and the mountains are deep with snow. Even the caravan road over the Atlas is blocked for months together. In summer the arid heat is equally severe, and little or nothing will grow except in a few sheltered valleys where some simple form of irrigation is possible. Here and there a few carefully constructed terraces on the mountain side allow of small crops of barley and turnips to be raised, but as a rule, the natives earn their livelihood as caravan men, driving their sturdy little mules over the passes, laden with the dates of Tafilet, and returning with rough iron bars to be forged into weapons and hoes. A hard, weary existence, indeed, spent in a climate which seems unsuitable to the support of life, with its fierce contrasts of heat and cold. But the people are very poor and their time counts for little, as can be judged when it is mentioned that a man and a mule can be hired from Marakesh to Tafilet—a distance of some 300 miles of snow peaks and desert—for six Moorish dollars, about the equivalent of four and a half American dollars—and out of this pittance the man must find food for his mule and himself for the eleven or twelve days the journey occupies. Yet the people seem contented enough, and the little caravans of mules and donkeys keep coming and going, followed by their lithe drivers in their long black goats-hair cloaks. Good, cheerful fellows they are, singing as they skip from rock to rock, and the mountains round echo and re-echo their song until the whole country seems alive with voices. But the Berbers are not the sole inhabitants of these mountain peaks, for even here the Oriental Jew is found, engaged in such skilled labor as the situation demands. Gunsmiths, jewellers, shoesmiths, and petty traders, one and all are Jews, indistinguishable almost in appearance from their Mohammedan neighbors, and speaking Shelha—the Berber language. Their lives spent amongst the Berbers seem to have changed everything about them with the exception of their religion. They even go armed, and many a Berber has discovered that they can repay an insult with a bullet as readily as he himself. In parts there are whole villages of these Israelites, walled and fortified, and to them the Berbers resort to do their shopping.

These mountain Jews—unlike their co-religionists of the plains and cities—complain but little of the treatment they receive from the Mohammedans, for a system



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exists by which they enjoy, in return for a small yearly tribute, the protection of various Berber chieftains, by whom the robbery or murder of a Jewish protégé is considered a personal affair, and one that must be avenged by blood. And so it is that in this, perhaps, the wildest district of Morocco, one meets Jewish women travelling one or two together without fear, when in those portions of Morocco over which the Moorish Sultan holds some authority no woman, Arab or Jew, can venture alone, or even several together, without the protection of men.

There are many minor divisions of the Berber race in Morocco, one and all of which possess characteristics differing in some degree from those of their neighbors; but of these space does not allow of mention here.

Yet when nowadays so many American and English travellers visit Tangier, with its picturesque old crumbling "kasbah," and its narrow white streets—the one little spot near Europe where one still lives in the Old Testament—it would be neglect were the reader not told that he will find there representatives of the Berber race in the Riffi tribesmen, who have left their mountain homes to seek a livelihood in the town. They are easily recognizable, from their short brown cloaks and the long lock of hair left unshaven on the back of their heads. The principal interest which centres in them is perhaps this: that within the last few years they have been guilty of acts of piracy on the open seas. They are the last of the Barbary Corsairs, and one cannot help feeling a hope that they will continue the anomalous calling yet awhile, and so help to maintain the assertion that the three hours crossing from Europe to Africa is a myth, and that, in reality, one travels back a thousand years.

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# GIFTS

## By Hildegarde Hawthorne

If God had given me some wondrous thing
  Thou shouldst have had it. I had but my song
  That rhymed to the wild music all day long
Sung by the chanting sea. I could but bring
My laughter, glad as the first sounds of Spring
  And free as are the flowers from pain or wrong.
  But these, and my young hope as Heaven strong,
My wish for good, my faith in everything—
  All these thou hast. But when I brought to thee
My heart, that with much dreaming was grown great
  Thou wouldst not take it; yet it cannot be
That thou wilt keep the dying song, or wait
  To hear spent echoes of past joy? Give me
My poor gifts back, nor leave me desolate.

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# THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL AND STANLEY M. ARTHURS

## VIII*

### THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE AND PERRY'S VICTORY—CHAUNCEY'S THIRD BATTLE WITH YEO.

WHILE the movements related in the last article were in progress, the contest for Lake Erie was brought to a final decision. The successful transfer of the vessels from Black Rock to Erie, shortly after the abandonment of the Niagara frontier by the British, has been mentioned. From that time, June 18th, Perry remained upon Lake Erie, superintending all administrative work; but in particular pressing to completion the equipment of the two brigs, ordered by Chauncey the previous winter. To the one of these, on which Perry intended to embark his own fortunes, was given the name of *Lawrence*, in honor of the captain of the *Chesapeake*, whose death, heroic in defeat, occurred at this period. The other was called the *Niagara*. They were sister vessels, of five hundred tons, constructed for war, and brig-rigged; that is, with two masts, and carrying square sails on both. Their armaments also were alike: eighteen 32-pounder carronades, and two long 12-pounder guns. They were thus about the equivalent in fighting force of the ocean sloops-of-war, *Wasp* and *Hornet*, which, however, were ship-rigged—three masts with square sails. The remainder of the squadron were what we now call a scratch lot. Three were schooner-rigged gunboats, built for the navy at Erie; the remainder were the vessels brought from Black Rock. Of these one was the brig *Caledonia*, formerly British, captured by Elliott the previous autumn; the others were purchased lake craft. When finally taking the lake, in the beginning of August, the squadron consisted of the two brigs, the Black Rock division—*Caledonia*, *Somers*, *Tigress*, *Ohio*, and *Trippe*—and three schooners—*Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Porcupine*, apparently those built at Erie; ten sail, all of which, except the *Ohio*, were in the final decisive battle.

On July 23d the vessels were rigged, armed, and ready for service, but there were not men enough to man them. How little exacting Perry was in this matter, and how eager to enter upon active operations, is shown by a letter from his superior, Chauncey, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated July 8th. "I am at a loss," he says, "to account for the change in Captain Perry's sentiments with respect to the number of men required for the little fleet at Presqu' Isle; for when I parted with him, on the last of May, we coincided in opinion perfectly as to the number required for each vessel, which was 180 for each of the new brigs, 60 for the *Caledonia*, and 40 for each of the other vessels; making in all, 740 officers and men. But if Captain Perry can beat the enemy with half that number, no one will feel more happy than myself." Chauncey having supreme control over both lakes, all reënforcements from the seaboard were sent to him; and as he had his own particular enemy on Ontario to confront, it was evident and natural that the junior, Perry, would be least well served. Hence, after successive disappointments, being, besides, of much more venturous temper than his superior, it is not surprising that he soon was willing to undertake his task with fewer men than his unbiassed judgment would call necessary.

The clash of interests between the two squadrons, having a common superior but separate responsibilities, is seen by a comparison of dates, which shows operations nearly simultaneous. On July 23d the Erie squadron was reported "all ready to

*A map of the Lake region illustrative of this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE on page 346.



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meet the enemy the moment they are officered and manned"; on July 20th the *General Pike* was ready, and on the 21st the Ontario squadron sailed from Sackett's Harbor. On the 5th of August Perry had his vessels across the bar at Erie, and on the 6th stood out into the lake. On the 7th Chauncey and Yeo met for their first encounter. On the 8th the two Ontario schooners, *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, were lost with nearly all on board; and on the 10th the *Julia* and *Growler* were captured. After this, it may be imagined that Chauncey with difficulty parted with any men; and it was in the midst of his second collision with Yeo that the Battle of Lake Erie occurred. In it, of the 180 men deemed necessary by Chauncey, Perry's brig had 142, of whom 30 were sick; while the squadron, with nearly all its vessels present, instead of the estimated 740, had but 490. Of this total, nearly one hundred were received from the army on August 31st, only nine days before the action. For the most part these were strangers to shipboard. Barring them, Perry's fighting force was barely more than half that reckoned necessary by Chauncey.

After the Frenchtown disaster of January 22, 1813, the army of the Northwest under General Harrison had remained strictly on the defensive throughout the spring and summer. The tenure of its position on the Maumee River depended upon Fort Meigs, built during the winter, just above the rapids, some twenty miles from the lake. Thirty miles east of Meigs was Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky River, protecting the approaches to Sandusky Bay, near which were Harrison's headquarters at the time the squadron was ready to move. Fort Stephenson by its situation contributed also to secure the communications of the Maumee line with central Ohio, and was an obstacle to an enemy's approach by land to Erie, a hundred and fifty miles further to the east. It was not, however, a work permanent in character, like Meigs; and neither post could be considered secure, being inadequately garrisoned. Fortunately, the general tenor of the instructions received by Procter from Prevost conspired with his own natural character to indispose him to energetic operations. His force of regulars was small, and he had not the faculty which occasional white men have shown, to rouse the Indians, of whom he had an abundance at call, to vigorous and sustained activity. Desultory guerilla warfare by means of them, which was prescribed to him in a letter from Prevost of March 1st, became in his hands inoperative. Nevertheless, the threat of savage warfare, from the number known to be under his command, and the control of the water enabling him to land where he would, hung over the frontier like a pall, until finally dissipated by Perry's victory.

The danger to British control of the water, and thereby to the maintenance of their position in the northwest, in case the American fleet now building should succeed in getting upon the lake, was perfectly apparent, and made Erie a third and principal point of interest. At the time of Perry's first arrival, March 27th, the place was entirely defenceless, and without any organization for defence, although the keels of the two brigs were laid, and the three gunboats well advanced in construction. By a visit to Pittsburg he obtained from an army-ordnance officer four small guns, with some muskets; and upon his application the local commander of Pennsylvania militia stationed at Erie five hundred men, who remained till the vessels crossed the bar. Under this slender protection went on the arduous work of building and equipping a squadron in what was substantially a wilderness, to which most of the mechanics and material had to be brought five hundred miles from the seaboard, under the difficulties of transport in those days. The rapid advance in the preparations aroused the disquietude of the British, but Procter had not the enterprising temper to throw all upon the hazard, for the sake of destroying an armament which, if completed, might destroy him; while on Ontario and the Niagara peninsula the British inferiority of force, with the movement of Chauncey and Dearborn, resulting in the capture of York on April 27th, effectually prevented intervention in the affairs of Lake Erie. At this time Procter made his first effort of the season, directed against Fort Meigs, which he held besieged for over a week—from May 1st to May 9th. Although unable to capture the position, he inflicted a very severe loss upon an American relief force, chiefly through its own

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mismanagement; a corps of 866 men being cut to pieces or captured, only 170 escaping. The chief points of interest in the affair are the demonstration of the weakness of the American frontier—the principal defence of which was thus not merely braved but threatened—and the effect of control of the water. By means of it Procter brought over gunboats which ascended the river to the fort, and guns of a weight not to be rapidly transported by land. The lake also secured his communications.

After the failure before Meigs, Procter turned his attention more seriously to the situation at Erie, and demanded reënforcements to enable him to attack the place. Prevost, being Commander-in-Chief for all Canada, recognized the propriety of the movement, and wrote him on the 20th of June that he had directed De Rottenburg, commanding at Niagara, to push on reënforcements and supplies; but Prevost was in Kingston, and De Rottenburg declined to weaken his force. He was already inferior to the United States army under Boyd, which was then confronting him, resting upon Fort George; and there was the prospect also that Chauncey might regain control of the lake. Instead of coöperation for offence, he transmitted arrangements for retreat in case of a disaster to Yeo on Ontario. Procter enclosed this letter to the Commander-in-Chief, remarking pathetically that he was fully confident of receiving aid from him, but intentions were of no avail. Had the force ordered been sent, he felt sure of destroying the fleet at Erie, thus securing the command of the lake, which would have benefited also the centre division (Niagara). He should now, he said, make an attempt upon Sandusky; Erie was impossible without reënforcements. At the same time, July 13th, Captain Barclay was about to sail for Long Point, on the Canada shore directly opposite Erie, to embark one hundred troops, and then to endeavor to retain the American fleet in port until the required assistance could be sent. The new British ship, *Detroit*, was nearly ready for launching at Amherstburg, and could be equipped and gunned there; but seamen were absolutely needed.

In accordance with these plans Barclay went with his squadron to Long Point. There the expected soldiers were refused him; and as also no seamen were forthcoming, he wrote on July 16th a letter directly to Sir George Prevost, "lest Sir James Yeo should be on the lake," representing the critical state of affairs, owing to the inadequate equipment of his vessels, the want of seamen, and the advanced preparations of the Americans to put afloat a force superior to his. On the 20th he appeared off Erie, where Perry's fleet were all still in harbor, waiting for men. Two hundred soldiers, loaned to it by Dearborn when the Black Rock flotilla came round, had been recalled on the 10th of July. On the 23d and 30th two reënforcements from Chauncey, in all 130 men, arrived. With these, and some landsmen enlisted on the spot for four months, the force of his squadron, estimated to require 780 men, was raised to 300. Having, however, lately received two pressing letters from the Navy Department, urging General Harrison's critical need of coöperation, Perry determined to cross the bar; and, most opportunely for his purpose, Barclay disappeared on the 30th, Friday, which thus for him made good its title to unlucky. He was absent until the 4th, and was by the Americans believed to have gone to Long Point. Before his Court-Martial he merely stated that "I blockaded as closely as I could, until I one morning saw the whole of the enemy's force over the bar, and in a most formidable state of preparation." The Court did not press inquiry on the point, which perhaps lay beyond its instructions; but the double failure to intercept the Black Rock division on its passage, and to prevent the crossing of the bar, were serious strategic misadventures when confronting a superior force. Perry's preparations for the passage had been for some time completed, but information of contemplated movements travelled so easily from shore to shore that he gave no indication of immediate action until Sunday. On that day the officers were permitted to disperse in town as usual, but afterward were quickly summoned back, and in the course of the day the vessels were moved down to the bar, on which the depth ordinarily was from five to seven feet, considerably less than was needed for the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*. This obstacle, hitherto a protection against naval

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attack, now imposed an extremely delicate and critical operation; for to get over, the brigs must be lightened of their guns and their hulls be borne upon floats. So situated, they were helplessly exposed to destruction, as far as their own powers went.

From point to point the mouth of the harbor, where the outer bar occurs, was eight-tenths of a mile wide. The distance to be travelled on the floats, from deep water within to deep water without, as shown by a sketch of the period, was a mile; rather less than more. On Monday morning, August 2d, the movement of the vessels began simultaneously. Five of the smaller, which under usual conditions could pass without lightening, were ordered to cross and take positions outside, covering the channel; a sixth, with the *Niagara*, was similarly posted within. The protection thus afforded was increased by three 12-pounder long guns, mounted on the beach abreast the bar, distant not more than five hundred yards from the point where the channel issued on the lake. While these dispositions were being made, the *Lawrence's* guns were hoisted out, and placed in boats to be towed astern; the floats taken alongside, filled, sunk, and made fast, so that when the water in them was pumped out their rising would lift the brig. In process of executing these movements it was found that the water had fallen to four feet, so that even the schooners had to be lightened, while the transit of the *Lawrence* was rendered more tedious and difficult. The weather, however, was propitious, and the water smooth; and although she grounded in the shoalest spot, necessitating a second sinking of the burden-bearing floats—appropriately called "camels"—perseverance protracted through that night and the day of the 3d carried her outside. At 8 A. M. of the 4th she was fairly afloat. The mounting of guns, singly light in weight as hers were, was quickly accomplished; but none too soon, for the enemy appeared almost immediately. The transit of the *Niagara* was more easily effected, and Barclay offered no molestation. In a letter to the Department, dated August 4, 1813, 9 P. M., Perry reported, "I have great pleasure in informing you that I have succeeded in getting over the bar the United States vessels, the *Lawrence*, *Niagara*, *Caledonia*, *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, *Somers*, *Tigress*, and *Porcupine*." He added, "The enemy have been in sight all day."

While Perry was thus profitably employed, Procter had embarked on another enterprise against the magazines on the American front of operations. His intention, as first reported to Prevost, was to attack Sandusky; but the conduct of the Indians, upon the coöperation of whom he had to rely, compelled him to change the point of attack to Fort Meigs. Here, an attempt to draw the garrison into an ambush having failed, the savages began to desert; and so rapidly that when Procter, after two days' stay, determined to revert to Sandusky, he was accompanied by "as many hundreds of them as there should have been thousands." The white troops went on by water, the Indians by the shore. Proceeding up Sandusky River, he appeared before Fort Stephenson on Sunday, August 1st. The garrison was summoned, with the customary intimation of the dire consequences to be apprehended from the savages in case of an assault. The American commander, Major Croghan, accepted these possibilities; and the following day, during which the *Lawrence* was working her way over Erie bar, the British artillery and gunboats were busy battering the northwest angle of the fort. At 4 P. M. an assault was made. It was repelled with heavy loss to the assailants, who during the night withdrew, and returned, baffled, to Malden.

Barclay having allowed his opponent to gain the lake, and mount his batteries, found himself like Chauncey while awaiting the *General Pike*. His new and most powerful vessel, the ship *Detroit*, was approaching completion. He was now too inferior in force to risk action when he might expect her help so soon, and therefore he also retired to Malden. Perry was thus left in possession of Lake Erie. He put out on August 6th; but failing to find the enemy, he anchored again off Erie, to receive provisions, and also stores to be carried to Sandusky for the army. While thus occupied, he received on the evening of the 8th the welcome news that a reënforcement of officers and seamen was approaching. These joined him on the 10th, to the number of 102. At their head was Commander Jesse D. Elliott, an officer of reputation, who became second in command to Perry, and took charge of the *Niagara*.

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On the 12th the squadron finally made sail for the westward, not to return to Erie till the campaign was decided. Its immediate movements possess little interest, the Battle of Lake Erie being so conspicuously the decisive incident as to reduce all preceding it to insignificance. Perry was off Malden on August 25th, and again on September 1st. The wind on the latter day favoring movement both to go and come, a somewhat rare circumstance, he remained all day reconnoitring near the harbor's mouth. The British squadron appeared complete in vessels and equipment; but Barclay had his own troubles about men, as had his antagonist, his continual representations to Yeo meeting with even less attention than Perry conceived himself to receive from Chauncey. He was determined to postpone action until he should get reënforcements of seamen from the eastward, unless the contingency of failure of provisions, already staring him in the face, should force him to battle, in order to open communications again by the lake.

The headquarters of the United States squadron was at Put-in Bay, in a group of islands known as the Bass Islands, thirty miles southeast of Malden. The harbor there was good, and the position suitable for watching the enemy, in case he should attempt to pass eastward to the lower lake, toward Long Point or elsewhere. Hither Perry returned on September 6th, after a brief visit to Sandusky Bay, where he had received information that the British leaders had determined that the fleet must sail, and at all hazards open communications with Long Point. From official correspondence afterward captured with Procter's baggage, it appeared that the Amherstburg and Malden district was now entirely dependent for flour upon Long Point, intercourse with which had been effectually destroyed by the presence of the American squadron. Even cattle, though somewhat more plentiful, could no longer be obtained in the neighborhood in sufficient numbers, owing to the wasteful way in which the Indians had killed where they wanted, while it was impossible to restrain without alienating them, or, worse, provoking them to outrage.

At sunrise of September 10th, the lookout at the masthead of the *Lawrence* sighted the British squadron in the northwest. Barclay was on his way down the lake, intending to fight. The wind was southwest, fair for the British, but adverse to the Americans quitting the harbor by the channel leading toward the enemy. Fortunately it shifted to the southeast, and there steadied; which not only removed this difficulty, but gave them the windward position throughout the engagement. The windward position, or weather-gage, as it is commonly called, confers the power of initiative; whereas the vessel or squadron to leeward, while it may by skill at times compel action, or itself obtain the weather-gage by manœuvring, is commonly obliged to await attack and accept the distance chosen by the enemy. Where the principal force of a squadron consists, as in Perry's case, in two vessels armed almost entirely with carronades, the importance of choosing distance, and getting within carronade range, is apparent.

Looking forward to a meeting, Perry had prearranged the disposition of his vessels to conform to that which he expected the enemy to assume. Unlike ocean fleets, all the lake squadrons, as is already known of Ontario, were composed of vessels very heterogeneous in force. This was because the most had been bought, not designed for the Navy. It was antecedently probable, therefore, that a certain general principle would dictate the constitution of the three parts of the order of battle, the centre and two flanks, into which every military line divides. The French have an expression for the centre—*corps de bataille*—which was particularly appropriate to squadrons like those of Barclay and Perry. Each had a natural "body of battle," in vessels decisively stronger than all the others combined. This relatively powerful division would take the centre, as a cohesive force, to prevent the two ends —or flanks—being wedged apart by the enemy. Barclay's vessels of this class were the new ship *Detroit*, and the *Queen Charlotte;* Perry's were the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*. Each had an intermediate vessel; the British the *Lady Prevost*, the Americans the *Caledonia*. In addition to these were the light craft, three British and six Americans; concerning which it is to be said that the latter were not only the more numerous, but individually much more powerfully armed.

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The same remark is true, vessel for vessel, of those opposed to one another by Perry's plan; that is, measuring the weight of shot discharged at a broadside, which is the usual standard of comparison, the *Lawrence* threw more metal than the *Detroit*, the *Niagara* much more than the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Caledonia* than the *Lady Prevost*. This, however, must be qualified by the consideration, more conspicuously noticeable on Ontario than on Erie, of the greater length of range of the long gun. This applies more particularly to the principal British vessel, the *Detroit*. Owing to the difficulties of transportation, and the demands of their Ontario squadron, her proper armament had not arrived. She was provided with guns from the ramparts of Fort Malden, and a more curiously composite battery probably never was seen; but, of the total nineteen, seventeen were long guns. It is impossible to say what her broadside may have weighed. All her pieces together fired 230 pounds; but it is incredible that a seaman like Barclay should not so have disposed them as to give more than half that amount to her broadside. That of the *Lawrence* was three hundred pounds; but all her guns, save two twelves, were carronades. Compared with the *Queen Charlotte*, the battery of the *Niagara* was as 3 to 2; both chiefly carronades.

From what has been stated, it is evident that if Perry's plan, of opposing vessel to vessel, were carried out, the Americans would have a superiority of at least fifty per cent. Such an advantage, in some quarter at least, is the aim of every capable commander; for the object of war is not to kill men, but to carry a point; not glory by fighting, but success in result. His only obvious dangers were that the wind might fail or be very light, which would protract unduly his exposure to long guns before getting within range for his carronades; or that, by delay of some of his vessels coming into action, one or more of the others would suffer a concentration of the enemy's fire. It was this contingency, realized in fact, which gave rise to the imbittered controversy about the battle; a controversy never settled, and probably now not susceptible of settlement, because the President of the United States, Mr. Monroe, pigeon-holed the charges formulated by Perry against Elliott in 1818. There is thus no American sworn testimony to facts, searched and sifted by cross-examination; for the affidavits submitted on the one side and the other were *ex parte*, while the Court of Inquiry, asked by Elliott in 1815, neglected to call all accessible witnesses—notably Perry himself.

The historian to-day thus finds himself in the dilemma that the American testimony is in two categories, distinctly contradictory and mutually destructive, yet to be tested only by his own capacity to cross-examine the record, and by reference to the British accounts. The latter are impartial, as between the American parties; their only bias is to constitute a fair case for Barclay, by establishing the surrender of the American flag-ship, and the hesitancy of the *Niagara* to enter into action. This would indicate victory so far, changed to defeat by the use Perry made of the vessel preserved to him intact by the over-caution of his second. Waiving motives, these claims are substantially correct, and constitute the analysis of the battle as fought and won.

Barclay, finding the wind to head him, and place him to leeward, arranged his fleet to await attack in the following order, from van to rear: The schooner *Chippewa*, *Detroit*, *Hunter*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Prevost*, *Little Belt** (Position I). This, he said in his official letter, was "according to a given plan, so that each ship" (that is, the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*) "might be supported against the superior force of the two brigs opposed to them." The vessels lay in line, in each other's wake, by the wind on the port tack, hove-to (stopped) with a topsail to the mast, heading to the southwest. Perry now modified some details of his disposition. It had been expected that the *Queen Charlotte* would precede the *Detroit*, and the American commander had therefore placed the *Niagara* leading, as designated to fight the *Charlotte;* the *Lawrence* following the *Niagara*. This order was now reversed, and the *Caledonia* interposed between the two, the succession being *Lawrence, Caledonia, Niagara.* Hav-

* There was a question whether the *Hunter* was ahead or astern of the *Queen Charlotte*. In the author's opinion the balance of evidence is as stated in the text. Perry rearranged his line with reference to the British, upon seeing their array. Had the *Charlotte* been next the *Detroit*, as James puts her, it seems probable the *Niagara* would have been placed next the *Lawrence*.

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ing more schooners than the enemy, he placed in the van two of the best, the *Scorpion* and the *Ariel;* the other four behind the *Niagara*. His centre, therefore, the *Lawrence*, *Caledonia*, and *Niagara*, was to resort to oars because the wind was light. It is not uncommon to see small vessels with low sails thus retarded, while larger are being urged forward by their lofty, light canvas. Perry stood down without

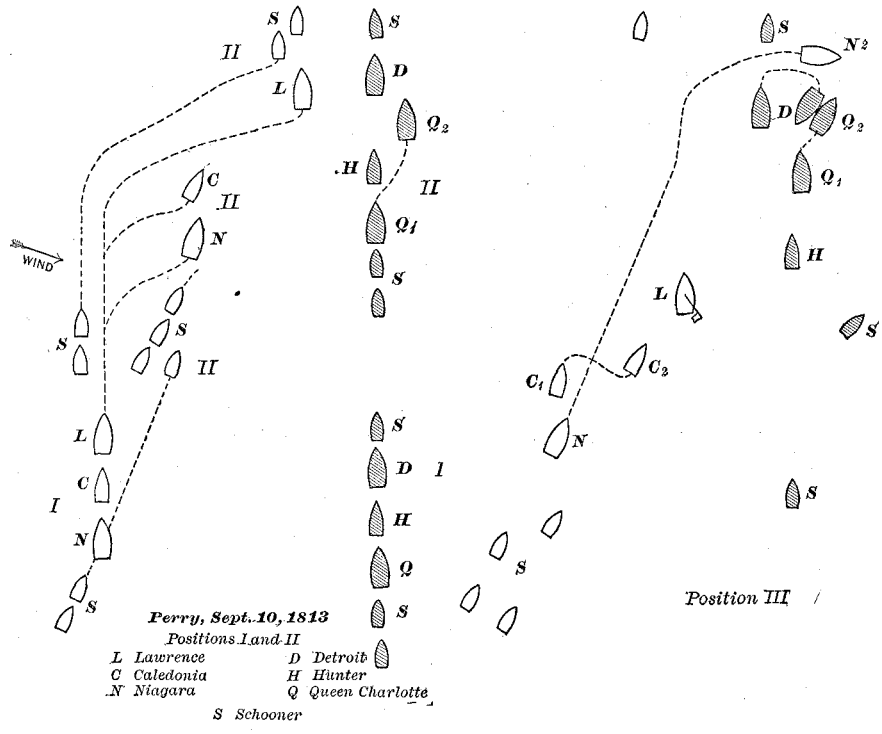


Diagram of the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

opposed to the *Detroit*, *Hunter*, and *Queen Charlotte*. The long guns of the *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Caledonia* supplied in measure the deficiency of gun power in the *Lawrence*, while standing down outside of carronade range; the *Caledonia*, with the rear schooners, giving a like support to the *Niagara*. The *Ariel*, and perhaps also the *Scorpion*, was ordered to keep a little to windward of the *Lawrence*. This was a not uncommon use of van vessels, making more hazardous any attempt of the opponent to tack and pass to windward, in order to gain the weather-gage with its particular advantages.

The rear four American schooners, as is frequently the case in long columns, were somewhat straggling at the time the signal to bear down was made; and they had difficulty in getting to action, being compelled regard to them. At quarter before twelve —noon—the *Detroit* opened fire with her long guns upon the *Lawrence*. Ten minutes later the Americans began to reply. Finding the British fire at this range more destructive than he had anticipated, Perry made more sail. Word had already been passed by hail of trumpet to close up in the line, and for each vessel to come into action against her opponent, before designated. The *Lawrence* continued thus to approach obliquely, using her own long twelves, and backed by the long guns of the vessels ahead and astern, till she was within "canister range," apparently about 250 yards, when she turned her side to the wind on the weather quarter of the *Detroit*, bringing her carronade battery to bear. This distance was greater than desirable for carronades; but with a very light breeze, mov-

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ing little more than two miles an hour, there was a limit to the time during which it was prudent to allow an opponent's raking fire to play, unaffected in aim by any reply. Moreover, much of her rigging was already shot away, and she was becoming unmanageable. The battle was thus joined by the Commander-in-Chief; but, while supported to his satisfaction by the *Scorpion* and *Ariel* ahead, and *Caledonia* astern, with their long guns, the *Niagara* did not come up, and her carronades failed to do their share. The captain of her opponent, the *Queen Charlotte*, finding that his own twenty-fours would not reach, made sail ahead, passed the *Hunter*, and brought his battery to the support of the *Detroit* in her contest with the *Lawrence*. Perry's vessel thus found herself under the combined fire of the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte*, and in some measure of the *Hunter;* but the armament of the last was too trivial to count for much. (Position II.)

The battle being thus opened, the order of events seems to have been as follows: Perry having taken the initiative of bearing down, under increased sail, Elliott remained behind; governed by, or availing himself of—two very different motives, not lightly to be determined, or assumed, by the historian—the technical point, long before abandoned in practice, that he could not leave his place in the line without a signal. His action was thus controlled by the position of his next ahead in the line, the dull-sailing *Caledonia*, a vessel differing radically from his own in armament; having two long and, for that day, heavy guns, quite equal in range and efficiency to the best of the *Detroit's*,* and therefore capable of good service, though possibly not their best, from the distance at which Perry changed his speed. Elliott's battery was the same as Perry's. He thus continued until it became evident that, the *Queen Charlotte* having gone to the support of the *Detroit*, the *Lawrence* was heavily overpowered. Then, not earlier than an hour after Perry bore down, he realized that his commander-in-chief would be destroyed under his eyes, unless he went to his support, and that he himself would rest under the imputation of an inefficient spectator. He ordered the *Caledonia* to bear up, in order that he might pass. Though not demonstrably certain, it seems probable that the wind, light throughout, was now so fallen as to impede the retrieval of his position; the opportunity to close, used by Perry, had passed away. At all events it was not till between 2 and 2.30 that the *Niagara* arrived on the scene, within effective range of the carronades, which constituted nine-tenths of her battery.

With this began the second stage of the battle. (Position III.) The situation then was as follows: The *Lawrence*, disabled, was dropping astern of the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte*, and *Hunter*. More than half her ship's company lay dead or wounded on her decks. Her loss, 83 killed and wounded out of a total of 142,—sick included,—was mostly incurred before this. With only one gun left, she was a beaten ship, although her colors were up. The *Detroit* lay in the British line almost equally mauled. On her lee quarter,—that is, behind, but on the lee side,—and close to her, was the *Queen Charlotte*. Her captain, second to Barclay, had been killed,—the first man hit on board,—and her first lieutenant knocked senseless; being succeeded in command by an officer whom Barclay described as of little experience. The first lieutenant of the *Detroit* was also mortally wounded; and Barclay himself, who already had been once hit in the thigh, was now a second time so severely injured,—being his eighth wound in battle,—that he was forced at this critical instant to go below, leaving the deck with the second lieutenant. The *Hunter* was astern of her two consorts. The *Lady Prevost*, fifth in the British order, had fallen to leeward with her rudder crippled. The position of the leading and rear British schooners is not mentioned, and is not important; the reliance of each being one long 9-pounder gun.

Before this, taking advantage of the breeze freshening, the *Niagara* had gone clear of the *Caledonia*, on her windward side, and had stood along the line to the southwest. She had not at first either foresail or topgallant-sails set; and as she passed the *Lawrence* to windward, she was almost certainly then over 250 yards from the British line, for there is no conclusive proof that the *Lawrence* was nearer than that. Combining the narrative of the Brit-

* The *Caledonia* had two long 24-pounders, and one other lighter gun, variously stated. The *Detroit's* heaviest were also two long 24's; she had, beside, one long 18, six long 12's, etc.

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ish commodore with that of his second lieutenant, who now took charge, it appears that Barclay, before going below, saw a boat passing from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*, and that the second lieutenant, Inglis, after relieving him, found the *Niagara* on the weather beam of the *Detroit*. Perry, seeing the *Lawrence* incapable of further offensive action, had decided to leave her and go on board the *Niagara;* and in this brief interval was making his passage from the one vessel to the other. After leaving the *Lawrence* astern, the *Niagara* had made sail; the foresail having been set, and the top-gallant-sails "in the act of being set, before Captain Perry came on board."* This necessarily prolonged the time of his passage, and may have given rise to the opprobrious British report that she was making off. As far as the eyes of the British officers could detect, this increase of canvas was made while she was standing nearly parallel to their line, and her course was not changed till Perry reached her. Her making sail as she did indicated that she had suffered little aloft; she had been out of carronade range while her consort, still in fighting condition, was bearing the brunt; it was natural to conclude that she would not alone renew the action now that the *Lawrence* was hopelessly disabled. The wish, too, may possibly have helped the thought. The *Lawrence*, in fact, having kept her colors flying till Perry reached the *Niagara*, struck immediately afterward. Had she surrendered while he was on board, he could not honorably have quitted her; and the record was clearer by his reaching a fresh ship while the flag of the one he left was still up.

What next happened is under no doubt so far as the movements of the *Niagara* are concerned, though there is irreconcilable difference as to who initiated the action. Immediately after Perry came on board, Elliott left her, to urge forward the rear gunboats. Her helm was put up, and she bore down ahead of the *Detroit* to rake her; supported in so doing by the small vessels, presumably the *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Caledonia*. The British ship tried to wear, both to avoid being raked and to get her starboard battery into action, many of the guns on the broadside heretofore engaged being disabled. The *Charlotte* being on her lee quarter, and ranging ahead, the two fell foul, and so remained for some time. This condition gave free play to the American guns, which were soon after reënforced by those of the rear gunboats; enabled, like the *Niagara*, to close with the freshening breeze. After the two British vessels got clear, another attempt was made to bring their batteries to bear; but the end was inevitable, and is best told in the words of the officer upon whom devolved the duty of surrendering the *Detroit*. "The ship lying completely unmanageable, every brace cut away, the mizzen-topmast and gaff down, all the other masts badly wounded, not a stay left forward, hull shattered very much, a number of guns disabled, and the enemy's squadron raking both ships ahead and astern, none of our own in a position to support us, I was under the painful necessity of answering the enemy to say we had struck, the *Queen Charlotte* having previously done so." A Canadian officer taken prisoner at the Battle of the Thames saw the *Detroit* a month later, at Put-in Bay. "It would be impossible," he wrote, "to place a hand upon that broadside which had been exposed to the enemy's fire without covering some portion of a wound, either from grape, round, canister, or chain shot." Her loss in men was never specifically given. Barclay reported that of the squadron as a whole to be 41 killed, 94 wounded. He himself, though now only thirty-two, had lost an arm at Trafalgar; and on this occasion, beside other injuries, the one remaining to him was so shattered as to be still in bandages a year later, when he appeared before the Court-Martial, which acquitted him emphatically of blame. The loss of the American squadron was 27 killed, 96 wounded; of whom 22 killed and 61 wounded were on board the *Lawrence*.

Thus was the Battle of Lake Erie fought and won. Captain Barclay not only had borne himself gallantly and tenaciously against a superior force,—favored in so doing by the enemy attacking in detail,—but the testimony on his trial showed that he had labored diligently also during the brief period of his command, amid surroundings of extreme difficulty, to equip his squadron, and to train to discipline and efficiency the heterogeneous material of

* Evidence of Midshipman Montgomery of the *Niagara*, before the Court of Inquiry.

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which his crews were composed. The only point not satisfactorily covered is his absence when Perry was crossing the bar. His allusion to this incident in his defence is very casual, resembles somewhat gliding rapidly over thin ice; but the Court raised no question, satisfied probably with the certainty that the honor of the flag had not suffered in the action. On the American side, since the history of a country is not merely the narrative of principal transactions, but the record also of honor reflected upon the nation by the distinguished men it produces, it is proper to consider the question of credit, which has been raised in this instance. There can be no doubt that opportunity must be seized as it is offered; for accident or chance may prevent its recurrence. Constituted as Perry's squadron was, the opportunity presented to him could be seized only by standing down as he did, trusting that the other vessels would follow the example of their commander. The shifting of the wind in the morning, and its failure during the engagement, alike testify to the urgency of taking the tide as it serves. There was no lagging like Chauncey's, to fetch up heavy schooners; and the campaign was decided in a month, instead of remaining at the end of three months a drawn contest, to lapse thenceforth into a race of ship-building. Had the *Niagara* followed closely, there could have been no doubling on the *Lawrence;* and Perry's confidence would have been justified as well as his conduct. The latter needs no apology. Without the *Niagara's* help, the *Detroit* was reduced to a "defenceless state," and a "perfect wreck," by the carronades of the *Lawrence*, supported by the raking fire of the *Ariel* and *Scorpion*. Both the expressions quoted are applied by the heroic Barclay to her condition at 2.30, when, as he also says, the *Niagara* was perfectly fresh. Not only was the *Detroit* thus put out of action, but the *Charlotte* was so damaged that she surrendered before her. To this the *Caledonia's* two long twenty-fours had contributed effectively. The first lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte* testified that up to the time he was disabled, an hour or an hour and a quarter after the action began, the vessel was still manageable; that "the *Niagara* engaged us on our quarter, out of carronade range, with what long guns she had; but our principal injury was from the *Caledonia*, who laid on our beam, with two long 24-pounders on pivots, also out of carronade-shot distance."

Is it to Perry, or to Elliott, that is due the credit of the *Niagara's* action in bearing up across the bows of the *Detroit?* This is the second stage of the battle; the bringing up the reserves. An absolute reply is impossible in the face of evidence, sworn but not cross-examined. A probable inference, which in the present writer amounts to conviction, is attainable. Before the Court of Inquiry, in 1815, Captain Elliott put the question to several of his witnesses, "Was not the *Niagara's* helm up and she standing direct for the *Detroit* when Captain Perry came on board?" They replied "Yes." All these were midshipmen. By a singular fatality most of the *Niagara's* responsible officers were already dead, and the one surviving lieutenant had been below, stunned, when Perry reached the deck. On the other hand, no mention of this very important change of course is made in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, October 13, 1813, one month after the battle, drawn up for the express purpose of vindicating Elliott, and signed by all the lieutenants and the purser, who formerly had been a lieutenant in the Navy. Their account was that Perry, on reaching the ship, said he feared the day was lost; that Elliott replied it was not, that he would repair on board the rear schooners, and bring them up; that he did so, and "the consequence was that in ten minutes the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, with the *Lady Prevost*, struck to us, and the whole of the enemy's squadron followed their example." This attributes the victory to the four or five long guns of the four schooners, instead of to the nine carronades of equal calibre on board a single vessel, the *Niagara*, occupying a raking position, within point-blank carronade range of vessels in the condition described by Barclay. Such a conclusion traverses all experience of the tactical advantage of guns massed under one captain over a like number distributed in several commands, and also contravenes the particular superiority of carronades at close quarters. An officer of the *Detroit* who was on deck throughout testified that the *Lawrence* had engaged at musket shot, the

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*Niagara,* when she bore down under Perry, at pistol shot. To say the least, the statement of the *Niagara's* officers minimizes her action under Perry. In fact, it altogether ignores her standing down.

In short, the campaign of Lake Erie was brought to an immediate successful issue by the ready initiative taken by Perry when he found the British distant fire more destructive than he expected, and by his instant acceptance of necessary risk, in standing down exposed to a raking cannonade to which he for a long while could not reply. If, as the author holds, he was entitled to expect prompt imitation by the *Niagara,* the risk was actual, but not undue. As it was, though the *Lawrence* surrendered, it was not until she had, with the help of gunboats stationed by Perry for that object, so damaged both her opponents that they were incapable of further resistance. In the tactical management of the *Lawrence* and her supports was no mere headlong dash, but preparation adequate to conditions. Had the *Niagara* followed, the *Lawrence* need never have struck. The contemporary incidents on Erie and Ontario afford an instructive commentary upon Napoleon's incisive irony, that "War cannot be waged without running risks." There has been sufficient quotation from Chauncey to indicate why the campaign on Ontario dragged through two seasons, and then left the enemy in control. Small as were the scale and the theatre of these naval operations, they illustrate the unvarying lesson that only in offensive action can defensive security be found.

The destruction of the British naval force decided the campaign in the northwest by transferring the control of the water, and the general military results were in this respect final. Nothing occurred to modify them during the rest of the war. Detroit and Michigan territory fell back into the hands of the United States; and the allegiance of the Indians to the British cause, procured by Brock's sagacious daring a twelvemonth before, but rudely shaken by the events narrated, was destroyed by the death of their great leader, Tecumseh, a month later in the Battle of the Thames, itself the direct consequence of Perry's success. The frontier was henceforth free from the Indian terror, which had hitherto disquieted it from the Maumee to Cleveland.

Perry's victory was promptly followed up by himself and Harrison. Within a week the squadron—except the *Lawrence*—and four of the prizes were in condition to transport the army, an operation performed by successive stages. On the 30th of September Detroit and Fort Malden were occupied, the British forces retreating eastward up the valley of the Thames, pursued by the Americans. On the 5th of October, at a place then known as Moravian Town, they were brought to action, routed, and wholly dispersed. After the engagement, which in American history is called the Battle of the Thames, General Procter reached Ancaster with only two hundred men, whence he again retired upon Burlington Heights at the head of Lake Ontario. General Vincent, who, after the temporary presence of a superior, was again in command on the Niagara peninsula, also fell back upon the same position with much precipitation, as soon as the news of the defeat reached him; for he feared that Harrison's victorious division coming in there upon his rear would intercept his communication and retreat toward York by land, while Chauncey also cut him off by water.

Harrison, however, did not pursue so far, but returned to Detroit, where Perry and he received orders to transport a division by vessels to Niagara, whence it was further to proceed to Sackett's Harbor. He accordingly embarked with 1,300 men and reached Buffalo October 24th. Here Perry was detached from the lake service, while Harrison went on alone to Niagara.

This movement was in pursuance of a change of plan by the Government, which in the middle of the summer had determined to abandon the attempt on the Niagara peninsula, retaining in that quarter only Forts George and Niagara, adequately garrisoned, and to transfer the main effort of the American arms to the eastward; against Kingston or Montreal, as circumstances might determine. The first point of concentration in either case was to be Sackett's Harbor. Thither the regulars then on the peninsula, some 3,000 strong, were to be directed, and in conjunction with the force already there to attack either the one place or the other. The division on Champlain under General Hampton was also to advance in concert.

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Its action, if Kingston became the object, would divert the attention of the enemy and divide his strength; while if Montreal were chosen, it would co-operate directly by a junction on the St. Lawrence with the main body. Harrison's reënforcement would supply the place of the men removed from the peninsula, or of the garrison taken from Sackett's, according to circumstances.

General James Wilkinson, an officer advanced in years, of extremely poor reputation, personal as well as professional, and of broken constitution, had been either selected by, or forced upon,* the Secretary of War, to replace Dearborn in command of the New York frontier and conduct of the proposed operations. To his suggested doubts as to the direction of effort, whether westward or eastward, Armstrong had replied definitely and finally on August 8th. "Operations westward of Kingston, if successful, leave the strength of the enemy unbroken. It is the great depot of his resources. So long as he retains this, and keeps open his communication with the sea, he will not want the means of multiplying his naval and other defences, and of reënforcing or renewing the war in the west." He then explained that there were two ways of reducing the place: by direct attack, or, indirectly, by choking its communications with the lower river. The method indicated for accomplishing the latter was, while making a demonstration of direct attack, to move rapidly down the St. Lawrence to Madrid (or Hamilton) † in New York, cross there to the Canadian side, seizing and fortifying a bluff on the north bank to control the road and river; which done, the rest of the force should march upon Montreal. The army division on Champlain was to co-operate by a simultaneous movement and subsequent junction. This plan, in general outline, had been approved by the President; and in transmitting it Armstrong wrote to Wilkinson: "After this exposition, it is unnecessary to add, that, in conducting the present campaign, you will make Kingston your *primary object*, and that you will *choose* (as circumstances may warrant), between a *direct* and *indirect* attack upon that post."

* Scott says, "The selection of this unprincipled imbecile was not the blunder of Secretary Armstrong." Memoirs, Vol. I, page 94.

† Both these names are used, confusingly, by Armstrong. Madrid was the township, Hamilton a village on the St. Lawrence fifteen to twenty miles below the present Ogdensburg.

Wilkinson reached his headquarters at Sackett's August 20th, and on September 4th was at Fort George to superintend the first movement of concentration. Chauncey, after some unimportant preliminary movements on the lake, arrived off Niagara September 24th with the squadron, and the process of embarkation at once began; but as the vessels of war could not carry so large a force, the trip must be in batteaux, coasting the south shore of the lake, an operation with which Yeo might interfere. Accordingly, when word was received on September 26th that the hostile fleet was at York, only thirty miles away, it became necessary to suspend the departure of the troops and to seek it; but owing to head winds the American squadron could not get out of Niagara till the evening of the 27th.

In consequence of the schooner gunvessels sailing so badly, the *Pike*, the *Madison*, and the *Sylph* each took one in tow on the morning of the 28th, steering for York, where the British fleet were soon after sighted. As the Americans kept standing in, the British quitted the bay to gain the open lake; for their better manœuvring powers as a squadron would have scope clear of the land. They formed on the port tack, running south with the wind fresh at east. (Positions I.) Being now about three miles distant, to windward, Chauncey put his fleet on the same tack as the enemy and edged down toward him. (II.) At ten minutes past noon, the Americans threatening to cut off the rearmost two of the British, Yeo tacked his column in succession, beginning with his own ship, the leader; heading north toward his endangered vessels, between them and the opponents. (III.) When round, he opened fire on the *General Pike*. As this movement, if continued, would bring the leading and strongest British ships upon the weaker Americans astern, Chauncey put his helm up and steered for the *Wolfe* as soon as the *General Pike* came abreast of her, the American column following in his wake. The *Wolfe* then kept away, and a sharp encounter followed between the two leaders, in which the rest of the vessels took some share. (IV.)

At the end of twenty minutes the *Wolfe* lost her main and mizzen-topmasts, and mainyard. With all her after-sail gone,

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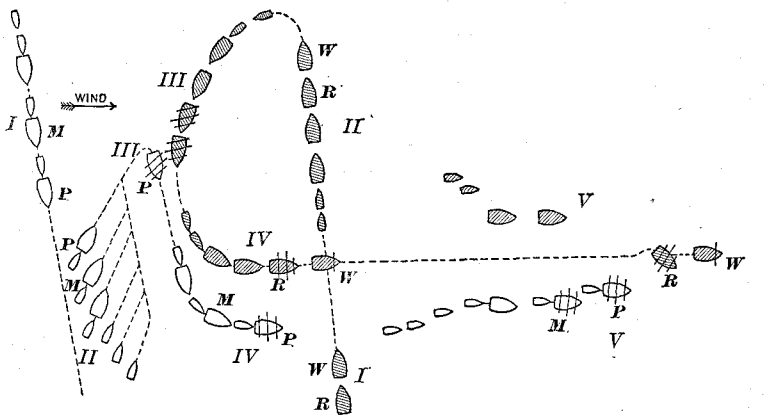
there was nothing to do but to keep before the wind, which was fair for the British posts at the head of the bay. (V.) The American squadron followed; but the *Madison*, the next heaviest ship to the *Pike*, superior in battery power to the *Wasp* and *Hornet* of the ocean navy, and substantially equal to the second British ship, the *Royal George*, "having a heavy schooner in tow, prevented her commander from closing near enough to do any execution with her carronades."* The explanation requires explanation, which is not forthcoming. Concern at such instants for heavy schooners in tow is not the spirit in which battles are won or campaigns decided; and it must be admitted that Commodore Chauncey's solicitude to keep his schooners up with his real fighting vessels, to conform, at critical moments, the action of ships of eight hundred and six hundred tons, like the *Pike* and *Madison*, to those of lake craft of under one hundred, is not creditable to his military instincts. He threw out a signal, true, for the fleet to make all sail; but as he held on to the schooner he had in tow, neither the *Madison* nor *Sylph* dropped hers. His flag-ship, individually, appears to have been well fought; but anxiety to keep a squadron united needs to be tempered with discretion of a kind somewhat more eager than the quality commonly thus named, and which on occasion can drop a schooner,—or other small craft,—in order to get at the enemy. As the dismasted *Wolfe* ran to leeward, "the *Royal George*," says the American naval historian Cooper, "luffed up in noble style across her stern to cover the English Commodore," and "kept yawing athwart her stern, delivering her broadsides in a manner to extort exclamations of delight from the American fleet. She was commanded by Captain Mulcaster." Her fighting mate, the *Madison*, had a heavy schooner in tow.



Chauncey's battle on Lake Ontario, September 28, 1813.

At quarter before three Chauncey relinquished pursuit. Both squadrons were then about six miles from the head of the lake, running toward it before a wind which had increased to a gale, with a heavy sea. Ahead of them was a lee shore, and for the Americans a hostile coast. "Though we might succeed in driving him on shore, the probability was we should go on shore also, he amongst his friends, we amongst our enemies; and after the gale abated, if he could get off one or two vessels out of the two fleets, it would give him as completely the command of the lake as if he had twenty vessels. Moreover, he was covered at his anchorage by part of his army and several small batteries thrown up for the purpose." For these reasons, the Commodore "without hesitation relinquished the opportunity then presenting itself of acquiring individual reputation at the expense of my country." The British squadron anchored without driving ashore, and the American returned to Niagara. It had received a certain amount of damage aloft, and one of the purchased schooners lost her foremast; but the killed and wounded by the enemy amounted to only five, all on board the *General Pike*. That vessel lost besides twenty-two men by the bursting of a gun.

After this action Chauncey continued off Niagara, to hold in check the enemy's fleet pending the movement of the batteaux, which began October 1st. On the 2d all had gone, and Wilkinson himself set

* Chauncey's report.

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out, reporting that he was bringing 3,500 men. On the 4th a false account that Yeo had given him the slip induced Chauncey to carry the squadron to Sackett's, where he arrived on the 6th; having been fortunate enough on the way to capture six transports having reënforcements from York for Kingston. Of them two were the schooners taken from himself on August 10th.

This movement of British troops upon Kingston showed that the enemy had divined in part the American object. In fact, as early as October 2d, General de Rottenburg, who had succeeded to Brock's place as Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the forces in Upper Canada, had quitted the peninsula for Kingston, as the point chiefly menaced, taking with him two regiments, and leaving Vincent again in local command. This was after Perry's victory had become known, but before the Battle of the Thames.

When Chauncey reached Sackett's he found there not only Wilkinson but the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, who had transferred the War Department to the frontier for this campaign. A discussion followed as to the place to be chosen for the grand attack. The Secretary and Chauncey preferred Kingston; Wilkinson argued in favor of Montreal. For some time the Secretary stood firm; but the concentration of the troops at Sackett's was not effected till October 18th, and it was then known that De Rottenburg with his two regiments had arrived at Kingston two days before. Armstrong then reconsidered his determination, and on the 19th ordered the advance against Montreal, down the St. Lawrence; a junction to be made with Hampton, who was then at Chateaugay. Chauncey, whose principal anxiety naturally was the British dockyard, was much disgusted at this decision, which was reached while he was again on the lake, covering the movement to troops to Grenadier Island, at the entrance to the St. Lawrence, where a first rendezvous was established for the final start. Not the least objection, and one of great importance, was that Sackett's would be practically denuded of garrison until Harrison's men should arrive. Scarcely less detrimental was the stripping of the Niagara frontier, which in the end caused most disastrous consequences.

From Grenadier Island the army, on November 1st, began entering the St. Lawrence by detachments, rendezvousing again at French Creek, on the American side, fifteen miles from the lake. Being here immediately opposite one of the points considered suitable for an advance upon Kingston, the object of the movement remained still doubtful to the enemy. The detachments first arriving were cannonaded by four of Yeo's vessels that had come through the channel north of Long Island, which here divides the stream. On November 2d Chauncey anchored near by, preventing the recurrence of this annoyance. On the 4th the entire force was assembled, and on the 5th started down the river with fine weather, which lasted until the 11th. Up to this date no serious difficulty was encountered; but immediately that the departure from French Creek proclaimed the real direction of the movement, De Rottenburg dispatched a body of six hundred regular troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, accompanied by some gunboats under Captain Mulcaster, to harass the rear. At the same time, probably to cover from observation the movement of this little expedition, as it crept along the north bank, Sir James Yeo on the 5th came out from Kingston with his fleet. He anchored on the north side of Long Island, only five miles from the American squadron, but separated by a reef, over which the *General Pike* could not pass without being lightened. Steps were taken to effect this, and to buoy a channel, but on the 6th Yeo retired.

Morrison and Mulcaster on the 8th reached Fort Wellington, opposite Ogdensburg. Here they landed and received reënforcements from the garrison, raising their numbers to eight hundred. These continued to follow, by water and by land, until the 11th, when they were turned upon by the rear guard of an American division, marching on the north bank to suppress the harassment to which the flotilla otherwise was liable in its advance. An action followed, known as that of Chrystler's Farm, in which the Americans were the assailants and in much superior numbers; but they were worsted and driven back, having lost 102 killed and 237 wounded, beside 100 prisoners. The troops engaged then embarked, passing the Long Saut Rapids to Cornwall, 120 miles from Kingston and 82 from Montreal. Here they

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were rejoined on the 12th by the advance portion of the division, which had met little resistance in its progress.

At this time and place Wilkinson received a letter from General Hampton, to whom he had written that the provisions of his army were insufficient, and requested him to send "two or three months' supply by the safest route in a direction to the proposed scene of action." He also instructed him to join the advance at St. Regis, opposite Cornwall. As the two bodies were coöperating, and Wilkinson was senior, these directions had the force of orders. In his reply, dated November 8th, Hampton said: "The idea of meeting at St. Regis was most pleasing, until I came to the disclosure of the amount of your supplies of provision." Actually, the disclosure about the supplies preceded in the letter the appointment of meeting at St. Regis, which was the last subject mentioned. "It would be impossible," Hampton continued, "for me to bring more than each man could carry on his back; and when I reflected that, in throwing myself upon your scanty means, I should be weakening you in your most vulnerable point, I did not hesitate to adopt the opinion that by throwing myself back upon my main depot (Plattsburg), where all means of transportation had gone, and falling upon the enemy's flank, and straining every effort to open a communication from Plattsburg to . . . . the St. Lawrence, I should more effectually contribute to your success than by the junction at St. Regis."

Hampton then retired to Plattsburg, in the direction opposite from St. Regis. Wilkinson, upon receiving his letter, held a council of war and decided that "the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for the present season." The army accordingly crossed to the American side and went into winter quarters at French Mills, just within the New York boundary, ten miles from the mouth of the Salmon River, which enters the St. Lawrence thirteen miles below St. Regis. Wilkinson was writing from there November 17th, twelve days after he started from French Creek to capture Montreal. Thus two divisions, of eight thousand and four thousand respectively, both fell back helplessly, when within a few days of a junction which the enemy could not have prevented, even though he might successfully have opposed their joint attack upon Montreal.

It is a delicate matter to judge the discretion of a general officer in Hampton's position; but the fact remains, as to provisions, that he was in a country where, by his own statement of a month before, "we have, and can have, an unlimited supply of good beef cattle." A British commissary at Prescott wrote two months later, January 5, 1814: "Our supplies for 1,600 men are all drawn from the American side of the river. They drive droves of cattle from the interior under pretence of supplying their army at Salmon River, and so are allowed to pass the guards, and at night to cross them over to our side"—the river being frozen. He adds: "I shall be also under the necessity of getting most of my flour from their side." It is not necessary greatly to respect Wilkinson in order to think that in such a region Hampton might safely have waited for his superior to join and to decide upon the movements of the whole. He was acting conjointly, and the junior. Under all the circumstances there can be no reasonable doubt that his independent action was precipitate, unnecessary, contrary to orders, and therefore militarily culpable. It gave Wilkinson the excuse, probably much desired, for abruptly closing a campaign which had been ludicrously inefficient from the first, and under his leadership might well have ended in a manner even more mortifying.

Chauncey remained within the St. Lawrence until November 10th, the day before the engagement at Chrystler's Farm. He was troubled with fears as to what might happen in his rear—the defenceless condition of Sackett's and the possibility that the enemy, by taking possession of Carleton Island, below him, might prevent the squadron's getting out. None of these things occurred, and it would seem that the British had not force to attempt them. On the 11th the squadron returned to the harbor, where was found a letter from Armstrong, requesting conveyance to Sackett's for the brigade of Harrison's army, which Perry, after the Battle of the Thames, had brought to Niagara, and which the Secretary destined to replace the garrison gone down stream with Wilkinson. The execution of this service closed the naval operations on Ontario for the year 1813.



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On November 21st Chauncey reported he had transported Harrison with eleven hundred troops. On the night of December 2d the harbor froze over, and a few days later the commodore learned that Yeo had laid up his ships for the winter.

There remains yet to tell the close of the campaign upon the Niagara peninsula, control of which had been a leading motive in the opening operations.* Its disastrous ending supplies a vivid illustration of the military truth that positions are in themselves of but little value, if the organized forces of the enemy, armies or fleets, remain unimpaired. The regular troops were all withdrawn for Wilkinson's expedition; the last to go being the garrison of Fort George, eight hundred men under Colonel Winfield Scott, which left on the 13th of October. The command of the frontier was turned over to Brigadier-General George M'Clure of the New York Militia. Scott reported that Fort George, "as a field work, might be considered as complete at that period. It was garnished with ten pieces of artillery, which number might have been increased from the spare ordnance of the opposite fort"—Niagara. The latter, on the American side, was garrisoned by two companies of regular artillery and "such of M'Clure's brigade as had refused to cross the river."

It was immediately before Scott's departure that the British forces under General Vincent, upon receipt of news of the Battle of the Thames, had retreated precipitately to Burlington Heights, burning all their stores and abandoning the rest of the peninsula. This was on October 9th, a week after De Rottenburg had taken with him to Kingston two regiments, leaving only ten or twelve hundred regulars. De Rottenburg sent word for this force also to retire upon York, and thence to Kingston; but the lateness of the season, the condition of the roads, and the necessity to abandon sick and stores, decided Vincent, in the exercise of his discretion, to hold on. This resolution was as fortunate for his side as it proved unfortunate to the Americans. M'Clure's force, as stated by himself, was about one thousand effective militia in Fort George, and two hundred and fifty Indians. Concerning the latter he wrote: "An exhibition of two or three hundred of them will strike more terror into the British than a thousand militia." From time to time there were also bodies of "volunteers," who assembled on call and were subject to the orders of the National Government for the period of their service. With such numbers, so constituted, it was as impossible for M'Clure to trouble Vincent as it was inexpedient for Vincent to attack Fort George.

A gleam of hope appeared for the American commander when Perry brought down the thirteen hundred of Harrison's victorious army, with the general himself. The latter, who was superior to M'Clure, lent a favorable ear to his suggestion that the two forces should be combined under his own command, and an attack made on Vincent's lines. Some four hundred additional volunteers gathered for this purpose; but before the project could take effect Chauncey arrived to carry Harrison's men to Sackett's, stripped of troops for Wilkinson's expedition. The urgency was real, and Chauncey pressing, on account both of Sackett's and the season. In reply to a very aggrieved remonstrance from M'Clure, Harrison expressed extreme sympathy with his disappointment and that of the volunteers, but said no material disadvantage was incurred, for he was convinced the British were removing as fast as they could from the head of the lake, and that an expedition thither would find them gone. Therewith, on November 16th, he embarked and sailed.

The period of service for which the militia were "draughted" would expire December 9th. To M'Clure's representations the General Government, which was responsible for the general defence, replied impotently by renewing its draught on the State Government for another thousand militia. But, wrote Armstrong, if you cannot raise volunteers, "what are you to expect from militia draughts, with their constitutional scruples?"—about leaving their State. Armstrong was not personally responsible for the lack of organized power in the nation; but as the representative of the General Government, which by a dozen years of inefficiency and neglect had laid open this and the other frontiers, the fling was untimely. On December 10th, the garrison of Fort George was reduced to "sixty effective regulars and probably forty volun-

*A map of the Niagara Peninsula illustrative of this article is to be found in the July number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, on page 100.

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teers. The militia have recrossed the river almost to a man." M'Clure also learned "that the enemy were advancing in force." That night he abandoned the works, retiring to Fort Niagara, and carrying off such stores as he could; but in addition he committed the grave error of setting fire to the adjacent Canadian village of Newark, which was burned to the ground.

For this step M'Clure alleged the authority of the Secretary of War, who on October 4th had written him, "Understanding that the defence of the post committed to your charge may render it proper to destroy the town of Newark, you are directed to apprise its inhabitants of this circumstance, and to invite them to remove themselves and their effects to some place of greater safety." The General construed this to justify destruction in order to deprive the hostile troops of shelter near Fort George. "The enemy are now completely shut out from any hopes or means of wintering in the vicinity of Fort George." The exigency was insufficient to justify the measure, which was promptly disavowed by the United States Government; but the act imparted additional bitterness to the war, and was taken by the enemy as a justification and incentive to the retaliatory violence with which the campaign closed.

The civil and military government of Upper Canada at this time passed into the hands of Sir Gordon Drummond. For the moment he sent to the peninsula General Riall, who took over the command from Vincent. On December 13th M'Clure reported the enemy appearing in force on the opposite shore; but, "having deprived them of shelter, they are marching up to Queenston." This alone showed the futility of burning Newark, but more decisive demonstration was to be given. Early on the 19th the British and Indians crossed the river before dawn, surprised Fort Niagara, and carried it at the point of the bayonet; meeting, indeed, but weak and disorganized resistance. At the same time a detachment of militia at Lewiston was attacked and driven in, and that village, with its neighbors, Youngstown and Manchester, was reduced to ashes, in revenge for Newark. On the 30th of December the British again crossed, burned Buffalo, and destroyed at Black Rock three small vessels of the Erie flotilla; two of which, the *Ariel* and *Trippe*, had been in Perry's squadron on September 10th, while the third, the *Little Belt*, was a prize taken in that action. Two thousand militia had been officially reported assembled on the frontier on December 26th, summoned after the first alarm; but, "overpowered by the numbers and discipline of the enemy," wrote their commander, "they gave way and fled on every side. Every attempt to rally them was ineffectual."

With this may be said to have terminated the northern campaign of 1813. The British had regained full control of the Niagara peninsula, and they continued to hold Fort Niagara, in the State of New York, till peace was concluded. The only substantial gain on the whole land frontier was the destruction of the British fleet on Lake Erie, and the consequent transfer of power in the west to the United States. This was the extreme left flank of the American position. Had the same result been accomplished on the right flank—as it might have been—at Montreal, or even at Kingston, the centre and left must have fallen also. For the misdirection of effort upon Niagara, the local commanders, Dearborn and Chauncey, are primarily responsible; for Armstrong yielded his own correct perceptions to the representations of the first as to the enemy's force, supported by the arguments of the naval officer favoring the diversion of effort from Kingston to the westward. Whether Chauncey ever formally admitted to himself this original misdirection of effort, which wrecked the summer's work upon Lake Ontario, does not appear; but that he had learned from experience is shown by a letter to the Secretary of the Navy of December 17th, when the squadrons had been laid up. In this he recognized the uselessness of the heavy sailing schooners when once a cruising force of ships for war had been created, thereby condemning much of his individual management of the campaign; and he added: "If it is determined to prosecute the war offensively, and secure our conquests in Upper Canada, Kingston ought unquestionably to be the first object of attack, and that so early in the spring as to prevent the enemy from using the whole of the naval force that he is preparing."

(To be continued.)

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# THE POINT OF VIEW

"A GREAT man quotes bravely," said Emerson, "and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good." No sentiment could be more acceptable to the inexperienced writer straining after impressive statement, and no sentiment could lead more surely to flabby faculties and prosy utterance. Emerson drew it, as he drew most of his counsel to others, from the depths of his own experience, and his experience taught him also the corollary, commonly omitted by the professional quoter. "Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor." There is the meat in the shell. An inventor may do as he will with the materials at his hand, while the copyist can use them only to his destruction. Since most of us find it easy to copy and difficult to invent, the habit of prolific quotation has grown with the growth of a certain hasty and idle spirit easily to be discerned in modern literature, and the London *Saturday Review* has recently stood for an honest and wholesome reaction in favor of writing neatly woven from the author's individual thought, and unbedecked with maxims from familiar sources. It offered some months ago a prize for the worst three "tags" in use at the present day, a tag being understood to mean a quotation that has grown stale with repetition. Hundreds flowed into the columns of the *Review*, and not until they were there did many a reader recognize how often their aged faces had been seen upon the pages of young books and magazines. Here are a few of them: "It is the unexpected that happens," "more honored in the breach than in the observance," "Homeric laughter," "the thin end of the wedge," "the right man in the right place," "there is much virtue in an if."

The Art of Making Tags

If the time has come, and apparently it is here, for these and similar phrases borrowed from the big grab-bag of the classics, frequently without any distinct knowledge of their origin, to be discarded from the product of the average writer, the naked dulness of the average style will be more than ever conspicuous, and inevitably there will be more or less striving to create verbal ornaments of a reasonable originality. Already the popular parodist has found a way out of the difficulty that is not without its appropriateness to a flippant age. Instead of illuminating his text with the wise sayings of his predecessors, he adopts them only after fortifying them with his mother wit, as the prudent physician fortifies his anæsthetic remedies. For "A word to the wise is sufficient" he gives "A word to the wise is superfluous," or for "Procrastination is the thief of time" he sagaciously substitutes "Punctuality is the thief of time," altering, with consummate impudence, dignified gray sentiments that have walked with Shakespeare and Milton. The other alternative to the old stupid method of quotation without variation—to produce our own tags, to make a literature of concise, richly colored, expressive phrases worthy to be quoted by subsequent generations—involves an amount of labor discouraging to the small writer, living upon his wares.

We must keep a stout heart and look to our style to express our common little thoughts, many of which are, after all, as good as those of Montaigne or Hazlitt or Bacon, with a delicate consideration for their individuality. Though they are no more original than we are Adam and Eve, they need not be quite like the thoughts of any other mind. To play them gently as a good fisherman his trout; to follow their moods and let them suggest their conclusions and modifications without rude interruption; to fit words to them as kindly and artistically as if they were the dearest of our children about to be introduced into a critical society, there to be judged by the appropriateness of their dress; to treat them in all ways politely and honestly—this is to make them valuable if the elements of value are in them; if not, it is the way to find the sad truth out.



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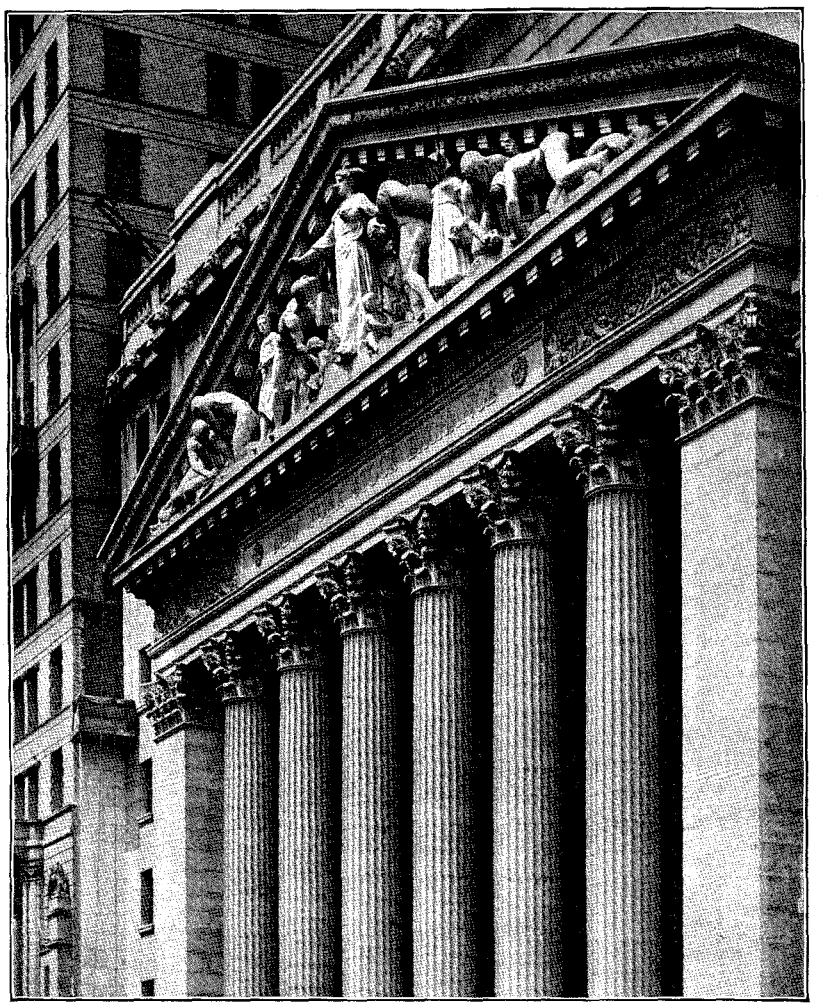
# THE FIELD OF ART



*THE PEDIMENT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.*

WHEN so important a work of art as this comes our way, description of it and comparison with other achievements may be the first and most needed form of criticism. It is not likely to attract any observers who will dispute the power and judgment of such a pair of sculptors as J. Q. A. Ward and Paul Wayland Bartlett. The one is of all our good men the best for power, for personal and artistic energy, for sculpturesque grasp; the other is past-master of detail, at home in all that academic traditions can give; and is also an expressional artist unsurpassed among modern artists of pure form.

In the case of this pediment it is Ward who has made the design, it is "his job"; the original small model is his, and the larger subsequent studies are his in their conception; but everywhere, in the modelling of every fig-



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ure, as it would seem, Bartlett's hand appears as the actual creator of the figures as we now see them. Such statements as these must always be made with a feeling of some uncertainty. No good-will, no frankness, no desire on the part of either artist to give full credit to his yoke-fellow, can enable a third person to judge exactly what the share of each sculptor has been.

Ward has never given to his sculptured work that charm of which some men have the secret; he is not a master of sentiment in outward expression, and there are living men, his inferior in much, who have yet more than he of the secret of grace. Bartlett, triumphant in his "Michelangelo" and also successful in his "Columbus" and his "Lafayette," has still to give us a great composition. But it is not sentiment nor even grace as a primary need which such a great piece of architectural sculpture requires to make it noble, and the power of Ward as a sculptor on a great scale, aided by Bartlett's extraordinary feeling for truth and significance of modelling, would commend these two men working together to any person wishing to give to a great monument its principal sculptured adornment.

The pediment in question is about 100 feet above the street, and is 110 feet long. From the high floor of the portico of the Sub-Treasury on the one side, from some point within the vestibule of the Mills Building on the other, angle views can be had, the first-named of which is fairly well reproduced in our first picture; but to get the view shown in our second illustration—or any view from the front except of one figure at a time, and that with a disagreeable straining of the neck muscles—you must mount to the roof of the buildings opposite or look through one of their uppermost windows. It is probably this disadvantageous placing of the monument which has caused Ward to give to his figures very great scale and to diminish their number. The pediment of the Panthéon and that of the Corps Législatif, at Paris, are each about as large as this one. The Panthéon is by that Pierre Jean David whom we call David d'Angers, and contains many human figures, so grouped and arranged that it is not sufficient merely to count them, as is shown below, and much paraphernalia—many small subdivisions. The other, by Philippe Henri Lemaire, contains seventeen figures and, again, many accessories, without seeming sufficiently filled. The Stock Exchange pediment, on the other hand, contains seven colossal figures and four much smaller. And yet when seen from the street, or at all in the way shown in our Fig. 1, it seems remarkably full, even crowded with the huge groups.

The figures seem to be even overwhelmingly massive, as if they were about to fall from their places by sheer overhang and by unsupported mass. It is a step that has been taken consciously, in order that the sculpture may tell from below—so much is evident. What, indeed, would be the value of the sculpture if it could not be seen from the opposite side of Broad Street? As for the Madeleine in Paris, that is altogether on a larger scale and there, with openings all around the monument, and the power of looking at the pediment at any desired angle with a distance of 350 feet horizontal, and a quarter of a mile away on its axis, through the Rue Royal and from the middle of the Place de la Concorde, there has been no need of making the figures excessive in rotundity and projection. It has been, indeed, the custom in the filling of modern pediments, to leave them rather bare, with a great deal of blank background, or at least a very imperfectly filled area. Thus in the composition by David d'Angers, the design required the "grands Hommes" to whom "la Patrie reconnaissante" is awarding crowns to come up to receive them in ranks, as it were, the grouping on the right of the central figure being especially noted for its arrangement in lines of men seen in perspective. Then the triangle at either end is filled with a rather unorganized medley of human figures and of attributes of war and of peace, and in fact the whole pediment is designed as if the scheme were to make an impressive centre and to taper off into nothing at the right and left.

Lemaire's composition for the parliamentary building is a dignified and sufficient piece of work. Here, again, there has been a disposition not to crowd it. The heads of the figures do not reach to its highest level except at one or two points; the awkward triangles at either end are, in this instance also, filled with nothing particular; it seems as if it were beyond the strength of the designers to overcome the great difficulty of filling those triangles with dignified human figures. Or, perhaps that was more than anybody thought worth his while—to do as the artist of the Stock Exchange pediment

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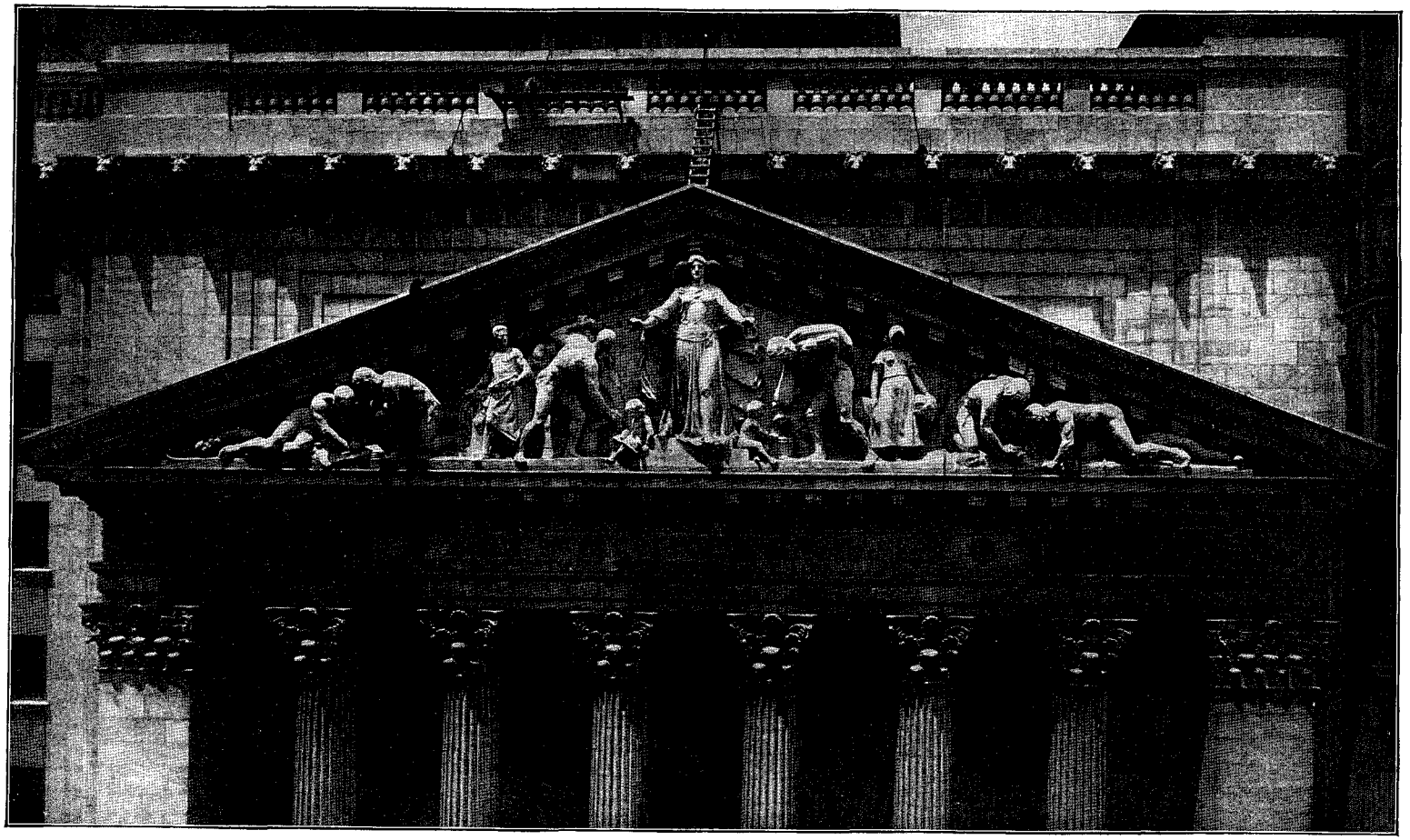

Pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, by J. Q. A. Ward and Paul Wayland Bartlett.

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did, to put some of his most important nude figures in those intractable sharp angles. Even in the huge pediment of the Madeleine advantage has been taken of the subject, "The Last Judgment," to fill those angular spaces with tumbled tombstones and *débris*.

In the case before us, the New York pediment, the angles are filled with human sculpture as important as any in the group; mighty giants who would stand eighteen feet high. Figures equally large flank the presiding goddess in the middle. Those six great nude figures form, indeed, the design. It is only the two female figures, the two draped figures, which are in a way out of harmony—one cannot quite believe in them; their drapery does not seem either real or ideally graceful. The question of scale troubles the spectator a little, if he looks upon the composition otherwise than as a purely sculpturesque mass; for the slight and short young man with the dynamo and the young woman with the ram are in an unaccountable way associated with the mighty forms about them.

The non-artistic significance of the design is, no doubt, that Integrity holds the centre of the world's business, which is going on around her. On her left comes the farmer with his crushing back-load of grain, a huge sackful which is to be poured into measuring vessels, and the farmer's daughter, with her hand on the head of a magnificent ram; while, filling the angular space beyond, the two giants to whom there has been allusion represent all those who explore for minerals, trying and testing the surface indications in search of promise of hidden wealth below. On the right hand of Integrity, the nearest great figure represents Machinery and the Mechanical Arts, and next to him is Electricity; while the figures at the end and filling the southernmost part of the pediment, stand for surveyors and builders who are engaged in laying out grounds and establishing a building site. That is the whole story—a group of two figures engaged in planning and building, one of two figures exploring and mining, a group of two who stand for Industry and Applied Science, still a fourth group which stands for Agriculture; those figures, with the central presiding one, form the whole composition, if we except the little *putti* who are set like child angels on the corners of the pedestal on which stands Integrity. And yet, few as the figures are, the space seems in no place insufficiently occupied, and as the eye draws toward the two ends the pediment seems even excessively filled, the huge figures there affording even more variety and mass of form than perhaps was required. It is a magnificent fault enough—if fault it be—to meet the difficulty boldly and to put your most important figure in the awkwardest place, the place which almost every artist shuns.

There is one more very important and striking characteristic of the design. It is the surprising development given to the muscles of the gigantic nude figures which chiefly compose it. Here is no collection of statues of the Apollo Belvedere type—soft rounded figures with smooth limbs like the arms which a beautiful woman shows in her evening dress; here is, on the other hand, even an excess (if we compare this with other modern work) of muscular detail. It is probable that some lovers of great sculpture would wish to see the figures modified in this respect. It is probable that some would say that the sculptor was deceived by the look of his four-foot models, and allowed them to be enlarged without due consideration of the result of their colossal size; but then this cannot be urged in the face of the senior sculptor's presence in New York and his continual supervision of his work. No, it is deliberately chosen; the remarkable emphasis laid upon muscular development is taken deliberately as the fitting treatment for nude statues used in decorative, that is architectural, work.

There is one fact, however, which every careful observer will note and will learn how to allow for—the fact that the marble is not of a single tint, but is (most unfortunately, as it appears to this writer) veined and spotted with gray. This clouding of the surface interferes with the purity of the form in very many cases. It interferes, too, with the spectator's entire grasp of the subject at given points, for how are you to tell what is local color and what is shade? And if you cannot be sure of your shades, then what becomes of that detail of modelling which is the life of refined sculpture?

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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*Drawn by Edwin B. Child.*

A BLINDING, SHRIVELLING HEAT PLAYED UPON MY FACE AND ARMS WHEN THE LADLE TIPPED TOWARD ME.—Page 388.

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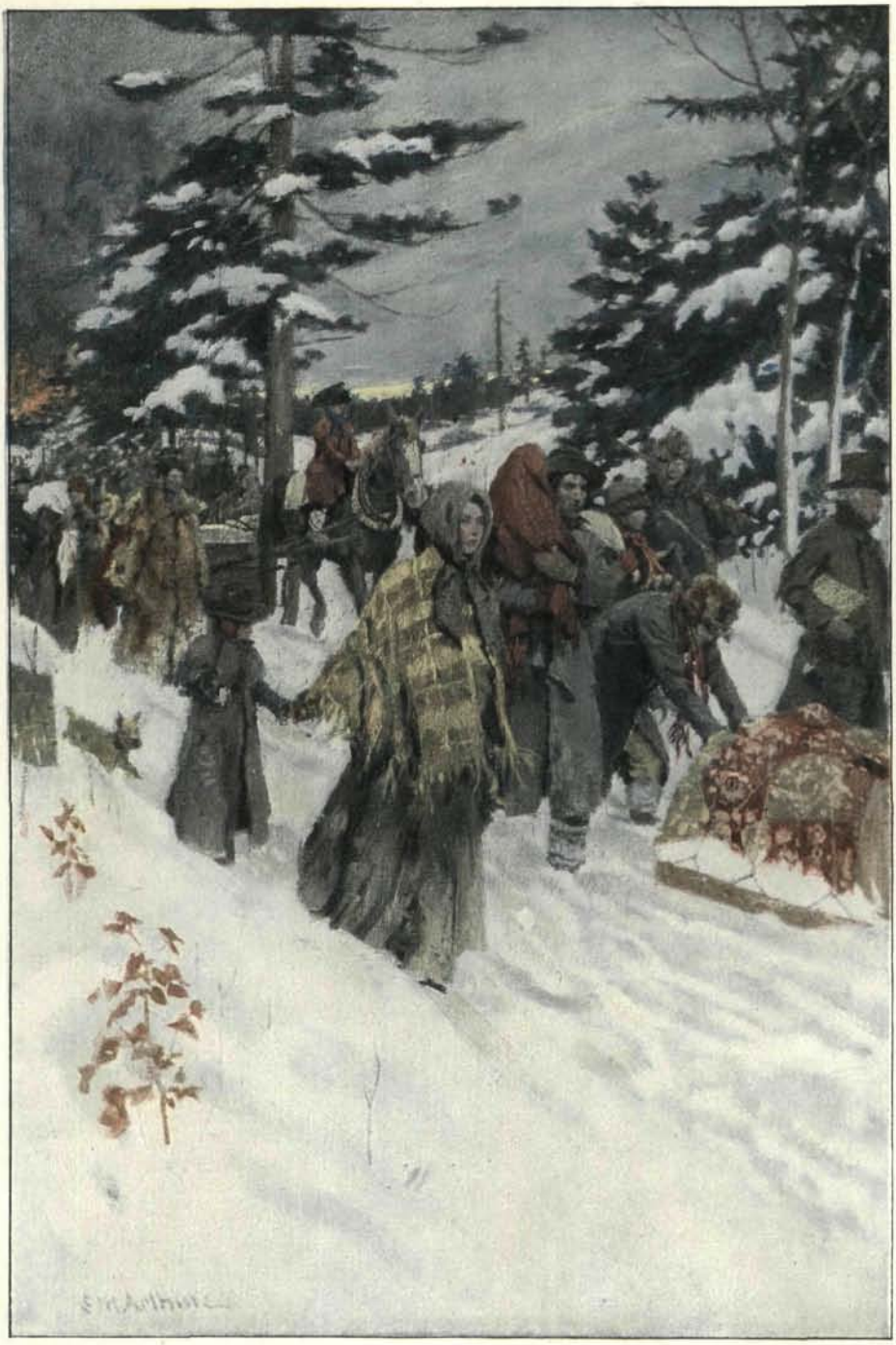

*Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.*

THE REFUGEES FROM THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

—"The War of 1812."

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*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

She had to perfection the art of holding the centre of the stage.—Page 290.

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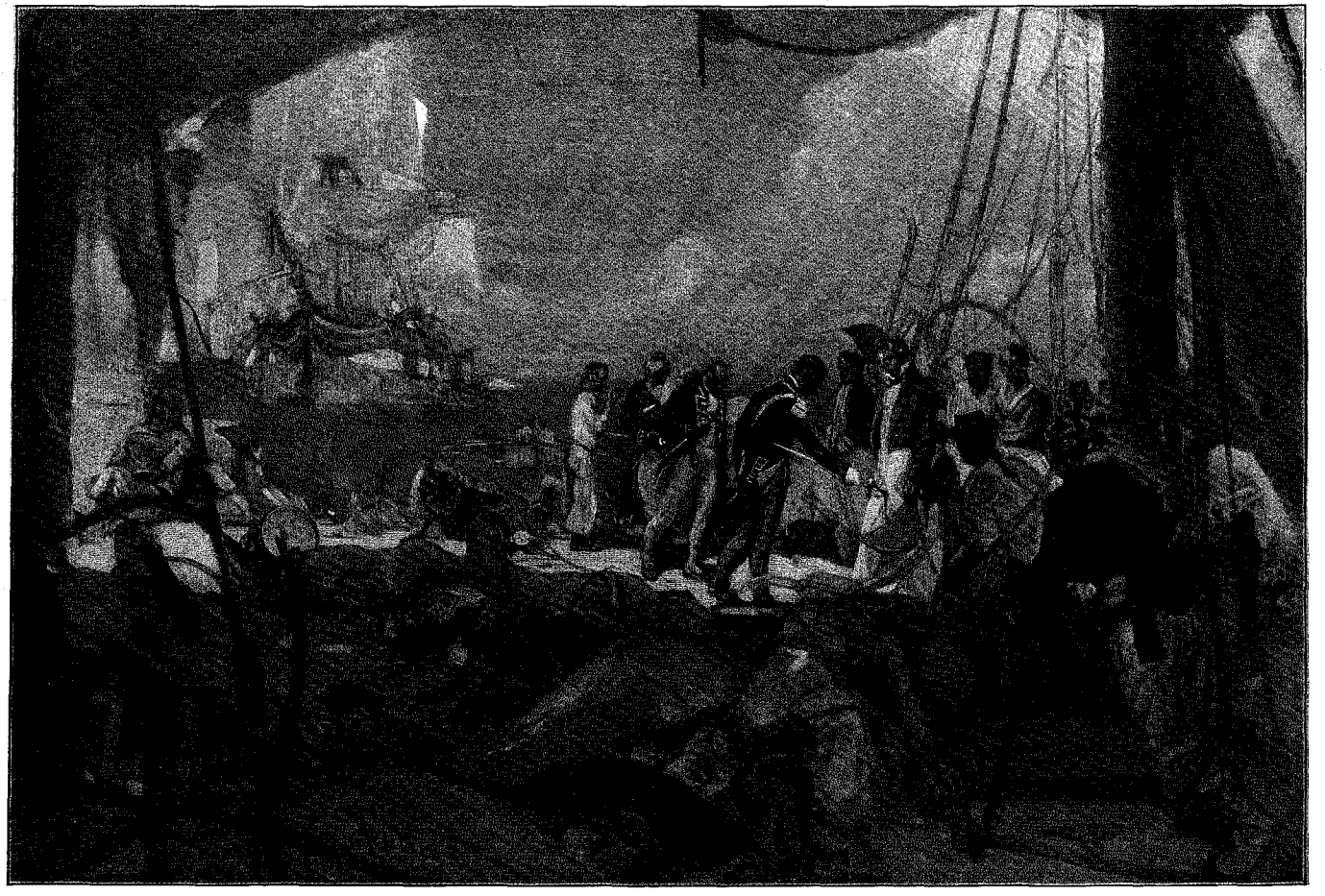

*Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.*

Commodore Perry receiving the surrender of the British at the battle of Lake Erie.

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